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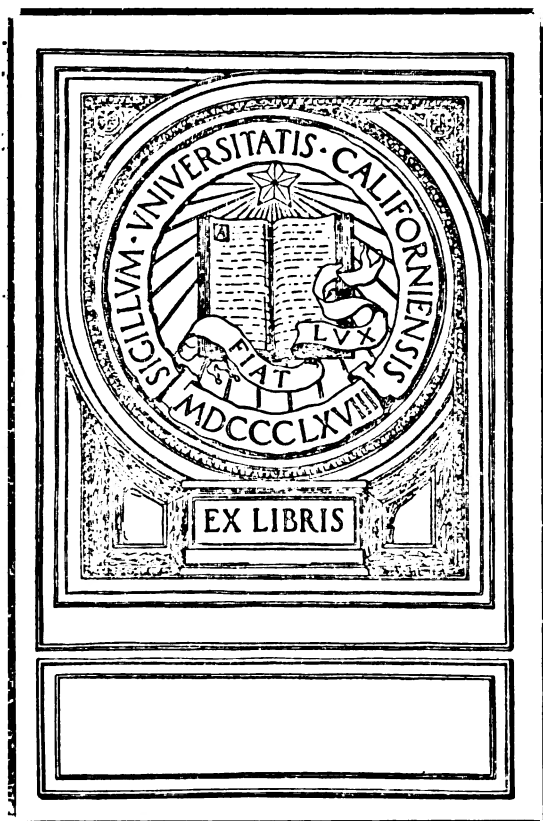
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JAPAN

A COMPILATION OF MISCELLANEOUS ARTICLES

FROM VARIOUS PERIODICALS

Volume 5

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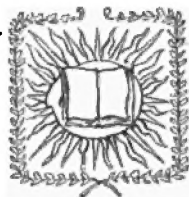
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make the soil many times more fertile, so that the crop of cotton or wheat or corn or potatoes planted next year is many times larger. Thus the rotating crop the year following inoculation derives an equal benefit from the inoculation. For instance, a crop of crimson clover, not inoculated, added to one acre of land 4.3 pounds of nitrogen; a crop of crimson clover, inoculated, added to one acre of precisely similar land 143.7 pounds of nitrogen, an increase of $33\frac{1}{2}$ times; a crop of inoculated hairy vetch added to one acre 15 times more nitrogen than a crop of uninoculated hairy vetch.

Cotton planted after an inoculated crop of red clover gave an increased yield of 40 per cent. Potatoes, after an inoculated crop, yielded an increase of 50 per cent. The wheat crop increased by 46 per cent., the oats 300 per cent., and the rye 400 per cent. The table below shows the effect of inoculated legumes on various crops.

The germs can be used in any climate. It must be clearly understood, however, that only leguminous plants—beans, clover, alfalfa, peas, lupin, vetch, etc.—are directly benefited by the nitrogen-fixing bacteria. Where the soil is rich in nitrates, the crop is not appreciably increased by the use of the inoculating bacteria; but where the soil is poor, the harvest is increased many times.

There is not a section of the United States which will not profit by Dr. Moore's discovery. Nearly every State has its worn-out farming-land, bringing despair to the economist who laments our careless handling of the fields and who wonders how the country will support the hundreds of millions soon to be ours. The bacteria means



FIG. 7. THE EXPERIMENT OF A MARYLAND FARMER

On the left, alfalfa from rich soil with untreated seed; on the right, from sandy upland, with inoculated seed

intensive cultivation with a vengeance, and should give him hope. It is impossible as yet to calculate by how much they will enhance the yield of our crops and of the world's crops, but the results already achieved prove that in time the gain will be enormous.

	ORIGINAL YIELD PER ACRE	YIELD PER ACRE AFTER INOCULATED CROP	GAIN IN WEIGHT	GAIN IN VALUE	PER CENT. OF GAIN
Cotton	932. pounds	After red clover, 1304 pounds	372. pounds	\$44.64	40 per cent.
Potatoes . . .	67.8 bushels	After crimson clover, 102.2 bushels	34.4 bushels	15.	50 "
Oats	8.4 "	After velvet beans, 33.6 bushels	25.2 "	9.	300 "
Rye	4.5 "	After peas, 23.5 bushels	19. "	9.85	400 "
Wheat	18.6 "	After melilotus, 26.9 bushels	8.3 "	6.50	46 "

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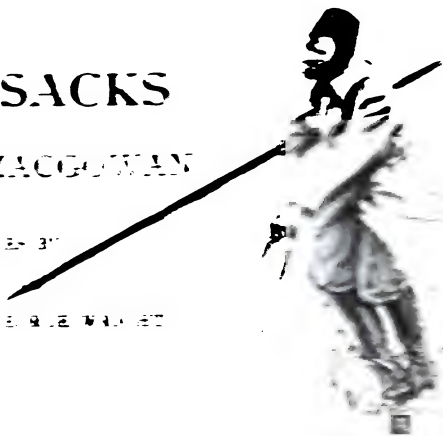


THE COSSACKS

BY DAVID B. MACGOWAN

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY

JAY HAMBLICE AND CHARLES WILSON



"From Archangel to Astrakhan we're sixty million strong."

SO, or nearly so, wrote the Russian poet Pushkin, and the words found permanent lodgment in the hearts of the people, and give them unbounded confidence. Not less profound is their faith in the Cossacks. This is the normal condition which prevails before and after the periodic national crises. Under stress the Russians are apt to despond, and at times certain elements of the people appear neither to hope for nor to desire the success of the nation's efforts. When confidence does return, however, Pushkin and the Cossacks come again into honor.

Last winter, when, among those of the Russians who were not hoping for war and the defeat of their own country, I inquired the grounds for their contemptuous underestimate of the Japanese, I scarcely ever got for reply more than the citation of Russia's one hundred and thirty millions of population, her possession of one seventh of the dry land of the earth, and the Cossacks. The discussion usually closed with the assertion: "One Cossack can whip ten of those little yellow monkeys."

This faith is based partly on the impression which the Cossacks made upon western Europe as long ago as the Seven Years' War, and which was heightened by their disorganization of Napoleon's retreat from Moscow. Napoleon himself pronounced them perfect masters of partizan warfare, famous in attack and impossible to reach, and said that he did not remember having

made a prisoner of a single one of them. Finally, he had the Cossacks in mind when he warned Europe that unless checked by such a powerful unit as he had sought to construct, Russia would enslave the world. That Napoleon's prediction has not been forgotten may be inferred from the recent assertion in various quarters that the real "yellow peril" is the possibility of the organization of the Mongol hordes by Russia, and that a Slavic Jenghis Khan may direct a new Golden Horde against the West.

SERVICES OF THE COSSACKS IN ASIA

In any contest in the Orient Russia has special grounds for counting upon her Cossacks. In the great evicting process of Europe against Asia they have had a leading part. They grew up in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries on the steppes that had been wasted by the Tatars, and until the close of the eighteenth century they waged relentless war with Tatar and Turk, when not allied with Tatar or Turk against Poland or Russia. The occupation of the Volga about 1550, and the submission of the khanate of Astrakhan, were followed in 1582-83 by the conquest of West Siberia by Yermak, a government Cossack. It is worth noting, in passing, that the Czar Ivan the Terrible, after having consented to the expedition, changed his mind and tried to recall it. His order did not reach Yermak until he had overrun the Tatar khanate of Sibir. The Czar accepted the gift of a new

kingdom, graciously receiving Yermak's emissary, a former outlaw named Ivan Koltso, and heaping honors upon Yermak, who had possibly been a robber chieftain himself before he entered the service of the Czar. Cossack explorers, fur-hunters, and colonists pushed on uninterruptedly through Siberia, founding in rapid succession Omsk, Tomsk, and Irkutsk, passing north of Lake Baikal, crossing the Stanovoi Mountains to the Amur, and, about 1650, coming into collision with the Manchurians. Finally, it was with the aid of Cossacks that Muraviev Amursky, once more in violation of orders, reannexed the Amur, which had been restored to China in 1689, and carried the frontier to the Ousouri. In our own day, in 1900, it was mainly Cossacks that overran Manchuria.

THEIR SO-CALLED "ARMIES"

FOLLOWING the custom in European Russia, the Cossacks in Asia

have been endowed with inalienable lands on the defensive frontier. Of the eleven existing Cossack "armies" (under which term are meant both Cossack populations and their territories), five are located in Greater Russia. These are the (West) Siberian, the Semiryetchensk (Seven Rivers), the Trans-Baikal, the Amur, and the Ousouri armies. All of the remainder, except the Don, are in contact with non-Russian peoples and tribes whose conquest is of comparatively recent date and who still require policing. The Cossacks of the Don, by far the most numerous, have been allowed to retain their ancient home, which they wrested from the Turks and Tatars. Their territory is a compact province, and embraces twenty-eight per cent. of the one hundred and fifty

million acres allotted to all the Cossacks. Adjoining them to the south are the Cossacks of the Terek and the Kuban, commonly called Cossacks of the Line, because the former military line against the fierce mountaineers of the Caucasus was put in their keeping. They kept it in the true Cossack way, borrowing the customs, dress, weapons, and methods of fighting of their enemies, taking from them, partly

by force, partly by consent, the wives which have made theirs the handsomest of Cossack races, raiding and plundering and being raided and plundered, until the final conquest of the Caucasus in the middle of the last century. Neither did the pacification of the mountaineers end their service, for the mountaineers have by no means lost their penchant for robbery. The Terek and Kuban Cossacks, with their fleet and slender Kabardine horses, easily rank among the most warlike of



From a photograph

GENERAL RENNENKAMPF, OF THE COSSACK ARMY

the subjects of the White Czar.

The little army of Astrakhan occupies a number of small enclaves along the Lower Volga. Far more important are the Cossacks of the Ural, whose territory forms a broad band on the west bank of the Ural River up to its junction with the Ilek, where the Orenburg army begins. On account of their superior horses and their own substantial qualities, the Uralese enjoy high favor. They are distinguished from most other Cossacks by their swarthy, bearded faces, square-set figures, fierce war-songs, and a certain earnestness born of their non-conformist faith; for about eighty-five per cent. are schismatic old-believers, who have clung for more than three centuries to differences originating in a dis-



Drawn by George Wright. Half-tone plate engraved by F. H. Wellington

COSSACKS FIGHTING IN HOLLOW-SQUARE FORMATION

sension about the proper way to cross one's self and like matters of form.

The Orenburg Cossacks live on both banks of the Upper Ural as far as Cheliabinsk, on the Siberian Railway. They almost touch frontiers with the Siberian army, whose lands lie south of and parallel to the railway until they reach it and the Irtysh River at Omsk. They follow this river on both sides down to the lake known

The eleven armies number between three and three and a half millions, including women and children, but non-Cossack settlers swell the inhabitants of their lands to five and a half or six millions.

ADMIXTURE OF ORIENTAL BLOOD

THE Cossacks may perhaps be best described as a war caste living in semi-tribal



Drawn by George Wright. Half-tone plate engraved by Robert Varley

A COSSACK FIRING ON HIS PURSUERS

as the Nor Zaisan, near the frontier of Sungaria, and a number of settlements have been formed on the Biisk "line" between the Irtysh and the Ob.

The Semiryetchensk army takes up the frontier line at Nor Zaisan, and occupies enclaves between this point, Lake Balkash, and the lake called Issyk-kul, thus controlling the approaches to Chinese Turkestan and the Pamirs. The three East Siberian armies begin at the Koso-gol, southwest of Irkutsk, and follow the Mongolian frontier in a broad belt, joining the Pacific river system at the Chilka and pursuing the north bank of the Amur and the east bank of the Ousouri, besides occupying a series of enclaves along the railway from Lake Baikal to Stretensk.

organization. They are, however, in no sense a tribe or tribes, but are mainly of Russian origin with an intermixture of Mongolian, Tatar, and Circassian blood by marriage or adoption. The once famous Little Russian or Zaporogian Cossacks of the Ukraine are now represented largely in the Kuban army, with which their remnant was incorporated late in the eighteenth century. In all other armies Great Russian blood predominates. Among the non-Russian elements are Buddhistic Kalmucks and Buriats, Tunguses, Tatars, Bashkirs, and Kirghiz. The pagan element is twelve per cent. of the Ural army, fifteen of the Trans-Baikal, eight of the Orenburg, and seven of the Semiryetchensk. The old-believers not only predominate in the Ural



Drawn by Jay Hamblidge. Half-ton plate engraved by S. Davis.

PICKING UP A WOUNDED COMRADE

army, but form twenty per cent. of the Kuban and ten of the Don. These facts dispose of the halo often thrown around the Cossacks as the special defenders of the orthodox confession.

THE COSSACK HORSES

THE Cossack was a fisherman before he was a Cossack, and he remains a fisherman to this day. Besides fishing, hunting, cattle-raising, and cattle-lifting, robbery, piracy, and war were formerly considered the only occupations worthy of him. Celibate life prevailed extensively among all the Cossacks. The Dons regarded agriculture as the mortal enemy of their freedom, prohibiting the use of the plow on pain of death. Conditions have since changed radically, and the Dons differ little in their mode of life from other Russian peasants. The Cossacks, however, do not enjoy a reputation for industry, and many of them, notably the Dons, have shared in the general impoverishment of the rural population. This has diminished their military efficiency, as they are required to supply themselves with horses, uniforms, and entire equipment and armament excepting

firearms. The most serious feature is the neglect of horse-raising. The Uraleses form an exception. Their fisheries are the source of substantial prosperity, and they not only raise enough horses for themselves, but supply the regular cavalry and artillery with some of their best animals. The government's ability to mobilize 190,000 Cossacks in war-time, or from 250,000 to 300,000 in case of extreme necessity, is dependent on their possession of an adequate number of serviceable horses. The military authorities of Russia, however, admit that none of the armies except the Uraleses meets this requirement. In fact, none has much more than enough horses to mount their quota of the 60,000 Cossacks serving in time of peace.

The steppe horse has also degenerated, though he still retains several invaluable qualities. He is ludicrously small compared with his brawny rider, and has a short, thick neck and head and a sloping back. He is, however, docile, intelligent, a good long-distance goer, is supremely indifferent to weather and climate, having never known the luxury of a warm stable, and forages for himself even under the snow. He relishes and thrives on provender that

a goat would scorn, and is as ignorant of oats as a Russian peasant is of porter-house. The military critics object to him on account of his small size, which deprives his course of momentum and renders him unsuited for charging in mass formation, and on account of his supposed unmilitary appearance.

Both objections can perhaps be waived as far as the present war is concerned, since the conditions there do not favor the employment of cavalry in this manner. In fact, some of the most competent military authorities believe that cavalry will never again be sent into a mass attack except in parades and manœuvres, where spectacular effects are more popular than they are on the battlefield.

So far, however, Russia has had no reason to complain of her Cossacks. They have executed the tasks intrusted to them both in Korea and in Manchuria with daring and gallantry. They appear, in fact, to have proved superior to the Japanese cavalry wherever they have met. However, this has not had a decisive effect upon the course of events.

MILITARY ORGANIZATION AND REQUIREMENTS

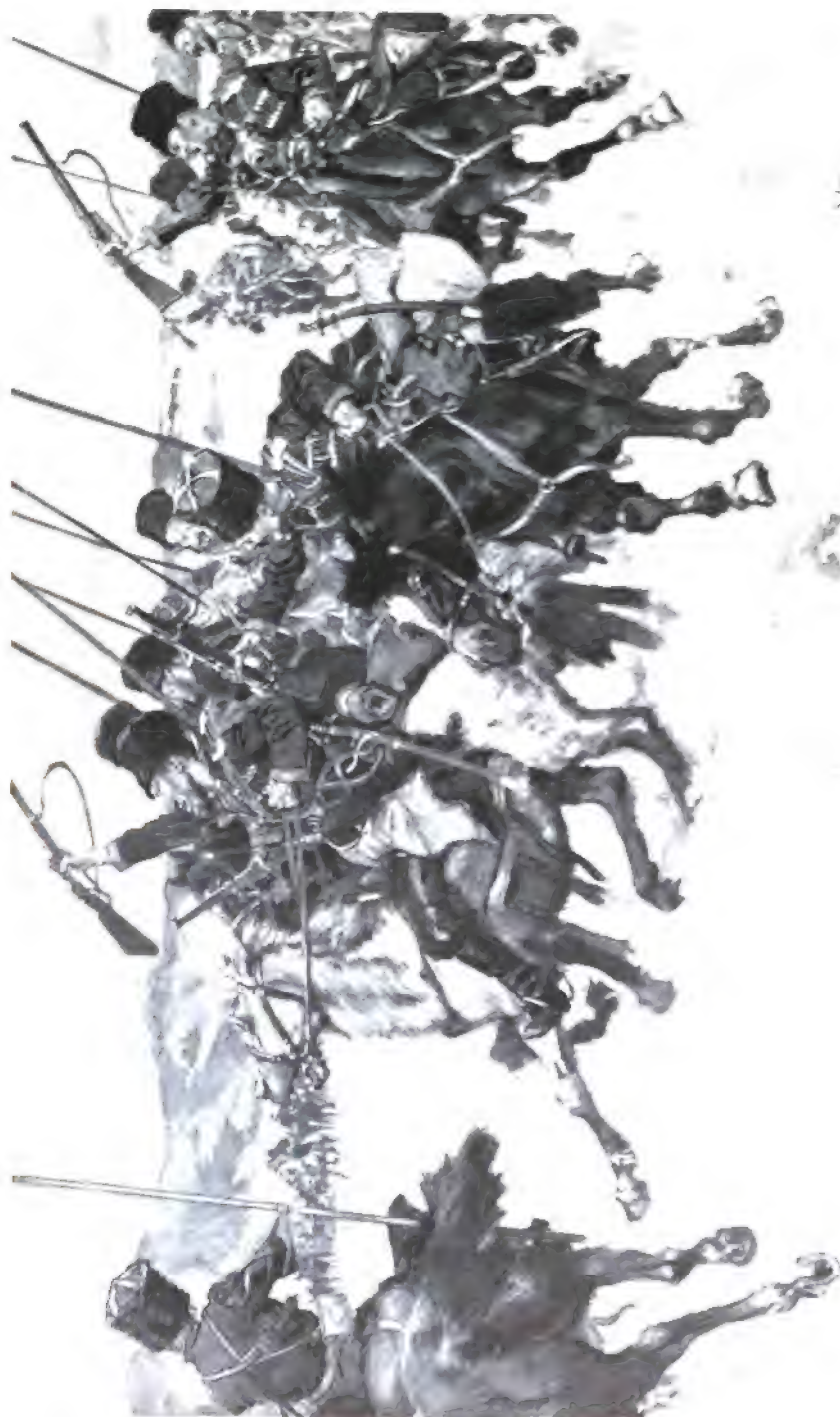
THE administration of Cossack affairs, both civil and military, is centralized in a special branch of the war department. Since 1827 the office of grand hetman has been held by the heir apparent. It was conferred about two years ago on the Grand Duke Michael Alexandrovich, brother of the Czar. The position is, however, largely nominal. Some of the armies are under specially appointed hetmans, while in other cases the office of hetman is held by the general governor of the military district in which the army is situated. Under these general hetmans are district hetmans, to whom are intrusted the higher police authority and the military education of the young Cossacks. In their local civil and economic affairs the Cossacks enjoy a certain measure of autonomy still. Their *stanitchny sbor* and *khoutorskoe oupravlenie* correspond in a general way to the cantonal and communal assemblies of the peasantry.

The introduction, under Alexander I, of general military service has lessened the



Drawn by Jay Hambidge. Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

COSSACKS SWIMMING THEIR HORSES ACROSS A RIVER



Drawn by George Wright. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

COSSACKS ATTACKING A SUPPLY-TRAIN

differences between the Cossacks, as a war caste, with general service from the beginning, and the remainder of the Czar's subjects. These differences are, however, still sufficiently marked, since two per cent. of young Cossacks of military age serve with the colors, compared with thirty-one per cent. of other young men of the same age, and nearly five per cent. of the entire male Cossack population is in service in time of peace, compared with one and six tenths per cent. in the case of non-Cossacks. These figures and the comparatively small drain that these irregulars make upon the war-chest would adequately explain why the government continues to encourage the adoption of the Cossack calling, even if they were not as well adapted for frontier service as they have proved themselves to be.

The Cossack never passes beyond the control of the military authorities. From infancy he practises horsemanship, and his games are mimicry of war. Folk-songs reciting the exploits of recent or far-distant heroes are the woof of his education. In passing, I may say that the Cossacks enjoy better educational facilities and comprise fewer illiterates than most of the peasants. At the age of nineteen the Cossack youth begins to receive theoretical instruction about the duties of a soldier and to be drilled in gymnastic and infantry exercises in his native village. In the autumn of the second year he is required to appear at an encampment. After six weeks' work there, he receives his assignment, possibly to a post thousands of miles away, and is marched off in late autumn or winter, in order that he may reach his command before the spring exercises and manœuvres begin. Before him now lie four or five years of uninterrupted service with the colors and twelve or thirteen in the reserves, during which he must spend a month or six weeks every year in camp. Finally, he can be called out in case of need as long as he lives.

The most marked peculiarity of the Cossack service is that their cavalry regiments, infantry battalions, and batteries of artillery are divided into three "turns," of which two are always dismissed on furlough, forming the reserve. The three turns are called collectively a chain. The obligation to appear fully equipped continues through the second turn. The third-turn man is no longer required to appear

mounted, but must have all other necessities, including saddle and bridle.

The first-turn organizations, which form the peace footing, comprise 8 battalions of infantry, 51¼ regiments of cavalry, or 306 sotnias (troops), including some independent sotnias, and 20 mounted batteries. The three-turn organizations combined, or the theoretical war footing, embrace 21 battalions, 147 cavalry regiments of 854 sotnias, besides 44 independent sotnias, and 38 batteries of six guns each.

Their weak point is the officers' corps. The Cossacks formerly elected their own officers. The system was perfectly adapted to their democratic republics and to simple conditions of warfare. The Cossack nobility, which grew up in the eighteenth century, now furnishes most of the officers. They are required to attain the same nominal standard of military knowledge as other Russian officers, but their intermediate schools are not highly esteemed. Although they enjoy the same emoluments as all officers of the same grades, their economic position is inferior. This is due to the three-turn arrangement, which compels them to take long furloughs, often immediately upon leaving the military academies.

When on furlough, which may last four or five years, the officer receives only a small portion of his regular pay, fifteen dollars and a half a month in the case of captains, and no allowance for horse feed. As he must appear in camp mounted every year, he is compelled to buy and sell his horse annually. He has his land allotment, but usually knows absolutely nothing about agriculture, having spent his boyhood in school. Remunerative employment of other kinds is difficult to find, the usual makeshift being a position as village school-teacher or village clerk with a salary of from thirty to eighty dollars a year. Another result to the officer is lessened opportunity for promotion to high commands. In fact, the higher commands in Cossack armies are nearly all held by outsiders. The Asiatic armies are deficient in suitable material for officers, and a considerable number of non-Cossack cadets are assigned to them. They are exempt from compulsory furloughs.

ARMAMENT, ENDURANCE, AND TACTICS

EVERY Cossack carries a curved dagger. This weapon, his special pride, is often



richly ornamented and is carried in a sheath of embroidered silk or silver filigree. Cavalrymen and artillerymen carry a saber slung over the right shoulder and a carbine dangling across their backs. Lances are borne by the Don, Ural, Orenburg, Siberian, and Trans-Baikal Cossacks. Infantrymen alone have bayonets. Spurs are not worn, being replaced by the ill-famed *nagaika*, which not only serves as a riding-whip, but has proved a serviceable weapon, at least in domestic disturbances. The absence of spurs and bayonets facilitates operations when dismounted. It should be noted, too, that their entire equipment is adapted to noiseless marching. A *sofia* of Cossacks is said to make less clatter than a single dragoon.

The traditional fighting qualities of the Cossacks are, besides good riding, resolution combined with caution and cunning, incredible endurance, indifference to weather and climate, and uncomplaining acceptance of any sort of fare. To accept his soldier's lot not only without a murmur but with joy has, in fact, always been the Cossack way. The Zaporogians, the source of most Cossack traditions and inspirations, used to make entire campaigns with no provisions except a little flour, which they ate raw mixed with cold water; but if the campaign yielded the hoped-for booty, they would feast, drink, and gamble, extend boundless hospitality, and indulge their taste for gay and luxurious apparel. At

first they journeyed mainly by water, descending the Dnieper from Kief to their island settlements, and, when they grew stronger, gaining the command of the river-mouth and making piratical raids against the Turkish cities of the Black Sea, even threatening Constantinople repeatedly. The Dons imitated this example, and both groups kept their respective suzerains, Poland and Russia, in hot water with the Sultan. Turkey fortified the river-mouths and sought to keep them at a respectful distance from the coast of the Black Sea. They then began to give more attention to their land tactics. At first they fought, mainly afoot, intrenching themselves when in danger behind their provision-wagons, which they formed in a hollow square, a practice which remains in vogue to the present time, their horses being taught to lie down or stand quietly in a circle to form a breastwork for them. They have a peculiar method of tying their horses head to head, with the reins of one passed through the girth of the other, which prevents their stampeding when their riders are fighting dismounted.

HORSEMANSHIP

As orderly, scout, escort, and frontier guard, the Cossack has an excellent opportunity to develop and make use of daring horsemanship, and the government does everything in its power to encourage

good riding. A boy who has learned to cling to his horse with one foot while picking up a coin from the ground, to stand on his galloping steed, perhaps on his head or with a companion standing on his shoulder, or to stand or leap hurdles while firing forward or backward from his carbine, or who, with another rider, can pick up and carry off a wounded companion without dismounting, is sure of a post either in the Czar's escort or in a regiment of the guards, in which case he receives his equipment from the state. The Terek and Kuban men are usually most proficient in such exercises, and it is from them that the four sotnias of his Majesty's escort are recruited. Their annual *jigitovka* (or horsemanship exhibition) at Peterhof is an important social event. The effect is enhanced by the brilliancy of their parade uniforms, with scarlet or dark blue caftans tightly belted with Oriental girdles. The guards wear a short caftan varying in color, the Czar's regiment wearing red, the grand hetman's light blue, and the Uralsee carmine. Facings and cordings of contrasting colors and peaked astrakhan caps, often with colored velvet crowns, complete a charming picture. It is one of the sights of the world to see the Cossacks of the escort and of the guard in this medley of colors charging full tilt toward the Emperor in one of the annual parades at or near St. Petersburg.

SPECIAL MANŒUVERS

GREAT attention has been given in the last twenty years to the proper drilling of the Cossacks. Deprived of the independence that had been their inspiration, and left for the most part to themselves, the Cossacks of the steppes were becoming more and more like ordinary peasants. The reserves who were slowly and painfully mobilized for the Crimean, Russo-Turkish, and Polish wars were really a rather sorry-looking set for the most part, and their share in these struggles was subordinate. The government decided to attach a Cossack regiment to every division of cavalry, along with three regiments of dragoons. The instructions required them to be drilled in the same manner as the dragoons; that is, to be prepared for mass evolutions of cavalry. It was found, however, that their horses were ill adapted to such service, and that

the riders themselves were slow to acquire the requisite orderliness and precision of movement. The cry began to go up that the new regulations were ruining the Cossacks. The composition of the mixed divisions was not altered, but the commanders preferred to give the Cossacks work better suited to their traditions, and, in addition, separate divisions of Cossack cavalry have been formed. In recent years the efforts of the authorities have been to improve their natural tactics, in which the individual units act more independently and are less trammelled with regulations than the dragoons. Great attention has been given to the so-called *lava*, or swarming attack. In this manoeuvre an under officer and a small detail remain behind with the colors of the sotnia, or regiment. Two other under officers advance diagonally on each side to mark off the width of the line to be formed. Two alternating lines are usually formed, with the riders about twelve feet apart laterally. After trotting into formation, they advance with fierce shouts at a sharp trot or gallop. The signal for retreat or for a desired change of direction is given by the "lighthouse," as the detail with the colors is picturesquely called. The lava is regarded as particularly useful in flank and rear. It is also effective as a means of disorganizing the enemy and thus preparing the way for an attack by the regular cavalry or by infantry. A portion of the attacking force is often massed in the rear, and if the lines of the enemy are pierced at any point, these reserves are thrown into the breach. Another purpose the lava sometimes serves is to lead off the enemy's attack in some desired direction or to mislead him in regard to movements planned or in operation against him. The favorite weapon in the lava is the lance, which is, indeed, generally preferred to the saber or carbine.

The natural familiarity of most Cossacks with the water has been utilized latterly in the great manoeuvres. Foreign military attachés have been much impressed by the ease and dexterity with which Cossack forces have been thrown across large rivers by means of boats improvised from tarred sail- or tent-cloth fastened to lances as ribs. Lances, with adjustable blades attached, also serve as oars. Such boats are capable of carrying considerably more than two

tons without danger of capsizing. Field artillery is transferred dismounted, each gun and its appurtenances requiring three boats. The men strip and swim their horses across, thus reaching the farther bank with all their belongings dry. Crossings have been made in less than two hours from the time of the arrival on one bank to the departure from the other.

The marksmanship of the Cossacks is good, often excellent. They excel in the art of taking cover and render efficient service as mounted infantry. It is, however, in outpost service and partizan warfare that they have developed genuine virtuosity. Their readiness to move at a moment's notice, ability to appear without warning, to vanish utterly, and to reappear in an entirely different quarter, enable them to annoy an enemy in a hundred ways, to

hang upon his rear and flanks, cut off detachments or stragglers, or render his communications unsafe by unexpected attacks upon his ammunition or provision-trains. Some critics think that their alleged moral untrustworthiness and a disposition often imputed to them to exaggerate dangers detract from the value of their reconnaissances. It is likely that there is a grain of truth in this, and also that, when confronted with a well-organized enemy, their columns do not possess sufficient penetrative power to be able to secure the best information. This perhaps explains why the Japanese, whose advances are so deliberately planned, and who, moreover, occupy outposts with strong detachments of infantry, have been so successful in veiling from the Russians their designs, and in many cases their actual movements.



AT THE DESERT'S MARGE

BY CLINTON SCOLLARD

I CAN still recall, though the lapse is long
 Since that spectral hour of even-song,
 How the sun from the desert sky-line made
 The pyramids cast a wedge of shade
 Toward the tawny river, and how the moon,
 Over the minarets peering soon,
 Flung the segment of shadow back,
 Long and peaked and purple-black,
 While the Sphinx, inscrutable, brooded by,
 And the gaunt bats gathered momentarily,
 Swooping and circling here and there,
 Like evil dreams, in the haunted air;
 And a great flamingo, winged in flight,
 A giant rose in the gloaming light.

I still can hear from far aloof,
 Drifting out from a wattled roof
 And a blistered clay wall bare and mean,
 The cheerless chant of the fellaheen,—
 A medley of shrilly barbarous bars
 Jangling and jostling up to the stars.

I still can catch, divinely blent,
 The clove and citron and jasmine scent
 From the distant gardens and orchards
 blown

Out to the marge of the desert zone;
 And still can feel about me cast
 The clutching spell of the veiled and vast
 And never-fathomèd wide sand sea,—
 Its ancient magic and mystery.

Here might the flower of wonder ope,—
 The mystical lotus-bloom of Hope,—
 Showing a calyx where, opal-wise,
 Glisten the dewes of Paradise.
 Here might the dreams that the Prophet
 knew—

Marvel and miracle—come true;
 The genii-guarded gates of Doom
 Rise from their infinite depths of gloom;
 Heaven descend, and its portals swing
 Back with ethereal cadencing,
 And a voice of more than mortal breath
 Whisper the secret of life and death.

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M D C C C C I V

AN INTERPRETATION OF RUSSIAN AUTOCRACY VLADIMIR G. SIMKOVITCH

THE Russian Autocratic System is now facing a more serious trial than ever in its past. The present war, while diverting public attention for the moment, can not change to any material extent, the course of Russia's inner development. In fact, it is more likely to hasten the crisis. The system is breaking down and the day when it will be abandoned ought to be a day of praise and thanksgiving not only for the people, but also for the Tsar, for Russian Autocracy has not only brought the country to the verge of ruin and starvation, but it has also ruled Tsar Nicholas II. with a rod of iron, and out of a man of noble motives and high ideals it has made a pathetic figurehead suffering under the weight of the inherited system.

Prince Ukhtomski, an old friend of Tsar Nicholas II., whose patriotism and loyalty are beyond question has summed up the situation in the following words:

"Russia is chronically starving, pauperism increases in extent and degree and there are neither ways nor means either to stop or to mitigate this evil. Expenditure is growing on all sides and in all directions without bounds, but the sources of productive labor are exhausted. The people in the country, young and old, labor with all their force, but all their exertions do not suffice to satisfy the requirements of the state and of those who live on the labour of the peasants. . . . There is but one way towards a brighter future and that is the delivery of the people from the yoke of bureaucracy." (St. Petersburgskia Vedomosti, November 13th, 1901).

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But it is not bureaucracy as such, it is the specific spirit of the Russian bureaucracy, it is the point of view, the doctrinaire, sinister Byzantinism, the system of Alexander III., of Pobedonosceff, Katkoff, Leontyeff, etc., that has gradually led Russia to moral and material degeneration. Nicholas II., a man of an entirely different make-up, could not free himself from the established system and from the statesmen it had produced. And yet Alexander III. and Katkoff, and Leontyeff and Pobedonosceff, etc., were all, perhaps, with the exception of Katkoff—perfectly honest men who sincerely and unselfishly worked for what they considered the salvation of Russia. Alexander III. witnessed the terrible death of his father, the great reformer, and this event forced him back to the severe absolutism of Nicholas I. But under Nicholas I. Russia was a part of Europe. Autocracy was a fact, but not a doctrine. Only under Alexander III., only after the experiences at the Berlin Congress of 1878 absolutistic Russia felt conscious of being fundamentally different from Western Europe; it felt that it might indeed have in common with some western states the divine right of kings, and yet became conscious of the abyss that separated Europe from Russia.

The Slavophiles and Panslavists rejoiced over the spirit in which Alexander III. determined to govern Russia. But there was no cause for such a rejoicing. Only a distorted selection of points acceptable to a Tsar and pernicious to a people were taken over from the Slavophile code and fused with a system of government, in its spirit and origin more Tartar than Slavonic.

But *what* is this System? There is nobody who represents and interprets its spirit more correctly and more fearlessly than Nikolay Konstantinovich Leontyeff. Leontyeff himself is often regarded as the last great Slavophile publicist, but this is a mistake. He represents precisely the peculiar fusion of degenerate Slavo-Philism with Russian governmentalism which is the spirit and principle of the reign of Alexander III. and which is present day Russia's inheritance and "System."

But let the philosopher of the System speak for himself.¹ Let us begin with underlying principles, with his theory.

"Byzantinism" is the basic principle. Byzantinism is the nervous system of Russia. It stands for something very definite; politically it is Autocracy, religiously it is Christianity with very distinct features, which allow no confusion with western churches and with the teachings of heretics and dissenters. In matters of morals it does not share the western exaggerated notions of the value and importance of human personality. The Byzantine

¹ Leontyeff develops his philosophy in his famous work, "Vostok, Rossia and Slovyanstvo" (i.e., The East, Russia and the Slavs), 2 volumes, Moscow, 1885.

ideal is discouragement in regard to everything earthly, including personal happiness, personal purity and the possibility of personal moral perfection in general (Vol. I, p. 81). Russian Autocracy, Russian Tsarism developed under Byzantine influences. Byzantine ideas were the only elements in common among such widely differing parts of the Russian Empire as Little Russia, Lithuania and Great Russia (I. 98-99). Byzantine Christianity teaches strict subordination, it teaches that the worldly, the political hierarchy is but the reflection of the heavenly hierarchy. There is no equality, because the church teaches that even angels are not equal among themselves (II. 41).

Christianity is the surest and most practical means of ruling the masses of the people with an iron hand. But this power only true Christianity has, the Christianity of the peasants, the monks and the nuns, not the Christianity *à l'eau de rose* with its talk about love without fear, about the dignity of men and the good of mankind (II. 48). Love of mankind is anthropolatry and is un-Christian. Fear is the basis of true faith. Everybody can comprehend fear, fear of punishment here and hereafter, and who fears is humble, and who is humble seeks authority and learns to love the authority above him (II. 268-269). And authority is constructive, is organizing. Organization, social organization, is by nature nothing else than chronic despotism, which is accepted by all in the organization; by some out of love, by others out of fear, or for the benefit they derive from this despotism. True constructive progress lies therefore in limiting freedom and not authority (II. 288). Freedom and liberalism are what is disintegrating countries. Slowly but surely they destroy their national existence. Liberalism is everywhere an enemy to the historical principles of the people, of the discipline in which the people developed. Liberalism is everywhere negative; it is the negation of all discipline. And the more honest, the more sincere, the more incorruptible is this liberalism—the more pernicious it is (II. 37).

Freedom for freedom's sake, habeas corpus, legality, the principles of 1789, "*le bien-être matériel et moral de l'humanité*." . . . "O, these miserable ideals. These miserable men. . . . And the more sincere, the more honest, the more convinced they are, the worse, the more harmful they are in their naïve moderation, in their imperceptible progress and fatal insidiousness. It is awkward to punish them, to persecute them, to execute them. . . . Entrenched behind legal safeguards they are more dangerous than arrant knaves, against whom every country has the sword, the penitentiary, exile." . . . (Vol. II., page 40). Liberalism is a new idolatry that sacrifices nations, with their historical national peculiarities and characteristics, to a new idol, to a new and strange faith in the dignity and the rights of the

common European bourgeois. (II. 100). The Liberal is a half-mihilist, but more dangerous, because he does not dare to fight openly. He breathes safely under the uniform of a state official, in the professor's chair, on the judge's bench and especially in the clever and cunning articles of the liberal papers, which know at the proper time how to safeguard themselves with patriotic yells, with monarchistic exclamations, so that the hiss of the serpent and his treacherous coiling may not be noticed. (II. 109).

"Prepare, O, honest citizens, prepare the future! Teach your children to grumble against authorities, teach them that above all it is important to be an 'honest man' and that a man may have any religion he pleases. . . . Teach them to call piety bigotry, and to object to religious fanaticism, teach them that devotion to the Tsar's service and respect to superiors is servility. . . . Teach them not to care '*en principe*' for offices and decorations. . . . Prepare, prepare the future! Send immediately anatomical atlases to the public schools, so that the children of the peasant, these citizens of the beautiful future, may learn soon that there is no soul in a man, and that everything is nerves and nerves. . . . (and if there is nothing but nerves—why should they go to confession, or obey the policeman?) . . . Take special care that common people should not think that the earth stands on three whales! . . . O, refined, slow poison is more terrible than fire and sword" (II. p. 44-45).

All such doctrines, such innovations have to be nipped in the bud, otherwise they are victorious. Their positive side for the most part remains a castle in the air, but their destructive activity unfortunately too often achieves its negative end.

For the perfect destruction of what is left of the former social organization of Europe there is no need for barbarians, for a foreign invasion. The further spread of the religion of Eudaimonism with its device "*Le bien-être matériel et moral de l'humanité*"—will accomplish it! (I. 183).

The general *profession de foi* of the Russian interpreter of Autocracy is clear, and it might as well be pointed out that all these opinions were shared by Katkoff, Pobedonosceff, as well as by the late Emperor Alexander III. Let us now penetrate a little further into this doctrine that has for over two decades ruled Russia.

The Russian Tsar by his authority and according to the fundamental laws of the Empire has the right to do everything except to limit his authority. The Autocrat can not cease to be an autocrat. (II. 164). Anything that the Tsar does is good and legal, his doings can not be judged by the merits of the case; the pleasure of the Supreme Authority, the Tsar, is the supreme criterion. And he who can not reason so and can not understand

it, may be under circumstances in his private affairs an honest man; but he is not a true Russian. (II. 51). The Manifesto of Emperor Alexander III. of April 29th, 1881, was a true Russian Manifesto; in the face of the whole of constitutional Europe and the whole of republican America the Emperor declared that Russia did not intend to live any longer with somebody's else brains, and that from now on Autocracy would rule in Russia supremely and fearfully ("grozno") and even a dream of a constitution would not be tolerated. (I. 283). The duty of the conservative elements is not to be ashamed of calling themselves reactionaries (II. 79), because a reaction is necessary in Russia. There has been too much freedom. A violent rule is what the country needs. Violence, when there is a doctrine behind it, convinces many and conquers all. (II. 80). A violent rule is what the true Russian ought to love and the Russian peasant does so; he likes officials that are brilliant, bold, hard, even harsh. Bishops, generals, military commanders not only are esteemed by the peasant, but they please and appeal to his Byzantine feelings. . . . He loves decorations and looks at them with an almost mystical respect. . . . But the present nobility! Even a Gambetta and a Bright would appeal to them more than a Muravieff or Paskevitch. (II. 130). The higher classes are already infected. Russia is surrounded with this liberal pest. And immediate action must be taken against equality and liberalism. . . . *Russia must be kept frozen that it may not grow putrid.* (II. 86). Russia's illiteracy is therefore Russia's good fortune (II. 9). Since the Crimean war everything has tended to Europeanize Russia, and if she has been saved from this fate it is due to the common people and to a large extent to their illiteracy. But let a man dare straightforwardly and sincerely to doubt the value of public schools! Let a man say that it is still very questionable if it is necessary or truly useful to teach the people, the liberals would laugh at him. But is it really advisable to propagate among the people European notions, tastes, ideals, prejudices and terrible mistakes?" (II. 133).

Almost as pernicious as the schools are the new courts of justice as established by Alexander II. They have undermined all authority. They have publicly attacked and convicted statesmen, abbots, barons, generals, mayors of cities and men and women of quality. . . . And the public was glad. The introduction of the new courts and the jury system was an extremely radical step, and to maintain an equilibrium the judges ought to interpret the new institutions properly, and favor the older elements, the generals, the abbots, the nobleman, the fathers and mothers as against the younger and weaker elements. The weaker element may soon become too strong! We must not disaccustom the people and the youth to obedience;

it is against the spirit of Greek Orthodoxy, in which the Monarchy has grown up. Without talking much about it aloud, the present courts therefore must be modified.² (II. 136-142).

The great cardinal problem for Russian interior administration as well as for Russian foreign policy is how to weaken democracy. "How to weaken, how to strangle democracy, Europeanism, liberalism in all countries—that is the question!" (I. p. 301). Whosoever wishes Russia well must desire the ruin of western civilization and of the foremost nations representing this civilization. This western civilization is already going to pieces, but it has not yet lost its charm for the majority of the cultured people of Russia who are still naïve enough to believe in "democracy and the welfare of humanity" (I. 305). On the suppression of liberalism depends the outcome of the solution of the Eastern question.³

Panslavism is a necessity, but if Greek-Orthodox Panslavism is salvation, liberal Panslavism means ruin and first of all for Russia! (I. 267); because all the Slavs outside of Russia are Europeans and liberals. If Greek Orthodoxy is still strong in the East it is due to the Turks. The Turkish oppression was the only preservative that saved the Balkan Slavs from the destructive influences of European liberalism.

Russia's true national policy can not be based on purely racial considerations. It is the spiritual idea that is Russia's strength, and this idea is Greek Orthodoxy and Autocracy. One may talk anything "for Europe," but one must think logically and clearly for oneself. The existence of Turkey is beneficial to Russia, so long as she is not ready to take its place on the Bosphorus. A Pasha is better than a Greek democratic Nomarch (perfect); the Pasha is more autocratic, more statesmanlike. (II. 255). Racial sympathies should not mislead any Russian, and as a matter of fact it may as well be pointed out that among all the Slavonic nations, Russia is the least Slavonic. Russia is different in her history and her composition, different psychologically and intellectually, from all other Slavs. "Russia is the most easterly, the most, so to say, Asiatic Turanian nation in the Slavonic world, and she can develop quite independently of Europe. Without this Asiatic influence of Russia the other Slavs would soon become most miserable continental Europeans and nothing else, and for such a miserable end it is not worth their while to 'shake off their yoke' or for us to undertake self-sacrificing crusades." (I. 285). In the Russian make-up are strong and important characteristics that resemble more the Turks, the Tartars,

² And this has indeed taken place.

³ Leontyeff was a great authority on eastern affairs, having spent over ten years in Turkey in Russian diplomatic service.

the Asiatics rather than the southern and western Slavs. The Russians are lazier, more fatalistic, more obedient to authority, more good-natured, more recklessly brave, more inconsistent and infinitely more inclined to religious mysticism than the Servians, Bulgarians, Czechs or Croatians. (I. 284).

The tendencies of the Southern Slavs are evil; they are worse even than the Frenchman. The French nation has at least checking traditions, it still has royalists, ultramontanes, it has aristocrats, it has feudal traditions that keep it from a democratic disintegration. The Slavs on the other hand are throughout liberals, constitutionalists, democrats. They have no ground under their feet that develops men of thought and authoritative conservatism. I. 307). But is it not Russia's great destiny to unite all the Slavs? This destiny is a dangerous burden, it is a sad necessity; it may mean the downfall of autocratic Russia exchanged God knows for what. The Slavs are fundamentally different from old Russia of the Cremlin of Moscow. Take Bulgaria, for instance. Its cultured classes are of the most common European liberal stamp. And what harm these cultured Bulgarians have already done to Russia and their own people! No, Bulgaria is not misguided, it is calculating and bold, it is a fatal and dangerous nation!

Why then unite ourselves with these nations that are to such an extent liberal and constitutional? Why bother Turkey, which by its very existence is so useful to us in checking this great European pestilence, that is called democratic progress! (II. 67). And this last Turkish war . . . the Russian Army crossing the Danube, the Russian Army passing the Balkans. . . . The victorious army standing before Constantinople. . . . And yet it did not enter it, it did not occupy it! It looks like an evident weakness, like a blunder. . . . But it was, as God views it, right. "In that year we were still unworthy to enter there, we should have spoiled everything. . . . We were then still *too liberal!*"⁴ (II. 261) The final repulsion of the Turks is necessary, but in taking their place we ought not to have in view the "liberty" of the Christians, but their *organization*. And we, therefore, must by all means clear our own as well as their minds from all sorts of constitutional and liberal likings, customs and tastes. Otherwise we shall ruin our own future as well as the future of the East. And when the time comes to expel the Sultan, we will not expel him because he is an autocratic Asiatic monarch (that is good!), but because he has become too weak and he can not any longer resist the liberal European influences. *But Russia can if it wants to! Russia has proved that it can.* It proved it by the Manifesto of the Emperor Alexander III. of the 29th of April, 1881. (I. p. 282-283). And for the present Russia must

⁴The Turkish war was in the liberal reign of Alexander II.

keep in mind the old principle; *divide et impera!* It is essential for Russia that on the Balkan peninsula there shall be as little as possible of state-unity, of political harmony and as much as possible of church-unity, of Greek-orthodox unity. Russia's friends are the Greek Patriarchs, the Greek monks, the Montenegro warriors; the Russian enemies, the enemies of the church, enemies of Russian Autocracy are the parliaments of Greece and of the Balkan States (I. 226-230).

The South-Slavonic bourgeoisie stands in the way of a Russo-Byzantine autocratic Empire. Russia has to reckon with this class and *must* change or neutralize it. Russia must find some powerful antidote for the miserable European liberalism. And for the time being the only and the best available antidote is the nursing and strengthening of the Greek-orthodox Church in the Balkan States. (I. 230).

As it is now, western diplomacy is already trying to diminish Russian influence in Greece and Bulgaria and from the experience of the past it can be foreseen what it would be if Constantinople should become something like an absurd neutral city. All this motley self-seeking and irritable population of Christian Turkey will be left to its passions without the Russian friendly but fatherly-severe "veto!" To see Constantinople a free European town is to see it directly and indirectly closed and inaccessible for Russia. (I. 255).

The other danger is still greater. Russia may become contaminated, may catch the disease from the Southern Slav, whom she is warming at her bosom. The Russians like the Frenchmen may learn to love any kind of Russia as the Frenchmen has learned to serve any sort of France. But who could care for a Russia that is not autocratic and not Greek-orthodox! (II. 149). And because Katkoff for decades has preached this doctrine he deserves a monument during his lifetime.

But the great truth is that Russia has already caught the disease. In the bottom of their hearts the Russians are already liberal. They do not realize that it is simply a *sin* to love Europe. (II. 306). Yes, during recent years the Russian people has shown that its character is becoming very doubtful if not exactly bad. It seems that sooner or later the common people will follow the intelligent leaders. And these intelligent ones are throughout liberal *i. e.*, empty, negative and unprincipled. (II. 182).

But what then can save a country in such a condition? The answer is *inequality*. The more equal the rights, the more similar are the subjects of the empire, and the more similar are their demands. *Divide et impera!* is therefore not a piece of Jesuitism, but it is a law of nature, a fundamental principle of good government. So long as there are different castes, different

provinces, with different peoples, so long as the education is different in different classes of society, then there is still a good chance to fight democratic progress. (Vol. I. 165). But if the equalizing tendencies of Liberalism and the democratic spirit gain the upper hand then there is only one salvation left—and that is the conquest of new and original countries, the conquest and occupation of new territories with a foreign and dissimilar population, the annexation of countries that carry in themselves conditions favorable for autocratic discipline, an annexation that does not hurry with any deep or inner assimilation. (I. p. 171-179). *Divide et impera!*

II.

We have presented the interpretation of the Russian system of government as firmly adhered to by Alexander III., and as illustrated by all his administrative activity. The closing lines of the last chapter throw, perhaps, some light on the occupation of Manchuria and on the causes of the present war. But the Russian people is clamoring not for Manchuria, but for its daily bread and such safe-guards of personal liberty as the Anglo-Saxons have secured in their Magna Charta.

When Nicholas II. succeeded his father, a sigh of relief went through Russia. It was expected that he would revert to the policy of his grandfather, that he would grant some sort of conservative constitution, which Alexander II. was about to sign, when he was murdered. But all these hopes failed. Nicholas II. was too weak a man to take a step of any importance whatsoever, the numerous petitions of provincial assemblies of the nobility praying for guarantees of life, liberty and property, were answered by arrests and exiles, and the Tsar solemnly declared on January 17th, 1895, that he would rule in the spirit of his father, and no change in the system, no "foolish dreams" would be tolerated.

The Tsar has kept his word. But he did not rule, he does not rule, and Russia is drifting towards rack and ruin, still in the grip of the same all-powerful System, with a thoroughly good but helpless Tsar as its first slave, and perhaps its last victim. Not restrained by a responsible man, in the hands of a motley body of advisers, who have none of the honesty and integrity and unselfishness of fanatics like Alexander III. or Pobedonosceff, the autocratic system of Alexander III. has become more unscrupulous than ever. Bezobrazoff and Alexeyeff are plunging Russia into a terrible and unnecessary war and the ministry of von Plehve has managed Russia, attending chiefly to the extermination of the "inner foe," i.e., the enlightenment of the Russian people.

But the crimes of government are interpreted by foreigners as the bar-

barism of the people, and the fair name of Russia is disgraced throughout the world. The opinion of the average American is that the Russian people is barbarous and its government enlightened. But he forgets that it is not the government but the people that has produced the great Russian artists, the great Russian novelists, the great Russian scholars famous throughout the world. The Russian people produced them not with the help, but in spite of the autocratic government. Were not the two greatest Russian poets, Pushkin and Lermontoff, harassed and persecuted by the governments? Did not Turgeneff live in exile in Europe? Was not Dostoyevski sentenced to death, his punishment being commuted on the scaffold to forced labor in Siberia? Was not Tolstoy anathematized, and is it not an open secret that he would long ago have been sent to Siberia were it not for the bad impression such an action might have produced on Europe?

Was it the Russian people that drowned 6,000 innocent Chinese men, women and children in the Amoor; or was it the troops obeying with horror orders received? But what is Russia's good name to its government? As Prince Gregory Volkonski correctly says, the one thought and care of the Russian government is that the power shall not slip out from its hands.⁵ But this slipping out process has already begun. The Autocratic System still exists in its irresponsibility, but it is not any longer in the hands of the autocrat. The imperial mantle is already being pulled to shreds and pieces, and there is a constant scramble between grand dukes and common climbers and intriguers for the most of it. Did the autocrat of all the Russias want this war? Did he not state to the Japanese Minister in all sincerity that there would be no war? Did he not order Alexeyeff to transmit on New Year's Day to the Far Eastern troops his imperial greetings and his assurance that peace would be preserved in the Far East? And nobody doubted the good faith of the Tsar, but everybody in Japan and elsewhere was convinced of the bad faith of the Imperial Russian Government, of its Machiavellian sixteenth-century methods of diplomacy, and the world is tired of it. Honest straightforward methods in international dealings may weigh on some governments as a nightmare, but they will have to conform to them.

And now to the last—we hope the last—great crime of the Autocratic System. For what is Russian blood now sacrificed and billions of rubles wrung from the starving Russian people, wasted on the fields of Manchuria? Does the Russian people need Manchuria? Not in the least. Even such expansionists and nationalistic papers as Suvorin's "Novoe

⁵ Prince Gregory Volkonsky. "The Present Condition of Russia" (in Russian), Stuttgart, 1903, p. 23.

Vremya" and Prince Ukhtomski's "St. Petersburgskia Vedmosti" were bitterly opposed to it. But who cares for national interests, when personal are at stake! In Corea a company formed by a couple or more of grand dukes, and some higher bureaucrats has obtained valuable lumber and mining concessions—a sufficient cause for declaring northern Corea under the Russian sphere of influence.⁶ As to the Manchurian adventure, everybody in Russia knew perfectly well and talked freely about this new promised land for official thieves. It is estimated that about three-quarters of the hundreds of millions appropriated for the railroads, the new commercial cities, the ports, etc., were stolen, and the money went high enough up to interest a powerful element of the autocratic administration in perpetuation of this new Eldorado.

Already in the beginning of 1902 Professor Migulin of the University of Kharkoff,⁷ a very conservative man and an expert in railroad finance, called attention to what was going on in Manchuria. The railroad afforded no technical difficulties whatsoever, the Chinese coolie-labor used on the railroad was the cheapest in the world, the material used was imported duty-free, and yet the laying of rails alone (not counting equipment, cost of stations, platforms, etc.) cost the government more than 152,000 rubles pro verst, *i. e.*, about 230,000 rubles a mile!⁸ Professor Migulin then also pointed out that Manchuria on account of its extremely cheap coolie-labor is a place entirely unfit for Russian colonization, and likely to kill agriculture and colonization in the Russian Amoor-region, since Russians can not compete with Chinese wages and the low prices of the agricultural products.

Prince Ukhtomski, the president of the Russo-Chinese Bank and formerly an intimate friend of Nicholas II., in an interview granted to the correspondent of the "Frankfurter Zeitung" did not hesitate to acknowledge that the cause of this war is "graft."

"Whose fault is it, in the opinion of Your Highness, that affairs have taken such a course?"

"In the present episodes the fault is entirely with Japan, which wants the war, is prepared for the war, which hates Russia and is full of warlike

⁶ *Osvoboshdenie*, No. 31, p. 118.

⁷ P. P. Migulin. "Our Latest Railroad Policy and Railroad Loans (1901-1902)," Kharkoff, 1902.

⁸ The Manchurian railway cost the Russian people \$115,000 per mile, while the average cost of an American railway in the Western plains is \$13,000 to \$15,000 a mile. The inspecting engineer for the U. S. Government estimated, in 1887, the cost of reproduction of the Central Branch of the Union Pacific R.R. at \$20,040 a mile; and it must be remembered that in the intervening twenty years the track and roadbed had been put in a much better condition than at the time of original construction. See Reports of the U. S. Pacific Railway Commission, Senate Executive Documents, 50th Congress, 1st Session, No. 51, pp. 4437-4468.

enthusiasm. But in general of course such a situation would never have arisen if we had adhered to a policy of civilization rather than to promoters' politics."

"What do you mean by promoters' politics?"

"O, there are plenty of people that are interested in the innumerable millions appropriated for the railroads, etc. The 'Chunchuses' (Manchurian Brigands) and the 'rainstorms' have so fantastically complicated the work, so fantastically increased the expenses, that really without being especially suspicious, one can not help seeing how things were managed there." (Osvoboshvenie N. 41, p. 302).

These immediate appetites are the immediate little causes of the war, but not the fundamental cause. This great cause is pointed out by Leontyeff. It is the thirst for the Asiatic continent which carries in itself conditions so favorable to a perpetuation of the Russian Autocracy in *saecula saeculorum*. Manchuria with its millions of strong warlike people means a tremendous additional strength, it means a great step in the realization of this dream. And will this dream be realized? Certainly not in the light in which the Russian autocracy sees it. Theoretically it may be a very pretty scheme of checking the progress of Russian civilization, with the help of Cossacks, Turkomen and Manchurian hordes. But the time-element was entirely left out of consideration. It takes no prophet to foresee that the Russian people will finish with the autocratic régime long before it possibly can take a new lease of life in Asia. And the present war is only hastening the crisis. Even such an optimistic and staunch advocate of autocracy as Prince Meshcherski takes up with the rôle of a Cassandra and does not expect the war to be a beneficial thunder-storm that will clear the atmosphere for the Russian autocracy. On the contrary, no matter if the Russian arms are eventually victorious, a terrible economic decline is bound to follow, when all the little rivulets and channels of dissatisfaction will unite in a sea of general dissatisfaction⁹; and then, we may confidently add, the real regeneration of Russia will begin.

⁹"Grashdanin," of December 31, 1903.

I guess if he does that he will find the world after he dies will be a good enough place for him to live in."

That is to say, the American people believe profoundly in a life larger than the life of things. Men have a profound certainty, which nothing shakes, that there is a God who somehow knows what is good for them better than they know for themselves. The immense majority of people is glad to be reminded and assured of this ideal life and of Him who directs it to-day.

There are enough left of persons attached to special documentary statements and still more to special formal rituals, to keep for a time in existence the great ecclesiastical organizations. But with every year it becomes more and more certain that by the year 2000 no ecclesiastical organization now existing in America will retain its present form. This statement was made as early as the year 1870, by the distinguished President of Brown University. Thirty years have more than justified a position which then seemed somewhat startling.

THE SCLAVS

PETER ROBERTS

WHEN a Slovak priest was asked: "What is the meaning of the word Slav?" he instantly replied, "Glory," and added, "In all churches wherein the Sclavs worship, Slava Bogu (glory to God) is chanted, and Slava is the same word as Slav." This is the interpretation commonly accepted by the majority of the race. Scholars support this view by affirming that the root from which the word is derived signifies "intelligence" and that Slav means "the intelligible people." Others, however, derive the word from a root signifying "to call," and affirm that Slav means the "called ones"—those who are commanded; that is, serfs and slaves. The former interpretation represents the pride and expectation of the Sclavophils, who believe that their race is providentially destined to lead the world in civilization, by preserving and perpetuating the Christian faith, by establishing law and order, by enforcing obedience to authority, and by realizing the full fruition of forces of progress which are now arrested by the senility of European nations who stand at an open grave wherein the glory of extinct kingdoms is buried. The latter interpretation represents the sentiments of the Sclavophobs, who believe that no good has ever come or ever will come from the Slav, because its sons are the arch-corruptionists of the Christian faith; the uncompromising foes of democratic institutions; the destroyers of the inalienable rights to freedom of thought and of conscience; and the greatest hindrance to the onward progress of that civilization which has done so much for the peoples of Europe. Both positions are those of extremists, and each is wide of the mark chalked out by the judgment of history. This article is a study of the Slav's (I) Historical Development, (II) Racial Characteristics, (III) Recent Progress.

I.

The Slav, in the family of nations, belongs to the Indo-European stem, which comprises the Asiatic and European Aryans. The European branch separated to north and south; the former, comprised the Germanic and the Letto-Slavic peoples; the latter, the Greeks, Italians, and Kelts. The Letto-Sclavs were separated into Letts and Sclavonians. The Sclavonians are divided into East, West and South Sclavs. The East branch comprises the Great Russians, the White Russians and the Little Russians; the West branch, the Sclavs who live on the Elbe, the Wends of Lusatia, the Poles who dwell in the extinct kingdom of Poland and in Galicia, the

Czecks in Bohemia and Moringia, and the Slovaks in the northern principality of Hungary; the South branch comprises the Slavs inhabiting the southeast portion of the Alps in Austria, the Bulgarians of the Danube, and the inhabitants of Croatia, Servia, Bosnia, Herzegovina, Moldavia and Slavonia. All these peoples do not speak the Slavic language. Those on the Elbe have been Germanized, those of Moldavia and Slavonia have been Romanized, and many in the Turkish empire are zealous Mussulmans. The Bulgarians—a people of Ugrian origin—have alienated their tongue more than any other branch of this great race, while the Polish language contains many foreign elements. Nevertheless, the vast majority of Slavs speak the ancient Slavic language, or dialects of the same, and an educated Ruthenian said that he had little difficulty in conversing with representatives of the 100,000,000 Slavic peoples. At the head of these millions stand the Great Russians, whose language in magnificent prospect rivals that of any race and whose dignity and strength admirably “fit it to be the tongue of an imperial people.”

No date can be fixed for the coming of the Slav to Europe. In the table of nations given by Herodotus (450 B.C.), a tribe, the Budini, is described as having blue eyes and blonde hair. These people, with considerable probability, have been pointed out as the ancestors of the Slavs. Pytheas (200 B.C.), the Massilian, spoke of the Germanic tribes but not of the Slavs. Tacitus (100 A.D.) and Ptolemy (150 A.D.) spoke of the Wends—a name given the Slavs by the Germans. The first time the word appeared in history was in the work of the Gothic historian, Jordanes, (600 B.C.) who mentioned the “Slavini et Antes” among the unsettled peoples of Eastern Europe. The Teutons preceded the Slavs on the Continent; the former first settled on the shores of the Pontus, and, moving westward over the highlands of Central Europe, settled between the Vistula and the Elbe; the latter, moving in the same direction from the shores of the Caspian Sea, settled between the Dwina and the Vistula. The Teutons, following the rivers emptying into the Atlantic Ocean, became the heirs of the civilization of the Mediterranean races and found their sphere of influence in hospitable regions; the Slavs, following those emptying into the Arctic Ocean, settled among peoples living in the hunting and fishing stages of civilization, and found their sphere of influence limited to inhospitable regions. These facts, in part, explain the Slav’s slow progress in civilization as compared with the Kelts and Teutons.

The plains of Russia, from time immemorable, have been the scene of Mongolian and Tatar invasions. Over these the nomad Slavs wandered, but little is known of their movements during the first three centuries of

the Christian era. At the close of the third century, Slavs were found in the Balkan peninsula, where probably they were transported as prisoners of war. Two centuries later, they drove out the dwellers in the plains east of the Carpathian mountains and, in the following century, Heraclius, the Byzantine Emperor, employed them as a bulwark against the incursions of the Avars. Slav nomads, at this early date, proved themselves brave warriors. When a company of them was brought into the camp of the Khazars, a sage prophesied: "These men's swords have two edges; ours have but one. We conquer now, but some day they will conquer us." The prophecy was fulfilled in the tenth century. In the seventh century the Serbs left their home on the Carpathian mountains and joined their brethren in the Balkan peninsula. The Bulgarians, settling about the middle of the seventh century in Moesia, conquered the Slavs of the Balkans and, for three centuries, held their own against the Huns, the Turks and Byzantium. The Slavs of the south must have played a leading part in these conflicts, for by the ninth century they had so Slavonized their conquerors that the old Finnish tongue was abandoned and the Slavic language adopted in divine worship. In the eighth century, two streams of Slavic colonizers moved eastward to the western plains of Russia. The northern left the territory watered by the Elbe and Vistula, the southern that of the Danube. These, living in democratic communities, will soon consolidate and enter into the arena where the nations of two continents wrestle for the mastery.

Thus, for five hundred years, when Finns and Norsemen, Huns and Avars, Mongolians and Tatars, shifted the nations of Europe as the simoon the sands of the desert, the Slav maintained his individuality, preserved his type and kept his language essentially intact. His wanderings brought him to the Elbe on the north and to Austria and Greece on the south. As the tenth century dawned, he stood in the vigor of youth on the plains where kingdoms rise and wane: "The archers have sorely grieved him, and shot at him and persecuted him, but his bow abode in strength, and the arms of his hands were made strong."

Each of the Slav groups now consolidated. The Serbs formed a kingdom in old Illyricum and a part of Moesia; the Poles on the highland where the Vistula and Oder rise; and the Russians in the vicinity of Lake Illmen. Rurik, the Norseman, led the Russians and, conquering the neighboring Slav tribes, firmly established a dynasty of kings who ruled for six centuries. His son and grandson extended their kingdom southward and engaged the armies of Byzantium, and for the first time a Muscovite king coveted the Golden Horn. Igor did not succeed (941 A.D.) in capturing Constantinople, but in the following year a treaty of peace was made and

signed by fifty of his chiefs, among whom three were Slavs. To the southwest of the kingdom of Russia, a rival rose under the leadership of princes of native blood. Located on an undulating plain, having no natural bulwarks against the onslaught of powerful rivals, the rise of the Polish kingdom was more precarious than that of its kinsmen to the north. On the west were the Germans; on the north the Scandinavians; on the east, the most dangerous foe of all, the Russians. With these foes Poland struggled for eight hundred years, and at last was ruined by the selfishness of its aristocracy, the intrigue of its ecclesiastics, and the serfdom of its peasantry. The Serbs in Illyricum and Moesia established a kingdom which lasted four centuries. The leadership was taken by one of the Zupans into which the territory was divided and, notwithstanding the close proximity of Byzantium, its power in the twelfth century enabled it to compete successfully with the Greek emperors. In the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, the Serbs maintained their independency against the attacks of Mongols, Huns and Greeks. The unhappy people, however, were destined to lose their independence. After a brief taste of civilization, they were sent back to the yoke of their ignorant and unsympathetic Ottoman masters by the complete defeat sustained at the hand of the Turks in "the field of blackbirds" (1389). For four hundred years did the iron yoke of the Mussulmans rest heavily upon the Serbs, and Servia lost the best of her sons who migrated to escape the tyranny of the Turk. In 1804, this branch of the Slav race rose in rebellion and was finally saved from complete defeat by the intervention of Russia.

During the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, the kingdoms of Poland and Russia paid tribute to the Mongol, and, although they escaped the fate of their brethren of the south, their suffering was second only to that of Servia. Tatars swept over their plains, burnt their towns and villages, and forced their princes to bow the knee to the Great Khan. When the struggle went on, the so-called Christian nations of Europe looked on complacently and, while the Slav was buffeted, took no interest in the war except in so far as their own safety was threatened. After two centuries of bondage, the Slavs of the east and west threw off the Mongol's yoke, but for another two centuries this people formed the bulwark of Europe against Tatar invasions, until at last the pious John Sobieski and his Poles, in 1683, came to the relief of Austria, and drove the Mongols from the continent. He, as Charles Martel before him, saved Christendom from the Mohammedans, and was greeted from the altar of the cathedral of Vienna, wherein kings and princes returned thanks for the victory, with the text: "there was a man sent from God whose name was John." The Poles

made themselves a vicarious sacrifice and were rewarded by Christian Europe with wounds which finally proved fatal. The craftiness of the house of Hapsburg, the jealousy of their Teutonic neighbors, the invasion of the Scandinavians, the rivalry of Russia, were more than Poland could resist. Weakened by foes from without and torn by internal dissension, Poland became the land of war, of tumult and of plunder. Its streets were bathed in blood, its fields were burned by its own sons, and the tramp of foreign armies sealed the doom of the second kingdom of the Sclavic peoples. Its fate was determined in 1772. Russia took the lion's share, subdued the arrogance of its nobles, established peace and order in the land, and made possible the economic advancement of the brilliant branch of the Sclavic race.

The fall of Poland left Russia the sole representative of the Slav among the kingdoms of the earth. The Muscovites waxed strong and built their kingdom upon the wrecks of democratic communities. The nomads of the south gave them considerable trouble. One of their chroniclers says: "They burn the villages, the farmyards and the churches. The land is turned by them into a desert and the overgrown fields become the lair of wild beasts. Many people are led away into slavery; others are tortured and killed, or die from hunger and thirst." Another says: "In the Russian land is rarely heard the voice of the husbandman, but often the cry of the vultures fighting with each other over the bodies of the slain, and the ravens scream as they fly to the spoil." The Khan of the Crimea, the Cossacks of the Don, the Turks of the Ottoman Empire, made periodical incursions for booty and for slaves, and, for centuries, the Slav's sword saved Europe from barbaric hordes. Russia is called the "nation of the sword," and well it was for the continent that its sons could wield it so mightily, for no other means was effectual to check the advance of Tatars, whose torch and scimitar wrought untold havoc. The blood-thirsty ruler, Mahmoud, with the instincts of the savage, revelled in shedding the blood of Christians, and nothing but the merciless Slav could bring the merciless Turk to reason.

But at home the Slav's hand was not less gentle. The boyars sometimes rose and slew their princes. Their conduct gave rise to the proverb, "If the prince is bad, into the mud with him." No Tatar ever witnessed more bloody conflicts than those waged by Ivan the Terrible in Novgorod, in 1570. The Sclavs used the iron hand, but the work they had to do and the material upon which they worked required the soldier more than the priest. Peter the Great, with his master mind, found it necessary to drown the arrogance, prejudices and superstitions of his nobles in blood. Not

till the middle of the eighteenth century was the Slav recognized among the powers of Europe when the light of western civilization began to stream through the window opened by the greatest of the Muscovite Tsars on the Baltic Sea. In the nineteenth century, the Slav stood forth as the champion of Christians who groaned under Mussulman's misrule. Christian Europe stood aloof when their co-religionists were mercilessly slain by Ottomans, but the Slav compelled the Sultan to honor the conscience of their brethren, and, releasing Moldavia, Wallachia, Servia and Bulgaria from the Turkish yoke, caused a new era to dawn for them. Russia's work in Turkey is one of the brightest pages of nineteenth-century history. The Slav, regenerated by the leaven of new ideals, has earned the distinction, on more than one occasion, of being the restorer of law and order among the kingdoms of Europe. The Crimean War rudely awoke him from his self-confidence, pride, and ignorance, and, as the smoke of conflict cleared, he saw a brighter day dawning, which the emancipation of the serfs, in 1861, proclaimed to all the earth. Russia, after a thousand years of warfare and strife, is to-day a worthy leader in the Pan-Slavic movement, whose ideal is the hegemony in the industrial, commercial, and religious affairs of the world.

II.

Is the Slav capable of this?

The average Slav, anthropologically considered, is as good an animal as the average member of any European people. The dolichocephalic Saxon looks with prejudice upon the brachycephalic Slav, but all cranial forms possess only an artificial value and tell us nothing respecting the several grades of mental power contained within. If we take cranial capacity, which most distinguishes man from the apes, and study the measurements obtained from the researches of A. Weisbach and Hermann Welcker, we find that they are not unfavorable to the Slavs. The average weight of the brain of Germans is 1314.5 grains; that of Magyars 1322.8; that of Slavs 1325.2. If it is claimed that the capacity of the skull is of more importance in ethnology than the weight of the brain, the Slavs need not be ashamed of this test. The average capacity of the skull of Kelts is 1459 cubic centimetres, that of Magyars 1422, that of Germans 1470, and that of Slavs 1478. Again, if we take the discovery of Calori of Bologna, we must believe that the brachycephali have heavier brains than the dolichocephali, which is decidedly in favor of the Slavs, whose index of breadth varies from 81.6 to 85.1, that of Germans from 76.7 to 80.1, that of Kelts from 73.4 to 79.5. Thus if the capacity of the cranium, the weight of the brain, or the form of the skull, has anything to do with the future domi-

nancy of the world, the Slav's chance is as good as that of any race on the continent of Europe.

No scientist has discovered in the Slav pithecoïd features which assign him a lower place than that occupied by the peoples of Europe in the supposed hierarchy of the races of mankind. Virchow has shown that prognathism is inconsistent with the full development of the brain, and that the prognathous type of face is almost exclusively confined to nations in which civilization appears somewhat immature. But this unpropitious position of the jaw is not more prevalent among the Slavs than among other European races. It is not so common in Moscow as in Paris, and cases of prognathism can be seen as frequently in England and Germany as in Russia. Craniologists have also shown that prognathism prevails as a rule in narrow skulls, while medium and broad skulls are mostly mesognathous or occasionally opisthognathous, which fact again favors the Slav. The shortness of the upper limbs separates man from the animals which most resemble him. Carl Vogt has expressed this relation by saying that the orang can, in an erect position, touch its ankles; the gorilla, the middle of the tibia; the chimpanzee, the knee; whereas man can scarcely reach the middle of the thigh. Weisbach's measurements show that the average length of the arms of Germans is 0.469 of the length of the body, and that of Slavs 0.467. If, finally, the bodily height and weight of the average Slav are compared with those of the average member of European races, the result is as favorable to the former as to the latter. Snigriew, after a careful comparison of the measurements of German, Lithuanian, Polish, and Russian recruits, concluded that there was no practical difference between the several peoples. Thus, anthropologically or ethnologically considered, the Slav is not a whit behind those nations who claim a right to lead in the civilization of the world, because of greater fitness to discharge the duties and obligations involved in the task.

If we compare the social and industrial life of the Slav with that of the Teuton, he must be assigned a lower place in the history of civilization. Industrially considered, the great mass of the Slav race is an elemental people, making, with their own hands, in their own homes, what they wear and use. Under the stern rule of many of the Tsars, men who dreamed of making their brethren happy, virtuous and refined were sent to exile and the scaffold. The social awakening that followed the revolution of 1848-1849 was energetically arrested by Nicholas, who substituted "the French quadrille in the place of Adam Smith." The majority of Slav agriculturists are still in the primitive stage. The margin between the real want and the felt want of the Slav is small. The masses wear comparatively

little underclothing; the favorable materials employed in native cookery are sour cabbage, cucumbers and kvass. Eternal stillness is the character of Slav provincial life. The system of public instruction in Russia is inadequate. The paternalism of the Government has been fatal to individual initiative; autocracy has strangled all attempts at constitutional government; and religious authority, while suppressing freedom of conscience has tolerated gross superstition and buried the essential principles of morality under a weight of sensuous forms and mysterious rites. The Slav in our courts considers the most barefaced and patent falsehood as a fair means of self-defense, and many of them have very lax ideas as to the rights of persons and property. These specks and blemishes are visible, but the student will patiently study the phenomena and seek the deep-rooted causes by which these specks and blemishes are produced rather than make sweeping generalizations. Catherine said of Riviere, the French physiocrat: "He supposed we walked on all fours, and very politely he took the trouble to come from La Martinique to teach us how to stand on the hind legs." Teutons and Kelts have manifested the same proud contempt for the Slav in modern times, giving little thought to the fact that he is the child of a different civilization from our own.

The Slav has lived under the iron hand of autocracy. Outside the Mir he has no voice in the government. It is second nature in him to obey. When Teutonic kings had to struggle with municipal institutions to prevent them from becoming too powerful, the Tsars had to struggle to prevent them from committing suicide or dying of inanition. The Slav, accustomed to lean on the arm of autocracy, has not advanced on the road of progress in a smooth, gradual and prosaic way as Teutons do, but rather by a series of unconnected and frantic efforts as the whim possessed the autocrat. Slavs regard the State as an entity wholly distinct from themselves and having interests entirely different from their own, and the State never hesitated to ruthlessly sacrifice the interests of the individual when its own were involved. Under a state policy that knows no change generation after generation, the boundaries of the empire have been extended, so that to-day the Tsar's sons are seen on the shores of the Arctic and Pacific oceans, on the frontier of China and in Central Asia, the embodiment of patient endurance, of dogged resistance, and stoical fortitude. Fed on sour cabbage, soup, black bread, dried fish and weak tea, the Slav soldier is patient, good-natured, and never complains. On sea or land he is obedient, tenacious of purpose, self-confident and contented; is never anxious for the morrow, for his plans embrace generations yet unborn. The results are that in Turkestan and in Central Asia, the Slav has wrought wonders.

He has established law and order where anarchy once prevailed; the wilderness has blossomed under his rule; avenues of commerce have been opened and the nations of the earth enriched; the barbarian is on the highway to industrial efficiency, for the robber chief is suppressed and the tillers of the soil find their person and property safe. In Siberia, the Slav is at his best. This former land of convicts, by the industry and thrift of the colonizers, is become one of the greatest wheat granaries of the world. On the slopes of the Pacific, the robber bands who defied Mongolian rulers have been annihilated, and Chinese and Slav farmers feel perfectly secure under the protection of the Muscovite. Peking has been brought within two weeks' journey of Moscow, and the Russian steamers between Odessa and Port Arthur afford facilities for traveling and commerce second to none in the world. At home the same strong hand guides the destiny of the empire. By the dictum of the Tsar 40,000,000 serfs were liberated. It was the greatest reform of the nineteenth century and effected without a revolution. The nobility were deprived of their land, the serfs given freehold claims, and the conditions of the transaction laid down by the autocrat of St. Petersburg. A ukase establishes the gold standard, erects a tariff wall around the empire, fosters infant industries, takes under its protection the vodka shops of the empire, curbs the selfishness of employers and the arrogance of employees, and makes industrial war a crime. A ukase prohibits the black clergy from deviating from the rules of St. Basil, refuses permission to a Russian once within the pale of the Orthodox church to depart thence, commands the white clergy to refrain from innovation, secures the laity uniformity and continuity in divine worship, plants churches wherever its children go as colonizers, and secures its Mohammedan, Roman Catholic and Protestant subjects immunity from persecution. Paternalism is the very breath of life of the Russian Government, and if the Slav has lost individual initiative he has gained in obedience to authority; if he has lost constitutional government, he has gained immunity against the arrogance of nobles and the greed of entrepreneurs; if he has lost freedom of opinion and freedom of conscience, he has gained exemption from the tyranny of majorities, the vicissitudes of public elections, and the multiplicity of sects. Autocracy and democracy have their weak and strong points. It is not our task to decide which is the better for a nation. The Slav is the child of autocratic power and none dare say that his efficiency among the nations of the world is compromised thereby. On the shores of the Pacific, on the tablelands of Tibet, on the plateaus of Mongolia, on the broad plains of Siberia, the Slav is the presiding genius. When he speaks in Peking, or Cabool, or Teheran, or Constantinople, the nations of Europe are silent and

emperors take council. When the Russian Bear shakes its prison bars on the shores of the Pontus the nations of the continent tremble. The most conservative of European statesmen have awakened to the fact that the future of Eastern Europe and Asia lies with the Slav race, and that it must be reckoned with. Nicholas once said: "Where the Russian flag is planted once, there it shall remain forever." The Tsar's boast was not exactly true to history, for the Slav has ceded conquered territory on five occasions in five centuries. Nevertheless, the firm grip of the Slav is well known, and no nation can boast of greater tenacity, higher aspirations, larger plans and more brilliant achievements than the Slavs of Russia.

But the Slav peasant;

"A thing that groans not and that never hopes,
Stolid and stunned, a brother to the ox?"

what of him? Mr. N. T. Bacon has said (*Yale Review*, May, 1904, p. 53): "From our standpoint the Russian peasant is idle and good-for-nothing." A. J. Beveridge thinks differently ("Russian Advance," p. 319): "He it is who tills the soil and fills the factories; he who consumes the tea, drinks the vodka, pays the taxes; he who equips the army and fights the empire's battles; he who mans the ships of Russia's growing fleets; he on whom the whole government rests; he who holds in his breast the destiny of the Slav race." Consider the following picture by the same author (p. 304): "They (the peasants) were working at their 'kustar trades' in that short period between the cultivation of their fields and the harvest of the grain which was not yet ripe. Thus their time and labor were turned into productive industry. In tens of thousands of the little country villages . . . workmen employ every moment of their time during the long winter months in some kind of manufacture. Not only the men, but the women and children, work at these trades." A people who in 1902 supported themselves and exported \$420,000,000 worth of goods composed of 62 per cent. of grain and provisions, and 32 per cent. of raw and undressed materials, and only two per cent. of cotton goods; a people who, working at their "kustar trades" between sowing and harvest or during winter, supply about nine-tenths of the goods for domestic consumption; a people who paid in taxation for the maintenance of the imperial government \$900,000,000 and manned the army and navy which guard the frontiers or protect the coast, ought to be counted good for something, no matter from what standpoint they are studied.

We have in the United States about a million and a quarter Slav immigrants who represent the peasant class. Whoever has studied them in the

mines and on the farms, in the mills and on the wharfs, in the forests and on the rivers, must bear testimony to their daring courage, constant industry, prompt obedience and patient endurance. Men believed, a generation ago, that the mining industry of Pennsylvania could not be carried on if the English and Welsh, Irish and Scotch, Germans and Americans were withdrawn. To-day, in eight shafts in the Mahanoy Valley, employing about 2500 contract miners, less than 5 per cent. of them are Kelts and Teutons. The Poles, Ruthenians and Slovaks get out the coal and the per capita production is to-day greater than it was twenty-five years ago, notwithstanding the fact that the operation requires three times the muscular effort which it then required. In 1903, over five hundred of these men sacrificed their lives in the collieries of Pennsylvania, and another army of 1500 was injured in this risky business. The Slav will work where "white men" will not; he is willing to work ten, twelve and fourteen hours a day if he can earn high wages. They are patient and persevering. Many are stupid and slow, but many are also apt and efficient. All are amenable to discipline, submissive to authority and silent under difficulties. The Slav is easily led, believes absolutely in and idolizes his leader, is easily excited and when aroused soon forgets the teachings of civilization and falls to the unstable nature of his barbaric ancestors. Many are unclean; all drink; their quarrels and fights are fiendish in their atrocities; their standard of living is low; their social customs repugnant and some of their religious practices are tainted with superstition. But in all this we speak as Americans, we judge as Americans, and our standard is the highest ever attained in the history of civilization. Compare the social and moral conditions of Slav mining communities with those of Great Britain as depicted in the Parliamentary report of 1866, or compare their life to-day with that found in anthracite communities in 1876 by Abram S. Hewitt: "In 1876 . . . I made a tour of inspection through the mining regions. I found terrible conditions then. I found the men living like pigs and dogs, under wretchedly brutal conditions." These were immigrants of the British Isles and few Slav settlements to-day deserve so dark a setting.

The Muzhik has many undesirable qualities. But let us remember that yesterday he was a serf who could be sold as the ox and the horse. If he ran away or dared to present a petition against his master, he was beaten with the knout or sent to the mines in Siberia. His proprietor could impose on him every kind of labor, could take from him money dues, could demand from him personal service, and could send the promising youth to the army. Is it strange, then, that these men bear in their body and mind the marks of twenty centuries of serfdom? And yet this peasant—the heir

of five centuries of vassalage—is good-natured and pacific, is adaptable and imperturbable, has an instinct for organization, is an apt pupil under competent masters, is admirably fitted for the work of peaceful agricultural colonization, is long-suffering and conciliatory and capable of bearing extreme hardships. When he is taken out of the environment where the blight of serfdom is still felt and comes in contact with foreign nations, he immediately adopts foreign ideas and foreign inventions. When freed from the trammels of hereditary conceptions, when liberated from the bondage of clannish suspicion, when once he treads the path of industrial and commercial speculation, his “go-ahead” is truly American. Practical common-sense sways the vast majority of this people. Sentimental considerations and loud-sounding phrases have very little if any place in their life. What they want is a house to live in, food to eat, raiment wherewith to be clothed. Neo-Malthusianism is not in the Slav’s creed; both men and women believe that children are “an heritage of the Lord” and are “as arrows in the hand of a mighty man.” Bachelors and spinsters are not found among them. In no country in Europe is the birth-rate so high as among Slavs and medical science, in recent years, has beneficently checked infant mortality among the peasants. With the increase of material well-being, of intellectual and moral culture, refined sensitiveness and keen sympathy with physical suffering are becoming characteristics of Slavs. Slav peasantry is fallow ground for the seed of a higher civilization, and none better appreciates the light. This young giant, who “hath as it were the strength of the wild ox” and who “as a lion doth lift himself up,” turns his face, radiant with hope, to the rising sun. He is conscious of a mission to perform; he shakes himself from the dust; he looses himself from the bands of his neck, “he shall not lie down until he eat of the prey and drink the blood of the slain.”

III.

Signs of the Slav’s progress are not wanting. Ethno-sentimental considerations are moving Slav nobles, who have in recent times exhibited a sensitiveness to humanitarian conceptions second to none on the continent. They look upon the peasant as a brother and have few of the frailties of aristocrats. The horrible cruelty of a Saltykof is no longer possible. The court of St. Petersburg is as moral as that of any nation, and the Muscovite is honored among the nations as a ruler who establishes justice and maintains authority. No longer are court favorites honored, as Menshikof was, by a present of thousands of peasants. A noble’s fortune is no longer computed by the number of his serfs. Priests and nobles no longer receive cruel corporal punishment with whips because of delinquencies. In 1771,

Archbishop Ambrose was massacred in Moscow for attempting to enforce sanitary measures during a plague; in St. Petersburg, about the middle of the last century, a mob pelted the metropolitan with missiles and threw the doctors out of the windows of the hospital because they suspected them of poisoning the wells; to-day, the people in both cities are peaceful; sanitary measures are instituted according to modern scientific principles; the hospitals have on their staffs some of the leading scientists of the world; and the masses gather in people's palaces, where weak tea and free entertainments are furnished. A century ago the papers of Moscow advertised serfs for sale, and a Russian who evinced any desire for travel was regarded with suspicion; to-day, the Moscow press advertises free land for peasants and Russians travel as extensively as any people. Fifty years ago only two per cent. of the peasants who joined the army could read; now 33 per cent. of them can do so. Forty years ago, two-thirds of the people of Russia had no rights which they could enforce against their superiors, and justice, when administered, proclaimed its decrees from behind closed doors. Now, the proceedings of the tribunals are public, criminal cases are tried by jury, petty cases are tried by Justices of the Peace, and the course of justice is simplified to meet the demands of the people. Frederick the Great said of the Russian soldiers, "We have to do with barbarians, who are digging the grave of humanity." A century later, General Skobeleff, in the war of Bulgaria, had to command a halt and furnish carts and men to care for the babes who were thrown away by their Turkish mothers and picked up by the Russian soldiers as they pursued the foe. These are landmarks of progress.

The Slav soldier is still capable of wielding the sword with the ferocity of a Jephthah or a Gideon, but it is on the principle that it is better to cut off the hand and the foot than have the whole body cast into hell. When Skobeleff sheathed his sword in Central Asia, peace, order and safety were established, but previous to the advent of the Russian tumult, anarchy and terrorism prevailed. Under the wise guidance of patriotic statesmen the accursed vodka shops—the breeders of drunkenness and poverty—are regulated and the peasants are provided with tea houses where the social instinct of the Slav is met. In no European state are there more comprehensive laws relative to employers' liability than in Russia, while many of the states of the Union can well afford to learn of Slav statesmen how to regulate factories where children are sacrificed both day and night upon the altar of mammonism. The railroads of Manchuria and the Caucasus have broken down the barbarous custom of collecting transportation taxes which rendered commerce in the interior of Asia and China impossible. Under

the Slavs' supervision good roads are made and model towns are built where formerly barbarous communities dwelt in filth. Wherever the Slav builds he guards against disease, squalor and unsightliness which are common occurrences where Mongols and Tatars dwell. The Slav peasant is slowly awakening to a realization of his independence, to a due appreciation of economic freedom, to an understanding of the rights of property, and to the market value of industry, temperance and truthfulness. Slav statesmen proclaim the commercial value of honesty, the necessity of enterprise in manufacturing industries and commerce, the worth of new methods in production, and the markets which await the production of farms and factories. All the lessons which industrial liberty teaches, all the blessings which science and art bring, all the results which centuries of civilization realize, are brought to the feet of this youth in whose heart are stored the energies of centuries of stolid living. Give him time, and the pressure of new wants and new ideas will awaken his sleepy brain and set in motion his sluggish nerves and effect a metamorphosis which the combined wisdom of philosophers and theorists cannot effect. Lobenoff changed the face of Europe in an incredibly short time; the foreign statesmanship of Russia in far-sightedness is not surpassed by that of any other modern nation; the Slav has developed a diplomacy which equals in skill and resource that of any other people of ancient or modern times; and when the Slav peasant fully awakes to the demands of modern life, he will go forth with singing and "come again with joy, bringing his sheaves with him." Let another Peter the Great arise to lead these 100,000,000 Slavs, strong in their youthful vigor, confident that they have a mission to fulfill, and what obstacles can stand before their onward march? If they arm themselves for battle their armies will shake two continents, and the Slavophobs' worst fears will be realized. If they seek a higher victory—"the victory of Science, Art and Faith"—the dream of the Slavophils in part may be realized, viz., that the Slav will restore the world, demoralized by atheism in religion and anarchy in government, to sanity, faith, and order.

THE RUSSO-JAPANESE WAR: ITS CAUSES AND ITS RESULTS

BARON KENTARO KANEKO, LL.D.

IN the early years of the nineteenth century England fought against Napoleonic militarism in defence of European civilization, and now, at the dawn of the twentieth century, it has become necessary for a little island empire off the coast of Asia to take up arms in defence of Anglo-American civilization in the Far East. Japan is fighting, certainly, first of all for her own existence, as England, in the last century, fought for hers. But just as truly as the great cause of civilization was at stake then, upon the battlefields of Europe, so now the future of this same civilization, in its Asiatic development, hangs upon the destiny of Japan in the present struggle.

Whether Japan's cause will or will not prevail, no one can tell at this stage of the conflict, but since every historic event has its antecedents and its results inseparably interwoven, it is not hard at least to infer what the outcome of the war will be in the event of Russia's triumph, or what it will be if the arms of Japan are finally victorious.

In order to enumerate these facts intelligibly enough for a legitimate inference as to results, we must make a rapid survey of the history of the Russian occupation of Manchuria, for it is the Manchurian question which has brought the two nations into their present conflict.

The Chino-Japanese war in 1894-5 resulted in China's ceding to us the Liao-Tung Peninsula, but no sooner had this cession been made than Russia, with the support of France and Germany, compelled us to give up our spoils of victory, on the ground that a surrender of Manchurian territory by China to Japan would constitute a menace to the peace of Asia, and therefore must not be permitted. In order to avert this supposed menace to the peace of Asia, Japan consented to restore the peninsula to China, never for a moment thinking that Russia would ultimately come into possession of it. But scarcely a year had passed when, in 1896, Russia made a secret agreement with China by which she obtained the right to construct a railway through the northern part of Manchuria, for the purpose of giving her a shorter access to the port of Vladivostok, and this railway was afterward extended through the southern part of the peninsula. Nor was this all. In the following year, 1897, she obtained permission from China to winter her fleet at Port Arthur, and in 1898 Port Arthur and also Dalny were formally leased to Russia; then followed the rapid fortifying of these places and other important strategic positions in the

province, and finally Russia arrogated to herself the right to ignore completely Chinese sovereignty in Manchuria, and also existing treaty rights of Japan and other powers in regard to that region of the Celestial Empire.

Now, such occupation of Manchuria by Russia was not only destructive of the principle of equity in respect to commercial opportunities, and an impairment of the territorial integrity of China, but it was also a flat contradiction of the principle of the maintenance of permanent peace in Asia, for which principle alone Japan had given up her spoils of victory.

Moreover, and this was of still greater moment to Japan, Russia, thus stationed on the flank of Korea, would be a constant menace to the separate existence of that empire, and in any event would exercise there a predominant influence. For years Russia has been seeking to encroach upon Korea. After having obtained, some years ago, the concession of an enormous forest belt in the upper range of the Yalu River, she obtained last year from the Korean government the right to use Yongampo, near the mouth of the river, as a lumber depot in which to receive her timber as it came down stream.

Japan soon had reason to suspect that she was converting the place into a fortification, an idea not dispelled when a member of the Japanese legation at Seoul, who had been sent to investigate this matter, was refused permission to land. Korea has long been regarded by us as an important outpost in our line of defence, and we consider the independence of that empire absolutely essential to our peace and safety. Having these important political as well as industrial interests there, we could not quietly look on at Russia's aggressions; and, indeed, we had no security that the rapacity of Russia would not go even farther and threaten the very independence of our own empire.

The situation of affairs in Manchuria was also a cause of great anxiety. The continued presence of a large Russian army in this province was in itself a violation of the agreement made by all the powers after the suppression of the Boxer outbreak in China. It had been agreed that all troops sent into the empire for the defence of the legations, and to aid in restoring order, should be withdrawn at the earliest possible moment, Russia alone being allowed a longer delay in consequence of her interests in Manchuria, which might be endangered by ill-subdued Boxers or general brigandage. A "railway police" was allowed her for a time, but the 8th of October, 1903, was fixed as the limit of her military occupation of the province.

As early as April of that year it became perfectly evident that instead of fulfilling this engagement to withdraw her troops, she was resolved to retain her position there, and strengthen it in every way, pouring troops

into Manchuria until she had occupied the whole province, and finally announcing her intention to hold it.

In view, therefore, of the situation in Manchuria and Korea, the Japanese government, on the 28th of July, opened negotiations with the Russian government "in a spirit of conciliation and frankness, with a view to the conclusion of an understanding to compose questions which are the cause of interest and natural anxiety."

On the 12th of August we submitted a draft for a basis of negotiations, stating clearly that we sought to settle matters relating to Korea and Manchuria. There was nothing in our draft that could not have been easily and promptly adjusted by friendly negotiation; but not until the 5th of October did Baron de Rosen, the Russian Minister at Tokio, present the counter proposal of Russia. After waiting so long, it was not only a surprise to us, but also a bitter disappointment, to find that the Russian draft made no reply to our remonstrances in respect to Manchuria, but dealt solely with Korea, demanding that Japan should not use any portion of Korean territory for military or strategic purposes, and should admit that Manchuria and its entire littoral were outside her sphere of interest.

The impossibility of our agreeing to such proposals hardly needs explanation. The Japanese government at once presented an amendment restoring the clause relating to Manchuria. Another delay ensued; repeated requests were made for an early answer, but without effect.

Throughout the whole course of negotiations Russia manifested a spirit of utter insincerity, positively refusing to meet the Japanese notes fairly and frankly. Always cunningly worded, the Russian notes failed to touch the point at issue, never making any proposal tangible enough to effect a settlement. Finally, on January 30th, 1904, our government pointed out the serious disadvantage to both powers of a further prolongation of the existing situation, and pressed for a definite reply. The only immediate response was that it was not possible to fix a date for sending an answer because it was necessary to wait upon the decision of the Emperor. An answer might come the next day, or in a year, or not at all.

But, meanwhile, what was Russia doing? She was hurrying her warships to the Asiatic station, sending troops and military supplies into Manchuria, and, without any disguise whatever, preparing for war. Before hostilities began she had about nineteen powerful warships in the East, aggregating in their tonnage 82,415 tons, and the work of putting together torpedo boat destroyers, which had been sent out in sections to Port Arthur, went on with the greatest possible rapidity. These were to be joined by

another powerful fleet of ten warships, if subsequent occurrences did not recall them. Long before the actual outbreak of the war the Russian troops stationed in the East numbered over 45,000, and Russian engineers had begun fortifying Liao-Yang, Hai-Cheng and other important strategic points. Further warlike preparations were made by massing troops along the northern frontier of Korea; and all this was done while Japan waited patiently for a favorable reply from Russia.

Finally, on February 1st, the military commandant at Vladivostok, under orders from St. Petersburg, requested the Japanese commercial agent at that port to notify his government that a state of siege might be proclaimed at any moment, and that he must make preparations to withdraw all Japanese residents to Habrovsk. At this time the Russian fleet at Port Arthur made a demonstration by leaving the port.

Being thus informed that all hope of peaceful result from our negotiations with Russia was gone, and seeing that there was no other course left for us to take, our government, on February 5th, sent the following telegram to the Russian government:

"In the presence of delays which remain largely unexplained, and naval and military activities which it is difficult to reconcile with entirely pacific aims, the Imperial Government have exercised in the depending negotiations a degree of forbearance which they believe affords abundant proof of their loyal desire to remove from their relations with the Imperial Russian Government every cause for future misunderstanding. But finding in their efforts no prospects of securing from the Imperial Russian Government an adhesion either to Japan's moderate and unselfish proposals, or to any other proposals likely to establish a firm and enduring peace in the extreme East, the Imperial Government have no other alternative than to terminate the present futile negotiations. In adopting such course the Imperial Government reserve to themselves the right to take such independent action as they may deem best to consolidate and defend their menaced position, as well as to protect their established rights and legitimate interests."

Such is, very briefly, the history of the Russian occupation of Manchuria, with the incidents that followed from it. Keeping these facts in mind, we are now prepared to infer what the outcome of the present war may be. From what has already been said, one thing at least is obvious, namely, that Japan has not entered upon this war from ambition in any form, either to extend her territory or to gain military fame. But her position had become critical in the extreme, and though she fully realized the giant might of her foe, she felt herself compelled by duty and honor to seek by this last resource the restoration of her rightful position in Man-

churia, as well as to protect her own independence already threatened by the Russian grip of Korea, her neighbor.

The outcome of such a war cannot be doubtful; if Japan is victorious, she will gain only that which she has sought through negotiations, no more, no less. There is not the slightest reason to apprehend her seeking to assume supremacy in the commerce and industry of the East, to the detriment of the already established rights and interests of Americans and Europeans. On the contrary, the western nations can hope to gain much through her success.

In proof of this assertion we again refer to facts. Prior to the time of the Chino-Japanese war of 1894-5, foreign powers, becoming aware of the enormous resources and immense possibilities of Central China, had vainly sought to gain for foreign trade a free access to that portion of the Celestial Empire. But neither European diplomacy nor pluck of American commercialism could avail to open that close-barred door. The Chinese are too obstinate to be persuaded, and not docile enough to be taught. But when Japan had China at her mercy, in 1895, one of her principal demands was that four ports, Sou-Chow, Han-Chow, Sho-Sei and Chang-King, should be thrown open for the trade of the world. In the interest of western powers Japan forced China to open these ports, with no discriminate favor for herself in any respect whatever, but rather she put herself on an equal footing with the others. If Japan's motive at this time had been her own self-interest, she might easily have made demands in some direction far more useful to herself, for, just finishing an expensive war with an enemy of such enormous resources, she was financially unable to compete with other powers on an equal footing. What she sought, however, was not exclusive privilege or peculiar advantage for herself, but fair dealing and equal opportunity for all.

The same generous policy was carried still further at that time. In concluding peace with China, Japan made another demand which western powers had long urged in vain. The industrial factories and operating mills now possessed by Americans and Europeans in China are the direct outcome of the Japanese demand in 1895. Scarcely ten years have passed since the treaty of Shimonoseki was signed, but the world to-day seems to have forgotten these facts, and "yellow peril" is the cry. The real peril to the world's progress is when a country is controlled by a single foreign power, to the exclusion of others, as Russia would control Manchuria, and not where a power freely opens up neighbor countries to the trade of the world.

If Anglo-American civilization is based on the principle of the enlarge-

ment of individual initiative, the free action of the people, and an equal opportunity for all, then the Japanese have been the foremost bearers of that civilization to their neighbor. In the cause of that civilization Japan was not slow to march with the allied army of the western nations, in a punitive expedition in 1900, against the very people with whom some treacherous diplomat in Europe has said that she will make a racial alliance against western powers if she is victorious in the present war. Among many things which the Boxer outbreak in 1900 demonstrated to the world, one not the least, was Japan's readiness to uphold western civilization at whatever cost, and with supreme disregard of the question of race or color.

With a record like this, and with the moderate and equitable spirit recently shown by her in the negotiations with Russia, by which she hoped to arrive at a peaceful settlement of the Manchurian and Korean difficulty, Japan has surely proved to the world that her victory in the present war would mean an open door in China, and, in the end, a full opportunity for the spread of western civilization in the Far East. In fact, the present war, in its last analysis, may be characterized as an inevitable conflict, on the eastern coast of the Pacific, between Anglo-American civilization, as it has been inspired in the Japanese by England and America, on the one hand, and Muscovite despotism on the other.

When two such radically different elements are at strife, no compromise between them is possible; one must eventually obtain complete supremacy over the other. But that, in the event of Japan's victory, this supremacy should take the form of a monopoly of the commerce or industry of the East, there is absolutely no reason to suppose. Japan's main endeavor in respect to Manchuria is to break down all such barriers, and when that country has its ports free to the world's trade like Sou-Chow, Han-Chow, Sho-Sei, and Chang-King, the chief gainer will be the nation that commands the largest capital, and has the most pluck to push. Geographically situated as America is, and with her enormous resources, unlimited capital and tremendous energy, it is not difficult to see that Americans, who claim the credit of initiating the "open door" policy in China, would rush into a vigorous contest in this new field, while Japan, her finances crippled by a costly war, would be in no position to compete with her commercial rivals. In the present war Japan is fighting, incidentally, to obtain a market for whosoever is capable of taking advantage of the situation.

The stand taken by the American government as to the "open door" of China has been much applauded of late as initiative, but as yet it has not gone beyond the sphere of diplomacy, or been backed up by tangible measures, while Japan, though fully awake to the magnitude of the task,

and hoping for no selfish economic gain, has been nerved to her great fight, by which this "open door" policy of China may be made an accomplished fact. One of her prime desires is to establish permanent peace and security for all legitimate interests in the Far East.

But this outcome of the war is possible only if Japan shall emerge from this struggle crowned with the laurels of victory. What will happen in the event of Russia's success is perfectly well known from the words of Russian diplomatic agents. Russia has already stated her demands upon China, that "no portion of Chinese territory in Manchuria should be sold or leased to any but Russians; that no new ports should be opened in Manchuria to foreign commerce, or consuls received there without previous consultation with the Russian government; and that all forestry, mining, and other similar valuable concessions should be granted only to Russian subjects." A more distinct repudiation of the "open door" policy could not be made.

The outcome of this war remains uncertain, but some things have been made clear that were not well understood before. Our Red Cross Society's work, with its tender and unremitting care for wounded soldiers, Russian as well as Japanese, has been all that could have been looked for from the highest type of a Christian people. The Japanese are considered a heathen nation, but they are doing the work of Christians, irrespective of sect or creed, without discrimination between friend or foe, and this has brought our people into closer and more friendly relations with foreigners living among us.

As is well known, by the text of our constitution every Japanese subject has perfect freedom of religious belief and action, a privilege denied to the subjects of Holy Russia, which assumes to stand so much higher than Japan in the plane of religion and civilization.

This freedom, of course, has given unusual opportunity for the work of Christian missions, and though it cannot be denied that this work has sometimes been entrusted to inadequate agencies, yet the general purity of intention is undoubted, and the success of the endeavor has been very marked. In the present critical position of Japan the opportunity for Christian teaching has been greatly enhanced. In times of distress and anxiety we all know how one true, friendly word will speak louder to the heart than a thousand of the ordinary commonplaces of good will. The man who says, "Take courage, I stand with you, I recognize the justice of your cause," has a claim upon us forever after. We are ready to listen to his advice and to accept his instruction. We all know that the grand

thing in seeking to lift others to a higher level is, first to understand them and to sympathize with them.

It is in behalf of civilization against arrogant militarism, then, that we are fighting, as England fought in the early years of the last century. Imagine for a moment what the results would have been had she been defeated. All Europe would have come under the power of a military despotism. No European country would have had left to it either political freedom or religious liberty. I may say, if Japan be defeated now, that the spirit and the principles of Anglo-American civilization will be obliterated from a vast portion of the eastern world. And it may be that centuries will pass before ever again humanity, and the universal brotherhood of Christianity, will dawn over the horizon of the continent of Asia.

MODERN ARCHITECTURE OF FRANCE

ALEXANDRE SANDIER

ARCHITECTURE is the expression of the needs of each civilization. Hence it constantly changes with each race, each generation, and each social state that humanity passes through; it follows the history of nations step by step. Therefore, in order really to understand our modern art, it seems necessary to take a rapid glance at its development in the past, and at those broad historical facts which are the primary causes of its different manifestations.

We shall see that a clearly defined architectural style corresponds to each of the broad divisions of our history; that the builder is always the faithful servant of his age, and that his art has closely followed our civilization from the Gallic period until now.

Architecture has left upon our soil but few traces of the age preceding the Roman Conquest. We know only that the Gauls had frequent relations with the ancient civilized world. The influence of the Phœnicians was exceedingly great in the south of Gaul, and later, that of the Greeks was equally so. And though their buildings have been destroyed, we can still admire the delicate and sober art of our ancestors in their arms, jewels, pottery, and especially their coins, which have come down to us; we can well believe that men who knew how to fashion such objects could also build for their dwellings something better than mere huts.

Greek civilization, which was already so far advanced in the Valley of the Rhone before Cæsar's time, would doubtless have spread throughout the country, even without the help of the Romans. Besides its temples, Massalia¹ possessed circuses and theatres, and was famous for its schools, in which philosophy, medicine, eloquence, etc., were taught.

As for the megalithic monuments, it is to-day admitted that they are of a much earlier epoch than the Celts and are therefore in no wise *Druidic*, as they were so long called.

After Cæsar's conquest of the Gauls, Augustus made Roman civilization spread rapidly through the country. And in this civilization especially we find architecture to be a result of manners and social conditions. The Roman people must have temples, basilicas, baths, aqueducts, theatres, amphitheatres, circuses, and monuments to commemorate their victories and triumphs.

¹ Marseilles.

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CZARISM AT BAY.

BY KARL BLIND.

I.

As the forces of Czardom are driven back and crippled more and more, both on sea and on land, curious attempts are being made in England to impress public opinion with the idea that, if ever she were actively to turn against Russia, she would have to reckon with an armed alliance between Russia and Germany. An Australian writer writes in a Liberal London paper, after having travelled through the Muscovite Empire:

"I saw quite enough to make me know that the Czar of Russia is at this present moment holding in a grip of iron the war party in St. Petersburg, who, rightly or wrongly, imagine that Britain's present Government intrigued successfully with the powers at Tokio to bring about the present war between Russia and Japan. It is the Czar who stands between the war party and their desires, and prevents such a conflagration as the world has not seen in our time. I wish I could burn this into the brain of every Briton who loves his country and hopes for its welfare: 'If war comes, Russia will not stand alone.' A nation with a fine fleet and a terrible army, an army that is ready to the last button on the last shirt, will stand with her, fall with her, too, perhaps, for in the end we have always had a trick of holding our own; but think of the terrible sacrifice which must be made if things come to such a

pass, all danger of which could easily be obviated now by the exercise of a little wise statecraft, or, better still, a little national common sense."

After that, the writer, whose imagination is on a par with, or rather exceeds even, his graphic qualities of style, fully explains that it is Germany who would, in the case mentioned, come to the rescue of Russia! He then strenuously pleads for a brotherly feeling between the Englishman and the Muscovite. He says he has been through Siberia and heard of its richness in mineral ore "that made me green with envy." He "saw forests waiting for the woodman's axe, and plains waiting for the plough. If we could only get rid of the insane prejudice that parts the two peoples, what an opening is there for the British merchant and the British mechanic!"

"And after all," he continues, "who is it that gains by the prejudice that stands like a rampart between us and them (the Russians)? Only the favored classes of each people, not the bone and brain of either nation. What business has this generation of Britons to cherish hate of Russia; what cause have we to dislike them? The Russian worships the same God that we worship; he adores the same Christ. . . . Believe me, the Muscovite is worth cultivating as a friend; *he is worth dreading as a foe.*"

Thus, by alternately threatening England with a Russo-German alliance, and using words of fraternal cajolery, an endeavor is made to smooth matters for Muscovite autocracy, so far as England is concerned. But what right has any one to assert that it is only "the favored classes" in England who are opposed to the despotic system of government in the vast Empire of the Czar? Is not, on the contrary, the strongest feeling in that matter to be found among the truly Liberal, Radical and Democratic masses—even as was the case, to my full personal remembrance, in the days before and during the Crimean war? At that time, too, Liberals, Republicans and Socialists all over Europe, headed in England by exiled leaders like Mazzini, Ledru-Rollin, Kossuth, and by German and Polish exiles, myself among them, called out for the most efficient warfare against that arch-despot, Nicholas I., whose rule had weighed like an incubus on the Continent at large.

The Muscovite is worth cultivating as a friend, says Mr. Halea. But whom does he mean by the word "Muscovite?" There are tools of the autocrat's tyranny of really Russian origin, and there

are such tools also among unscrupulous and corrupt men of different race. On the other hand, there are numbers of real Russians who aim, more or less hopefully, or with reckless self-sacrifice, at the introduction of representative institutions. Now, with which class of Muscovites should Englishmen suddenly swear eternal friendship?

Again, are there not ever so many down-trodden, non-Muscovite races in the Czar's Empire, who are rattling at the bars of the great prison-house? What about the Finns, the Poles, the Letts, the German urban populations of the Baltic provinces, the Armenians?—to mention but some of them. In the introductory words of a previous article in this REVIEW, I mentioned that the very first successes of the Japanese on sea were jubilantly celebrated, as far away as the United States, by Polish emigrants. Since then, the Polish youth in Cracow have issued a declaration at a meeting, to this effect:

"Seeing that the most effective crippling of Russia is in the interest of Poland, and will facilitate the reconstruction of our fatherland, the Polish youth sympathize in the heartiest manner with the Japanese, and congratulate them upon the successes hitherto gained, whereby the power and the reputation of Russia have been greatly shaken. In view of the forthcoming mobilization in Russian Poland, we hold it to be the correct way of acting for Polish soldiers and reservists not to desert before the mobilization, but to do so later on, on the theatre of war, as this would be the best means of damaging the Czar's army, both numerically and morally."

Now, are Englishmen to give up their sympathies with the cause of the Polish and other nationalities, for the sake of currying favor with the Bobrikoff-Plehve system of government, which is to be continued in spite of the awful warnings recently addressed to a relentless autocracy?

In Finland, Prince Obolenski has been appointed, and he is noted for his atrocious acts against a dissatisfied peasantry. He is a kind of Muscovite Haynau. In Russia proper, the same inhuman harshness of rule goes on. It is upheld—as a Russian high official in the "Quarterly Review" has stated—by Nicholas II., who seems to be a self-willed and yet easily influenced monarch, combining, as is not seldom the case, the characteristics of a weakling with those of a pretender to personal domination in the "*L'Etat c'est moi*" style. He once said to a deputation that his

ambition was to follow in the footsteps of Nicholas I. What worse prospect could he have held out to his subjects?

Mr. Hales does not appear to have reflected upon all this. Having been talked over in Russia, he trots out a bogey to Englishmen of a coming Russo-German alliance, by which evidently they are to be hypnotized into friendliness with the "Muscovita." But Germany does not mean to shed her blood for the sake of the "beautiful eyes" of Nicholas II. In whatever personal utterances the German Emperor may indulge, his Government will maintain an attitude of neutrality. It will not dream of throwing the German nation in arms into this war at the side of that Russian tyranny the doings of which have been exposed at the recent State Trial at Königsberg, in such a manner as to give rise to an outcry of indignation even among journals which are in contact with semi-official sources at Berlin.

To give an idea of the Australian writer's odd means of impressing his readers, I may quote from a concluding paragraph of his, in which he says that Russia is only now making her preparations for war. He says:

"Try and picture such a scene as this, and it is a scene I have looked at so often that I grew sick of gazing. A train running at fourteen miles an hour. . . . What do you see? A vast stretch of fast-ripening rye, the stuff out of which the Russian soldier's bread is made. . . . Far as the eye can reach, you will see rye, nothing but rye. It is almost under your nose, and it reaches to the bounds of your horizon. Now, leave your window and cross over, and look out of the other side. And what do you see? Rye, nothing but rye. . . . The train is like a giant worm crawling in a prairie. You are in the midst of *the Russian army's preparations for the war*. That, for Russia, at least, has only just commenced. You cannot realize it, my friend. You have been used to hearing of grain talked about by the paltry million bushels, perhaps. When it comes to square miles that make you giddy in the counting, you turn away and marvel. Well, so do I, and so will a lot of other folk before we are three years older."

It is pertinent to ask: "Did not these enormous rye-fields exist before the war?"

II.

From this terrifying description of the boundless corn-fields, let us turn to another picture.

At the Königsberg State Trial, which practically ended in the disgrace of the disclosure of the attempted subservieney to the

Czar, a witness was called by the defence, whose revelations as to the condition of Russia made the deepest impression abroad. This was Professor von Reussner, a Russian subject, a member of the Orthodox Church, who for five years had been a Professor of Public Law and Criminal Jurisprudence at Tomsk. He resigned after the late student disturbances in that university-town, when several undergraduates were beaten and flogged by the police. For it is always "flogging, nothing but flogging" in Russia, to use the style of the Australian writer—even for political malcontents and prisoners. The very Senate of Tomsk sent a protest to the Minister of Public Instruction, but in vain. It was then that Professor von Reussner handed in his resignation.

In his long cross-examination, the full report of which is before me, and which extends over many columns, he said:

"The influence of the Czar has certain limits. The power of the officials is unlimited. There is no criminal responsibility for them, unless the higher authorities give permission for a prosecution. Even then, the Court for judging an official is mainly composed of officials of the Administration itself. There exists in Russia no right of religious creed. It is forbidden to secede from the Orthodox Church. Even the change from one sect to another is only allowed by special permission of the Home Secretary. A conversion to one of the German Protestant sects entails the loss of all rights and transportation to Siberia. To leave the Græco-Catholic Church entails also the loss of the right to educate one's children. The clerical authorities can imprison any suspect for life in a cloister; for, by the side of the administrative procedure of transportation, there is a similar privilege of the Church to exile people to Siberia."

In regard to the press, Professor Reussner stated that the Home Secretary can at any time prohibit the sale of a paper, or forbid it to discuss certain questions. Various Ministers and the Procurator of the Holy Synod can suppress a journal at any moment. There is a Church censorship, a Military censorship, a censorship for Public Libraries, and a special censorship for Popular Libraries. Any meeting whatsoever can be prohibited by the police. Even judicial sentences can be altered by administrative action. Thus, one sentenced to transportation to Siberia may be imprisoned for life in the dread dungeon of Schlüsselburg.

During the recent riots which arose out of political discontent, floggings took place on a large scale. It was at first believed, the Russian expert witness said, that this was an exceptionally arbitrary measure; but it was found afterwards that it was based on a

secret ordinance of Alexander III. Those condemned for political offences, men and women, have often been flogged. Hunger strikes, on the part of such prisoners, frequently occurred by way of protest. Students have, as a punishment, been put into the army for life, irrespective of their being sick or cripples. Emigration without permission entails confiscation of property.

A right of petition Professor Reussner further explained does not exist in Russia. The change in the Constitution of Finland, without the assent of the Diet, was a State-stroke, an open violation of the Constitution by the Czar. The documents published by R. Leonoff, as well as more recent publications of a similar kind, in which the complicity of the "Asiatic Department" of Russia with bomb outrages in Bulgaria, and with the terrible tragedy at Belgrade, is fully evidenced, have the usual official form.

"When two students," the Russian witness said in conclusion, "had been flogged by the police at Tomak, I went to Petersburg, but could not obtain justice from the Minister. The judicial inquiry was conducted by the Commander of the Gendarmerie, Wahl. Thereupon I resigned my position."

Wahl, one of the cruellest men, has taken a malicious pleasure in sneering at political prisoners placed before him, by saying that he had "something very special for their benefit"—meaning, as it turned out, their subjection to the knout.

III.

Can it be wondered at, in such a state of affairs, that the "mild justice" of revenge should have its course among the victims of so unbearable a tyranny? Perfectly trustworthy news, both from Helsingfors and from Petersburg—some of which has come to me privately—fully bears out the significant fact that the deeds done against Bobrikoff and Plehve correspond to the national, patriotic feeling of the Finns, and to the rising indignation of the cultured classes in Russia, in an unexpectedly strong manner.

I have before me a letter, signed "G. Georgi (St. Petersburg)," in which the writer says:

"There exists an indescribable fermentation. Schaumann has become the hero of the Finnish people. *He is recognized as its William Tell.* In all circles, even where political assassination is, on principle, strictly condemned, men speak with satisfaction of this deed, and mention Schaumann with deep respect. He is looked upon as the avenger of so

much wrong and suffering brought by Bobrikoff over Finland. Even though Bobrikoff was not directly held responsible for the prevailing 'policy of the knout,' he was hated as the ready tool of Plehve and Pobiedonostseff. He was loathed as the destroyer of the happiness of hundreds of families, as the organizer of treachery and falsehood by a system of espionage, which has sadly undermined social intercourse—once so pleasant, and rightly famed in Finland for its hospitality and its noble freedom. He had driven out from office the incorruptible officials of the country, and replaced them by mean self-seekers. The Police Administration had been filled by him with individuals of the shadiest kind, who had lost positions elsewhere. In the Postal Administration a 'Black Cabinet' had been established by him. These are some of the traits of the new Russified Finland. And because Bobrikoff had set aside all regard for morality, for law, and for public faith, therefore the Czar, forsooth, assisted in carrying his coffin on his own shoulders!"

This is surely a strong description from the pen of a man who, writing from the Russian capital, even risks giving his name, though at any moment he might be haled as a prisoner to the fortress of Schlüsselburg, or as an exile to Siberia. Those who have had experience of the time shortly before the outbreak of some revolution will understand the significance of such boldness. There are then generally a few men who thus act as brave and often self-sacrificing forerunners of a coming popular upheaval.

So much for public feeling in Finland. Again, the killing of Plehve is now spoken of at Petersburg, among the so-called "Intelligence"—that is, the educated class which holds Liberal principles—in terms of that peculiar kind in which there is a curious combination, much relished among cultured Russians, of strong political sentiment and of humorously ironical expressions. A man like the one who took the life of Plehve is called "a highly respectable assassin," a "most laudable murderer," and so forth. It is stated that "such words are now to be heard all over Petersburg in good society."

Among the lowest class, it is true, in which crass ignorance and bigotry prevail, the tone may be different; but there can be no doubt as to the tendency among all the better educated. Their ardent wish is to see representative institutions at last introduced. With an angry indignation that knows no bounds, they point to the fact of the so-called despicable yellow race in Japan enjoying a Constitution, whilst they themselves are the enslaved subjects of an Autocrat who cultivates the most antiquated superstitions, and of his tools, who, on their part, flatter his ambi-

tion and his prejudices, and mislead him often by false representations.

The dissatisfaction of the cultured and liberal-minded classes may be measured from several recent articles of Prince Meschtscherski in the "Grashdanin." That gentleman is by no means in favor of the introduction of a Parliament. He is, on the contrary, of quite a conservative, not to say reactionist type, as he might be described in other countries. He is an upholder of the power of the Czar and looked upon as a friend at Court.

He writes that, at the assassination of Plehve, he was "surprised by the equanimity with which society received the news of the event. "Equanimity" is a mild word for what is known to be the real attitude of society at Petersburg. "It made," he says, "the impression of enervation or of demoralization." By that latter word he means the virtual sympathy with the deed of the man who killed Plehve. However, Prince Meschtscherski would fain not believe that such was the case; but he adds: "At the moment that violent deed was done, there was a paralyzing feeling, created by the anxious question: 'What will come now?' I myself was thus affected."

He describes himself as a Conservative. But he condemns the daily conflicts between Government and the elements of dissatisfaction, the treatment of the "Zemstvos" (provincial Diets), and the action of the police—which he looks upon as being contrary to the Imperial promises made in the Czar's Manifesto of February 26, 1903. That manifesto spoke of an "approachment of the People to the Throne." He mentions his own repeated conversations with Plehve, in which, whilst objecting himself to the introduction of a Parliament, he (Prince Meschtscherski) pleaded for decentralization and local self-government. Plehve would not hear of even that. "So the omnipotence of the Imperial Administration," Meschtscherski writes, "was fully established, and all social forces were subjected to Plehve *as to a despot*."

This was written, after the life of the despot had been taken, by a conservative member of the high aristocracy. He has also to say something about the necessity of showing tolerance to adherents of religious sects and better treatment of non-Muscovite nationalities. By oppressing them, he asserts, they are driven into forming a united mass of enemies to Russian nationality. From such combination Russian nationality, the Prince says, suffers

even in an economic sense; for instance—as he alleges—in the Caucasus, and in what he, too, calls, in the usual official language, the “Western Territory,” meaning Poland.

It is easy to imagine the views and the sentiments of the really Liberal class when a man like Prince Meschtscherski feels compelled to speak out in this way.

Here it may be useful to correct the frequently expressed erroneous idea that Russian revolutionists are simply “Nihilists.” There was once a small section of men whom utter despair had made to adopt an insane gospel of general destruction without plan or purpose of the establishment of a new, better ordered state of society. But among the elements of dissatisfaction in Russia, Nihilism is utterly exploded now. There are, among them, as elsewhere, moderate Liberals whose aims do not go further than the introduction of a Parliament as a means of gradual progress; Republicans of the type of Social Reformers; and Socialists proper. In the native groups of the latter there are two sections: those who think that, before all, terror has to be struck into Government by all kinds of means; and others who would rather forego using such measures, in which the bomb, the revolver, and the dagger play their part. It is always so, shortly before a coming revolution. France, Italy, Germany, England also in olden times, have had experience of the same.

As M. Plehve has been denounced as a despot by Prince Meschtscherski, an infernal plan has to be mentioned, proposed in a pamphlet which appeared under Russian censorship; that is, practically with the permission of the late Minister of the Interior. It bore the title, “China or We,” and was distributed largely among the wealthier Russian peasants and among traders in the towns. It proposed the conquest of northern China by Russia, and the transportation of 20,000,000 of the people of northern China to Central Asia, where they were to be distributed as slaves among the agricultural and manufacturing class! Military settlements were to be established in northern China; and all Russian vagabonds, workless men, and politically dangerous persons were to be transported there.

On the face of it, these proposals may be held to be too absurd for discussion. The strange thing is, that the *imprimatur* should have been given to such a pamphlet. It looks like an attempt to attach certain classes of the people to the policy of Government.

IV.

All history teaches that when things are nearly ripe for a revolutionary outbreak among a despotically oppressed nation, the ideas of tyrannicide get hold of the most moderate men, and, with the lessons of history before him, Nicholas II. had better reflect whether it is prudent to cling to the autocratic system at a time when even Japan enjoys representative government and "Young Turks" call for the re-convocation of an Ottoman Parliament, which had existed in 1877-78, and which was only "prorogued" by the Sultan under the pressure of Russian bayonets. Nicholas I. had to wade to the throne through blood. Nicholas II., by not yielding in time to the wishes of the enlightened classes, really draws upon himself an enormous personal responsibility.

Unfortunately, the man who professed to set up a Temple of Peace, and who at the same time ordered an increase of military and naval forces; who furthermore broke his oath to the Finns, and provoked a war in the Far East, appears to be past teaching. He obstinately continues the old system, which is one of corruption at home, and now also of inefficiency in war. Whilst his regular navy is crippled, he audaciously allows his so-called Volunteer Fleet—practically a piratical force—to insult the strongest naval power of the world by capturing and sinking commercial vessels of that nation, as well as of others. It is a strange presumption upon the longanimity of neutrals. In former days, such pirates would have at once been sought out by the insulted Power, been captured or sunk, and their captains, according to maritime law, strung up at the masthead without further ado.

Everything that could be done to wear out the patience of, or unpleasantly to startle, his own subjects, Nicholas II. foolishly does even in minor matters. "What is the meaning," people ask, "of his giving the name of Alexis to his new-born boy?"

Alexis was the name of the son whom Peter I. killed! Alexis was also the name of that loose-living Czar, under whom the Russian nation was deprived of the last few constitutional rights which had been gained at the election of the first ruler of the House of Romanoff. In those olden days, the formula for newly enacted laws was: "The Czar has ordered, and the boyars [noblemen, forming a kind of Chamber] have given their assent." Later on, under Alexis, even this slight constitutional privilege was abolished.

These are the Alexis names known in history, which Nicholas II. now revives for his presumptive heir. A curious predilection, indeed!

V.

The braggart utterances of the press under the Czar's influence are now a frequent theme of contemptuous remarks among the better educated Russians, though everything is done by Government not to let the truth be fully known as to the events in the Far East. Quite recently, shortly before the destruction of the "Rurik," one of those papers which support the aggressive policy of Government, boastfully wrote:

"We shall concentrate ourselves. We shall gather our forces on sea and on land, in order to measure ourselves with the enemy in a decisive battle. Our fleet is intact; and now, after six months, it is perhaps even more threatening for Japan and her navy, which, by its losses, and by its having had to remain, for half a year, in preparation for war, is very much weakened. Port Arthur is still in our hands, and the many sacrifices and persistent attempts of the Japanese to take it from us are, and will be, in vain. . . . The end will crown the work."

This is the kind of information one of the most frequently quoted Petersburg journals, the "Novoe Vremya," vouchsafes to its readers. However, slowly but surely, the real truth gradually penetrates even among the masses in Russia. They have been told that the reverses the army has suffered were the result of a clever Russian plan to draw the enemy into the interior, where he would be overwhelmed. But the most benighted peasant will, when Port Arthur falls, refuse to be convinced that this, too, was a part of so clever a scheme.

Meanwhile, discontent is on the increase all through Russia. The different races may have a difficulty in combining for action; but everywhere there are signs of growing opposition. Outside, also, there are some manifestations of no mean importance.

It may be remembered that, in the Norwegian struggle for greater independence from Sweden, Björnsterne Björnson, the distinguished poet, had gone very far in approaching Russia. As he is a republican in principle, this created naturally much astonishment. It was a very unwise act of his. He thought—so he once wrote—that Russia was no danger to the Scandinavian countries, her whole bent lying towards conquest in the East. He forgot that Russia has always alternated between conquest in the

Near and Far East and conquest in the North and West of Europe.

At last, however, the Norwegian poet has been taught the right view by what occurred in Finland. The Russification operated there was evidently to be used as a stepping-stone for a later aggression upon Scandinavia; and finally, I may add, as a means of obtaining an ice-free harbor in the Northern Sea, opposite the Scottish shore. A scheme for the acquisition of such a harbor—namely, Hammerfest—is traceable as far back as the time before the Crimean war; which I perfectly remember.

Were Nicholas II. in reality that which misguided flatterers have described him to be, on account of his peace-loving propositions at The Hague—propositions he himself utterly disregards!—he would have plenty of good work to do in his own dominions. There can be no doubt that the achievements of the Japanese are attributable to their remarkable advance in scientific accomplishments, besides their personal bravery, as well as to the high standard of intellectual culture among the people at large. Japan has a population of only 45,000,000; the Russian Empire more than 140,000,000. But in Japan 4,302,623 children attend school; in the vast dominions of the Czar only 4,193,594. It need not be said that the difference is still greater as regards the higher educational establishments in Japan, as compared with Russia.

What a field for bettering the state of popular instruction in the Empire of the young man who posed as a friend of peace and progress! But as a matter of fact, the rule of brute force goes on under him with unabated cruelty.

Not a few educated Russians, therefore, incline to the idea that it would be a good thing for their nation if the armed forces of Autocracy were thoroughly beaten. The defeat of Nicholas I. in the Crimean war brought to Russia at least some degree of relaxation from his iron rule in matters of the public press and of the provincial Assemblies. Finally, too, the serfdom of the peasantry had to be abolished in consequence of that war.

At the recent International Congress in Amsterdam, the strongest imaginable demonstration was made by a Russian representative. Among the delegates present there was a Japanese, Katajama: of Russians there appeared Plechanoff, who has incisively written against the Anarchist theory, which is often erroneously mixed up with the Socialist doctrine; Leo Deutsch, who recently

was in great danger of being unjustly delivered over to the Russian authorities, but was saved in the nick of time; and Vera Sassulitsch. She is well known for having made an attempt, in the eighties, upon the life of a Chief of the Police, who had had political prisoners, among them one of her own intimate acquaintance, brutally flogged and otherwise subjected to great cruelties. Juries being in existence at that time for such cases—they have since been abolished—Vera Sassulitsch was, to the horror of government, declared “not guilty,” and managed, with the help of friends, to escape across the frontier of the Russian Empire.

When Katajama, the Japanese, and Plechanoff, the Russian, shook hands at the Congress, there was tremendous applause. After a speech of the former, Plechanoff followed; both having previously been elected Vice-Presidents. In a long and passionate speech, Plechanoff maintained that “the Russian people had had nothing to do with conjuring up this nefarious war, but that the hostile conflict had been provoked by the mortal enemy of the Russian people—namely, by the despotic Czar. If the Government of Petersburg were to be victorious, it would not be Japan, but the Russian people, which would really be the vanquished.”

The speaker continued by saying that the autocratic Czars, by their acts of oppression, had enslaved a mass of nations all around the boundaries of the Empire, thereby earning universal hatred. These nations were sorely suffering from the same chains which bound the Russian people. Hence Russian freedom had a thorough feeling of solidarity with those down-trodden races. What had been done in Finland was, Plechanoff said, on a par with what had long been done in Russia. “Now, however,” he declared, “the time has come at last for the end of the Czar’s tyranny. Blow after blow, defeat after defeat, administered to his forces in this war, evoke in Russia no sympathy with Government. That sorely driven Autocracy is a Colossus with feet of clay, and Japan is fortunately on the point of smashing one of these feet. The other will have to be crushed at home.” In conclusion, Plechanoff spoke with indignation against France, who “had become the strongest support of the Czar’s despotism, by paying with her gold the Executioner of All the Russias.”

There was the liveliest applause for these bitter and incisive remarks. Let Nicholas II. reflect upon them.

KARL BLIND.

CONDITIONS IN THE CONGO FREE STATE.

BY BARON MONCHEUR, ENVOY EXTRAORDINARY AND MINISTER
PLENIPOTENTIARY FROM BELGIUM TO THE UNITED STATES.

SOME thirty years ago, the world knew nothing about the Congo and cared even less; but, since that time, much has happened in Central Africa. Stanley has explored the country, and the Belgians, led by King Leopold, have developed it. Thirty years ago, the Congo was given over to barbarism, cannibalism, intertribal wars and the horrors of the Arab slave raids, in which 100,000 victims were killed or captured every year. To-day it is a flourishing kingdom, governed by an enlightened ruler, who has not only developed the country commercially, but who has absolutely destroyed the slave raids, who has introduced Christianity and civilization, and who has put forth every effort to improve the condition of the natives and to fulfil the motto of the State, which is "Work and Progress."

The most impartial commentary on the administration of the Congo is to be found in a comparison of the condition of the country to-day with the state of affairs existing there a quarter of a century ago. The work must be judged by its results. The tree must be known by its fruit.

This tree which has flourished so excellently in Africa, and which has brought forth such good fruit both in a commercial and in a humanitarian sense, was planted by King Leopold. Even before he came to the throne of Belgium, he realized that his densely crowded country must find an outlet for its energies in lands beyond the seas, and his keen perception singled out Central Africa as a field in which his countrymen could develop their commerce, and at the same time carry civilization to a benighted people.

"I will pierce the darkness of barbarism," he declared in the

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AN OASIS IN THE SAHARA DESERT, SHOWING HOW TREES
FLOURISH NEAR THE SMALL SPRING IN THE
FOREGROUND.

How the Arid Sahara Desert is to be Converted into a Fertile and Populous Country.

**The French Nation is Planning to Transform the Earth's Most Desolate
Territory into a Wonderful New Land of Promise.**

By **FREDERICK J. NASH.**

SAHARA a paradise! The weary traveler crossing its burning sands has pressed eagerly forward to reach the beautiful city he has seen in the mirage of that vast desert. He has laid himself down to die when the hope faded in his heart as the gardens and

towers melted away with the vanishing mists; and in the dreams that preceded death he has revelled in visions of fruit-bearing groves and the plash of cooling waters. Those visions are to become realities. America is showing the way in the reclamation of her own deserts, and the oases of Sahara are Nature's hints, long unheeded, of the beauty and plenty that are to replace the arid waste. The possibility has



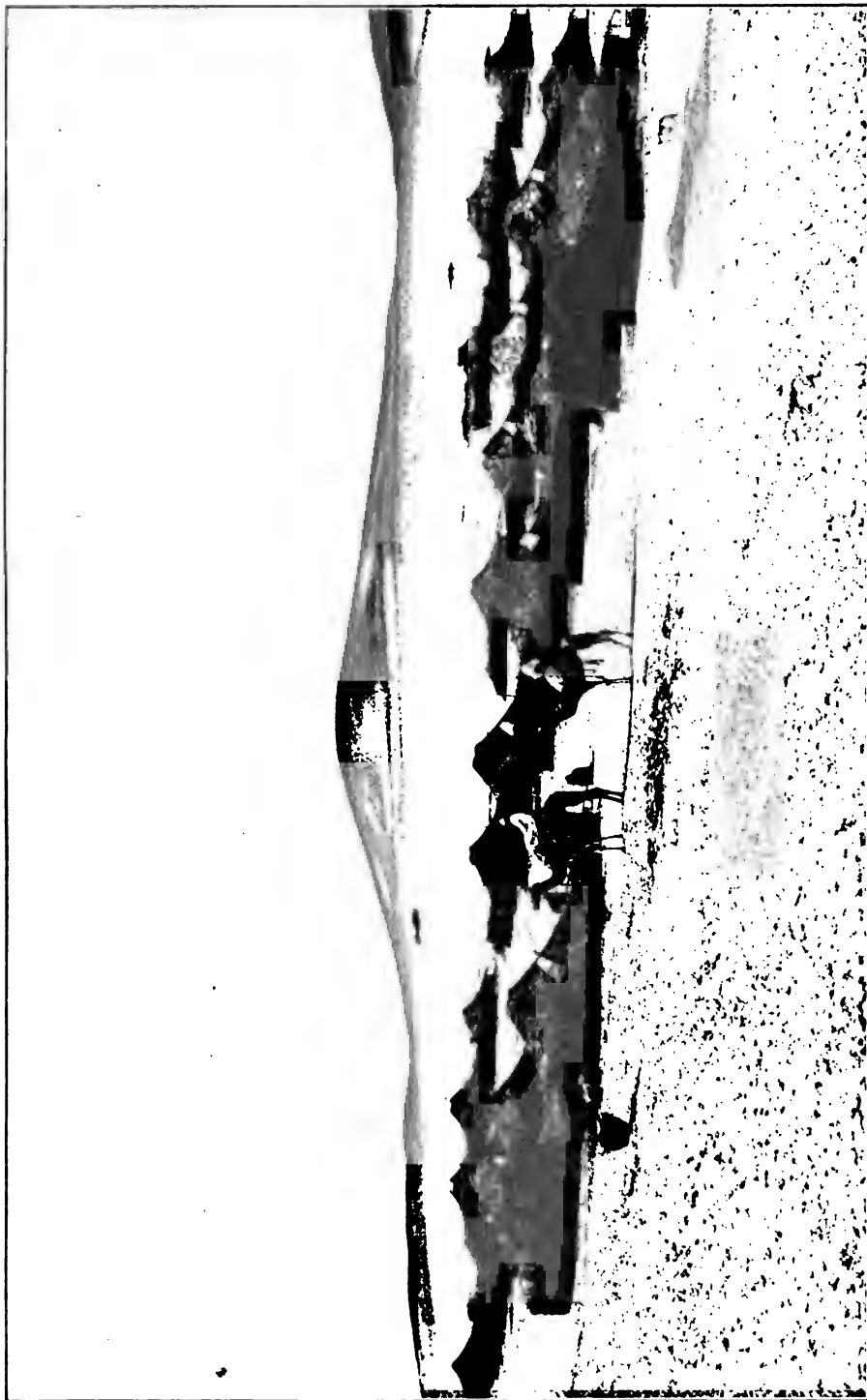
SAHARA DESERT IS NOT A VAST FLAT PLAIN, AS MOST PEOPLE IMAGINE, BUT A SERIES OF ROLLING SAND HILLS AND SMALL ROCKS.

already been demonstrated; the accomplishment will be hastened by the culmination of events in Europe which are continually giving rise to war or rumors of war.

"The Concert of the Powers," whereof much is said from time to time in European news, is by no means an unbroken symphony. Discord asserts itself at intervals, and some over-loud instrument sounds harshly above the rest. When the trumpet and the big bass drum are most prominent, the world knows that John Bull is on the warpath; when the trombone—surely the most egotistical of instruments—is loudest, there is recognized in its confident flamboyance the voice of the German Emperor; the Czar of All the Russias makes his presence felt as if through the rattle of the warlike snare drum, unobtrusive at first, but alarming

in its constant, monotonous iteration; and when the fatuous pilly-willying of the flute rises high above the volume of sound, it is known that France holds the centre of the stage, dancing with senile delight in the limelight of her glorious past.

It is to France that the world looks for the creation of that new world the possibility of which lies in and under the sands of Sahara. To the unprejudiced observer France presents the sorry spectacle of a great nation in her final era of decadence. The French are admittedly the most degenerate of peoples. It is plain that, unless some radical change be brought about in the national character, the day is not far distant when, for want of moral stamina, the nation shall topple to its fall. When that day shall come, comes also the universal war. As one contemplates



A CARAVAN ENCAMPMENT IN MID-SAHARA.

this state of affairs, and considers also that France is well aware of her peril, it becomes a matter of wonderment to realize that she holds in the hollow of her hand the key to her salvation and is dangerously slow to avail herself of her opportunity.

It is axiomatic that the strength of a family lies in its sons; it becomes more and more evident in these passing strenuous times that the strength of a nation is embodied in its colonies.

they shall be enabled to raise their mother-country to the proud position which she once held in the councils of the nations.

Hope for France lies in the Desert of Sahara. Here is a land not only famed in story and verse for the wordrous enchantment of its atmosphere and scenery, but worth the most per acre, by reason of its physical resources, of any colony in Africa, with the possible exception of Egypt. The statement is



A NATIVE COURIER OF SAHARAN CIVILIZATION.

France has recently been termed "the colony-less nation"; nothing could be more untrue. She holds in absolute dominion a territory greater in area than all Europe, with the exception of Russia-in-Europe, or two-thirds the size of the Dominion of Canada, which territory, by the simplest measures, is capable of being made into an earthly paradise wherein her people may rejuvenate and regenerate themselves until, firm in their clean strength and power,

strong, but capable of substantiation to the last degree, and further exceptions are not allowed to Cape Colony or the Transvaal. France owns Algiers and Tunis *in toto*. Her diplomats are constantly engaged in the most delicate manoeuvring with the aim of acquiring Morocco and Tripoli. The former she will never have; Great Britain is providing against such a contingency by means of the tunnel under the Straits of Gibraltar, assured to be soon an accom-



CARAVAN SLAVES FILLING THEIR WATER-BAGS FROM ONE OF THE NATURAL WELLS FOUND AT INTERVALS IN THE DESERT.



HOW VEGETATION IS MADE TO FLOURISH
IN A SANDY WASTE.

plished fact. Whether or not she shall succeed in annexing Tripoli is not necessarily a matter of moment to France; she does not need it, for Algeria and Tunis are the gateways to the desert, and the Sahara is the land of promise. Here will be accomplished a work so great, so grand, so all-embracing in its benefits, not only to France but to mankind, that forever after all men shall hail her name with blessings, always provided that she has sufficient

energy and persistence to complete the task which she has already begun in a blind, half-hearted fashion.

France may neglect her opportunity, and it will pass to some other nation. This has happened before. The story of the Suez Canal presents an instance. Her lost opportunity in Egypt presents another. France entered upon the construction of the Suez Canal with all the enthusiasm of a child possessed of a new and fascinating toy. Then the novelty palled and France in disgust threw aside the plaything, whereupon England stepped in and reaped the benefits—a singularly characteristic custom of England's, by the way. In the government of Egypt, France had Great Britain's invitation to join. The business was unsavory to French nostrils in that it involved much real work, and the French nose was well elevated when her summary refusal was given. The resultant addition to England's material wealth is too well known to need to be dilated upon. Egypt, from a bankrupt principality, was raised to a paying proposition under an English protectorate, chiefly through the talents and labor of Lord Cromer. But that Egypt does pay is solely because of her agricultural resources. There is no doubt about the value of Lord Cromer's work there, but he could never have induced financial solvency without this reason.

The Sahara has been called arid; as a matter of fact, the earth contains no spot more arable. Its sands possess as an essential constituent fertilizing material of the highest grade, and not by millions, but by billions upon billions of tons. This material is of inestimably more value than that by which the Dutch were enabled to make fertile farms of their barren dunes and their nation built upon the sands the garden spot of all Europe. The marvellous change in Holland was accomplished by the aid of water, and water is all that is needed to make the Sahara to blossom as the rose. And the water is there. This has been demonstrated, and that by France, although she apparently places little value upon her discovery. By

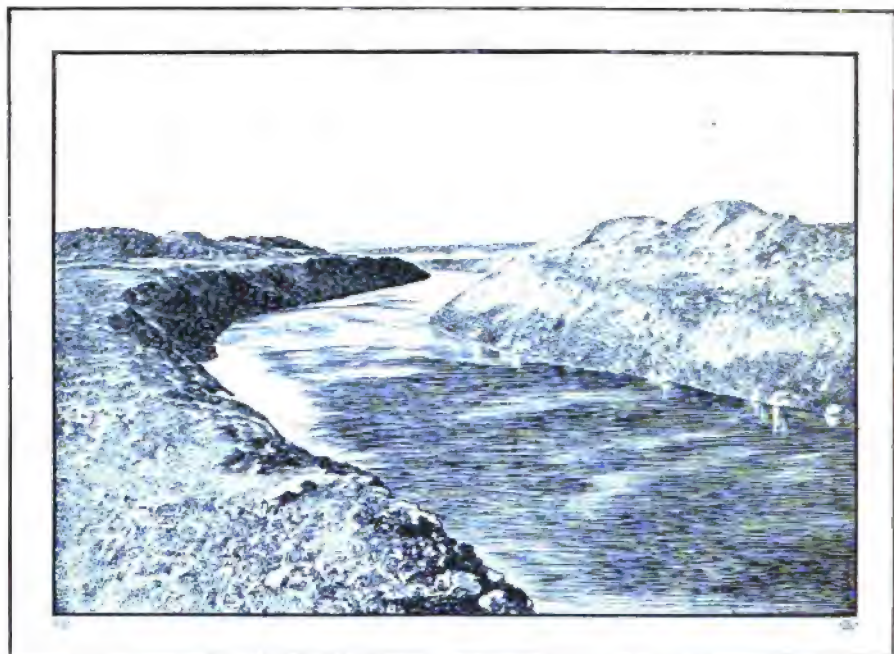
means of boring artesian wells in various widely-separated spots she had proved that beneath all the area of the desert there exists a great body of cool, sweet water of constant flow, varying in depth, but averaging about two hundred and sixty feet—such a body of water as has been claimed is beneath the entire surface of the earth. With a sufficiency of these artesian wells to maintain irrigation, the Sahara can be transformed into one vast expanse of valuable farm lands.

The example of what is being done in America may waken France to that duty which she owes to herself in view of her dominion over Sahara and of her knowledge concerning the stupendous possibilities awaiting her there. The duty owed to herself is owed also to the world at large, and she or some other nation must fulfil it in its broader relation. The human family is growing continually. War and pestilence do not check but merely retard the growth. The Old World was long ago overcrowded, and the New World teems with population. There are no newer worlds to be discovered over which the

race may spread. Unexplored wilds remain, but there is a constant conquest of them in progress, the savage beast and the aborigine fleeing, disappearing before the advance of civilization. Eventually man will be in full possession of the earth. Even the desert must not bar the onward march. America has vast wastes, but the time is already at hand when these will gladden man with Nature's most beneficent smiles. They will drink to the health of many thousands who will seek there the hospitable welcome and the home. Before the end of the current year one of the most desolate and unpromising areas upon the American continent will be in condition for development into a vast expanse of fertility. Nearly a million acres of desert, lying partly in Colorado and partly in Mexico, are undergoing the process of reclamation, with encouraging results. Sahara knows no such intolerable heat as prevails here, nor are its springs so infrequent, and yet the work which France or some other nation must and will do in Sahara is nearing completion in our newer world. Artesian wells sunk near



AN ARTIFICIAL POOL IN SAHARA, SHOWING HOW IT MAY BE MADE TO BLOOM.



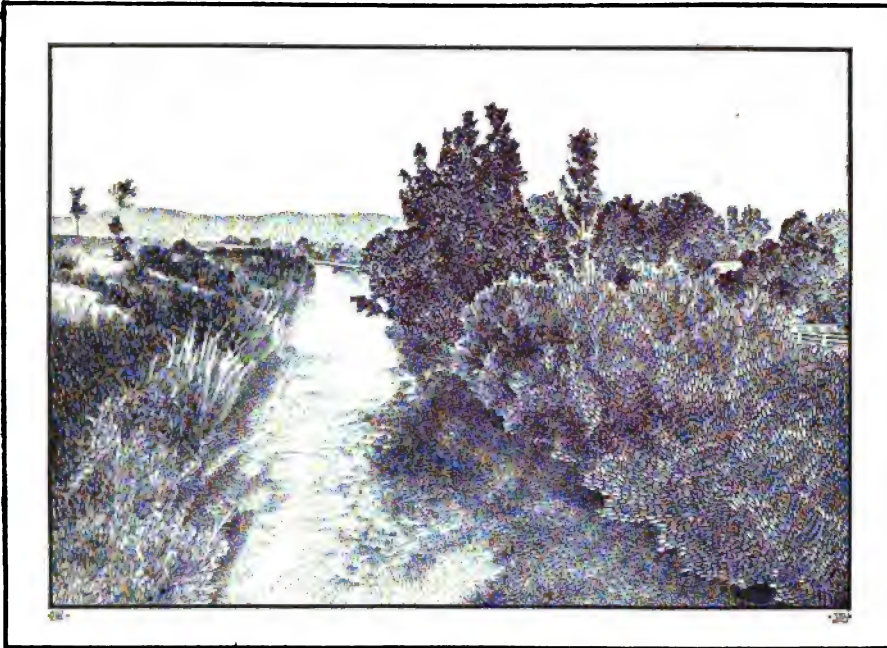
AN IRRIGATION CANAL IN THE COLORADO DESERT—NOTE THE BARREN LANDSCAPE.

Indio furnish generous supplies of water, which will be supplemented by that of the Colorado River, brought into the heart of the desert by means of an irrigation canal sixty miles long. Fifteen hundred square miles of dry waste will drink; great climatic changes are looked for; and, ere long, farm, garden, and city streets will obliterate the dreary scene of desolation through which men have travelled wearily in search of homes or fortune, amid which they have lain down to die when weariness and exhaustion have conquered them. In Arizona, also, on the other side of the Colorado River, work of a similar character is so well advanced that the end of the year will see one hundred thousand acres of uninhabitable land made habitable.

France, therefore, has encouragement in the work that lies before her in the desert of Sahara; and she has strong incentive in the prospect of rehabilitation as a great nation which the creation of a new France would give her. Irrigation can be secured in Sahara at less relative cost than in Colorado,

and the climatic changes in the African desert would be of a no less sweeping nature than is expected in the American waste. In fact, provided there were grass or grain upon the surface of the earth to absorb and dissipate the sun's heat, and trees growing to temper the hot winds, the climate of Sahara would be infinitely preferable to that of New York City itself, which in summer is in a zone of intensely tropical heat. For in New York, morning after morning, the sun rises in cloudless splendor, and morning after morning the sleeper wakes unrefreshed from the fitful slumber induced by the night's enervating heat; whereas it is a recognized fact that in the Sahara every night is cool, if not absolutely cold, in spite of the fervor of the sun's rays during the day.

The magnitude of the undertaking need operate as no deterrent. To drill an artesian well to every hundred acres in a territory of some two million square miles is a task tremendous of conception, but, to France at least, comparatively easy of inception and accomplishment, especially in view of the



THE SAME CANAL ONE YEAR AFTER IT WAS EXCAVATED—NOTE THE VEGETATION.

fact that a machine has been recently invented capable of sinking such a well through shale in one day. And France's resources are ample to meet the financial strain, severe as it would undoubtedly be. To-day she is loaning money by the hundred millions to the Russian to further his development; to the Englishman to carry on his schemes of colonial aggrandizement and conquest; her money is actually being used to help build the tunnel under the Straits of Gibraltar; and even the hated German has been enabled to borrow some sixty millions of dollars—all because France can find no more profitable investment for an enormous surplus capital. But

how much of that capital is being invested in even half a dozen experimental agricultural stations, under direction of her government, in order to enable the French farmer to push out from the borders of Sahara? Very little, if any.

When France reclaims her desert possession she will have no distant colony on her hands, but one that will be almost at her doors, as distance counts to-day. The new France would be only four hundred and seventy-one miles from Marseilles, and the colonists would be in close and constant touch with the mother-country by means of our rapid modern systems of communication and travel.



IN A CIRCLE



By Paul Laurence Dunbar

“**Q** F course, now, Ned, you must see for yourself how utterly impossible it is.” She said it with decision and finality.

“I must confess that it had not occurred to me before, but, really, you have put it very clearly.”

“I do hope you’re not going to be sarcastic, Ned. It isn’t nice, and then—oh, anybody can be sarcastic who is nasty enough.”

“But I’m not sarcastic, though. Here is a problem, a hard one, let us confess, and I, stupid fellow that I am, cannot see through it. A bright little lady appears upon the scene and talks to me for ten minutes, and, presto, it is all perfectly lucid.”

“Yes,” she said doubtfully, and then more bravely, “I am so glad that you see and understand.”

“It is all due to you.”

“It would never do in the wide world.”

“You are right, as you always are.”

Her foot was tapping the floor impatiently.

“In such matters one must be practical.”

“Practical, certainly.”

“It must sound horribly worldly, but—”

“Oh, not in the least.”

“In the first place, Ned, you are very poor—”

“As a church mouse.”

“And I am so extravagant.”

“Horribly so.”

“Ned!”

“Oh, pardon me; I thought—”

“Oh, never mind,” a little sharply. “You never could get me the things I wanted.”

“No.”

“And people would say you married me for my money.”

“Yes, they would.”

“One must always mind what people say, you know, even in affairs of this

United Kingdom. Later the game was introduced into this country.

Mr. James Gordon Bennett brought the first polo mallets to the United States in 1875 or 1876, and, through his interest in polo, that of such men as Foxhall Keene and August Belmont was enlisted. Jerome Park was the scene of many fine games in the earlier period of the sport here, and Messrs. Keene and Belmont were among the best known players. Both are still enthusiasts, and Mr. Keene is one of the best players in the country.

There are polo enthusiasts who feel amply repaid for the expenditure of thousands of dollars annually upon the game in the maintenance of stables devoted especially to polo ponies. Mr. George J. Gould is an example. Mr. Gould is such a devotee that he plays polo all the year round, and there are no less than four polo fields on his magnificent "Georgian Court" estate at Plainfield, N. J. The finest of the four is reserved for tournaments, and Mr. Gould arranges for several such events during the winter, the fields being kept

in condition for practice and play almost continually. Mr. Gould is classed among the strong players, and his stable of ponies contains a large number of valuable animals. His sons, Kingdon Gould and Jay Gould, also are players who are so good as to be subject to handicap. Among other well-known players are T. Hitchcock, Jr., of the Meadow Brook Club, who is the only one as heavily handicapped as Mr. Foxhall Keene; Mr. R. L. Agassiz, of Boston, who stands alone in second rank; Messrs. L. Waterbury, J. M. Waterbury, Jr., and Albert E. Kennedy, of the Lakewoods; Mr. Harry Payne Whitney, of the Meadow Brooks; and Mr. Robert G. Shaw, 2d, of the Myopias, Hamilton, Mass. There might be named also many others, representing nearly every family of wealth and prominence in New York, Philadelphia, Boston, and other leading cities. This fact carries a gratifying suggestion. It indicates that our people of wealth are not growing effeminate through indulgence in luxury, but believe in the development of courage and physical stamina.

A DESPERATE RACE FOR THE BALL
AFTER A CLEAN DRIVE TOWARD GOAL.





OLAFSBORG CASTLE—FINLAND'S GREAT HISTORIC RELIC.

The Whole of Finland Threatening an Exodus to America.

Russia's Gallig Greed and the Czar's Insatiable Ambition Seriously
Portend the Desertion of the Grand Duchy of Finland
by its 2,600,000 Inhabitants.

By REV. ALBIN HUKKANEN,

Pastor of the Finnish Evangelical Lutheran Church of New York.



IG events obscure small ones, and hills nearby blot out distant mountains. The deep interest occasioned by the Philippine rebellion, the South African war, and the Boxer outbreak in China has caused the struggle going on in Finland to be passed unnoticed by the civilized world. Yet it is a question which concerns more than the 2,600,000 inhabitants of the Grand Duchy. Beyond the blow at the liberties of a people enjoying autonomy is a menace to the Scandinavian lands and to Western Europe. Muscovite ambition is as ready to seize and control the territory of her occidental neighbors as that of the

Far Eastern potentates. The czar is constantly reaching out for new lands.

The facts are few and simple and may be readily summarized. Finland, the northwest province of Russia, holds the odd position of being the most northerly civilized state on the globe. Its people come of an Asiatic stock and are related to the Hungarians and the Turks. Originally they were much darker than they are to-day, and were doubtless brunette or swarthy at some early period; but the intense cold of their home has served to bleach them, until to an outsider they are scarcely distinguishable from the Swedes. Up to the twelfth century they were pagans and enjoyed a rude civilization. Even then they were noted for their bravery and warlike skill. They ought

repeatedly and well against the Scandinavians to the west and the Slavic races to the east.

In the twelfth and thirteenth centuries they were involved in a series of religious wars similar in character to the Crusades waged against Islam and inspired by the same feelings and doctrines. In these wars the Scandinavian armies of the Cross, reinforced by adventurers from the Continent, proved irresistible. The fight was long and bitter, lasting nearly two centuries, but resulted in the conquest and conversion of the people. The Swedes proved as generous as they had been fearless. They accorded to their captives nearly all of their rights, and in the next century (the fourteenth) gave them an autonomy which placed the Finn upon a level with his conqueror. From that time on Finland and Sweden developed together. In the sixteenth century the various provinces were grouped together and legally recognized as the Grand Duchy of Finland. They had the same constitution and financial, territorial, legal, and religious system as Sweden. When the Reformation occurred the Bible was translated into their speech and they were among the

first to embrace Protestantism. In the great wars which Sweden waged they supplied large contingents to the armies of Gustavus Vasa, Charles XII., and Gustavus Adolphus.

Although the population of Finland was but one-fourth of that of Sweden, their soldiers numbered two-fifths of the Swedish armies. During these troublous times they did not lose sight of either spiritual or intellectual education. Churches, schools, and colleges were established in every district; education was made universal, and in many districts compulsory. Local industries were developed, so that the land, though sterile, was made to yield great wealth to its industrious owners. Under these circumstances the University of Helsingfors became noted throughout Europe and Finnish scholars were found in the universities of the Continent.

The bravery of the Finns attracted the admiration of the Muscovite leaders, who as early as 1720 determined upon annexation and conquest. The policy thus formulated was carried into effect by Peter the Great, who defeated the Swedes and Finns in the wars of 1720 and Czarina Elizabeth in 1741 and 1742. Peace was secured by Sweden through



THE PRINCIPAL STREET IN HELSINGFORS.

the cession to Russia of the Province of Viborg, which was rich and fertile compared with the other districts of the duchy. Russia, having other troubles on hand, took no further steps until the present century, when it again invaded Finland. The Russian forces of Alex-

laws of the country would be inviolably maintained.

The following year (1809) the four estates of Finland, the nobles, clergy, burghers, and peasants, were convened, and ratified the cession of their country to the czar. The czar himself was present and issued a proclamation which became thereafter part of the organic law of the land. The gist of it is found in the following clause: "Providence having placed Us in the possession of the Grand Duchy of Finland, we have desired by the present act to confirm and ratify the religion and fundamental laws of the land, as well as the privileges and rights which each class in the said Grand Duchy in particular, and all the inhabitants in general, be their position high or low, have hitherto enjoyed according to the constitution. We promise to maintain all these benefits and laws firm and unshaken in their full force."

Thereupon Alexander I. was proclaimed Emperor of all the Russias and Grand Duke of Finland. At the closing of the Diet in July, 1809, he iterated these promises and even extended his pledges toward developing the nation in every re-

gard. The Finlanders saw no special menace to their liberty in this.

Justice compels me to state that the czar and his successors kept their promises up to this decade. Nicholas I., Alexander II., and Alexander III. did nothing against which serious complaint can be made. Nor did Nicholas II., the present czar, modify the attitude of the throne until within a recent period. Not but what there were many new burdens and evils thrown upon the land. Taxation was increased in numerous ways, useless offices were



A FINNISH PEASANT MUSICIAN.

ander I. crossed the frontier and, after many victories and defeats, captured the great fortress of Sveaborg, and before the end of the year drove the Swedish and Finnish armies out of the country altogether. It was a costly victory to the czar. His losses in men and money were enormous and proved peculiarly burdensome on account of the strain produced by the Napoleonic wars. Yet the indomitable bravery of the Finns aroused his admiration and influenced him to issue a proclamation in which he declared that the ancient



A FINNISH FARMER AND HIS "HORSE."

created, unnecessary assessments made, and changes effected in the personnel of the administration which were disagreeable and often objectionable to the citizens. They bore the burden with great patience. Much of it they knew to be unavoidable. European militarism is a terrible load, and they recognized that they were called upon to endure no more than the Russians themselves, the Germans, French, Spanish, or Italians.

The pressure of government began to show its effect in an increased emigration. Prior to 1880 the number of Finns who left Finland was not much greater than those who returned. Many went to Sweden, Norway, Denmark, and across the sea to Canada and the United States, but, after gaining a competency, came back to enjoy it with their own people. The net loss did not exceed more than three thousand citizens a year. In the eighties



A SEAL-HUNTERS' CAMP.

it rose to larger amounts. The Russian official figures make this loss about three thousand a year; but this is the total of those who gave official notice of departure, and does not include people who left the land without taking out papers, paying licenses, or being entered in the state archives. The non-registered were probably as numerous as the registered ones, so that the official figures should be doubled in order to get a closer approximation to the truth.

In 1891, 1892, and 1893, just before the accession of the present czar, times were very bad and the local taxes very high. Emigration jumped to unprecedented figures, the official totals for the three years being in the neighborhood of six thousand, ten thousand, and twelve thousand, meaning a total loss to the duchy of more than fifty thousand population. With Nicholas II. better times returned and there was a falling off in the exodus. The official totals for the two years of 1894 and 1895 are four thousand and five thousand.

In 1896 changes more radical than ever began to be made in the administration. Greater influence was exerted to compel the study of the Russian

language. The St. Petersburg police system was applied with greater rigor than before. The poll taxes were increased, and collected with greater severity. They reached the sum of two marks—which is about forty cents—a year per man, and one and a half marks, or thirty cents, a year for a woman. Preparations were made toward increasing the Finnish army. New activity was displayed by emissaries of both the state and church, and a general feeling of unrest and apprehension spread throughout the provinces. It expressed itself in an increased exodus of people for other lands—an exodus which has kept augmenting ever since. The official figures are unreliable. The best estimates are those made by the Finnish Committee in London, which are: 1897, fifteen thousand; 1898, twenty-five thousand; 1899, thirty thousand; 1900, thirty-three thousand; and thus far in 1901, thirty-five thousand.

In July, 1898, the St. Petersburg government gave notice that a new army bill intended to enlarge the service had been framed by the Imperial Council and was to be passed upon by an extraordinary diet to be held in January, 1899. "To be passed upon" is diplomatic language for "to be

passed." The Finnish Diet had very little choice or discretion in the matter. There was a grim element of humor in the announcement, because in almost the same breath the czar issued his famous Peace edict looking for the abolition of all war. The summons for the Diet provoked excitement. The military system which the czar sought to extend was already quite onerous. The existing system at that time had been in operation since 1881, and was based upon a rigid conscription. The standing army was limited to five thousand six hundred soldiers. Each year, of an annual contingent of eight thousand young men liable to military duty, nineteen hundred were placed under the colors, where they served for three years. At the end of that time they passed two years in the reserve, and were then transferred to the land guard, where they remained until they were forty. The other sixty-one hundred were placed in the reserve for five years and then transferred to the land guard. This, up to the year 1898, had produced an available military force of one hundred and twenty thousand men, excluding all who were soldiers before 1881, some fifty thousand

in number. It does not include Finnish sailors in the Russian navy or liable to service in the navy. This, it will be admitted, was an exceedingly large force for a population of two million six hundred thousand. It would be paralleled in this country if New York State had a standing army of four hundred thousand and the United States one of five million.

The new army bill more than doubled the terrible load. It raised the annual contingent in active service from nineteen hundred to seventy-two hundred. It increased the term of service under the colors from three to five years, and in the reserve from two to thirteen years. It provided for the transfer of Finnish troops to any part of the empire; the right to incorporate Russians into the Finnish army, to enlist Finns in Russian regiments, and to officer Finnish commands with Russians.

What cut more than anything else was the clause which granted immunities on the ground of higher education only to those who spoke, read, and wrote the Russian language. The severity of this clause will be realized when it is remembered that the Finnish student had to learn both Finnish



FISHERMEN OF THE FINLAND COAST.

and Swedish, and was supposed after that to obtain a good knowledge of two or more of the Latin, French, German, and English languages. It may be questioned if one-tenth of one per cent of the educated Finns were Russian scholars. Under the constitution and the laws of the land all official documents were in Finnish and Swedish, and Russia has no literature which would tempt students to master the tongue for the treasures it contains.

The Diet assembled, and while the bill was still under consideration the czar issued a new edict on February 15th, 1899. This was adroitly phrased and

Finnish Diet had no right to reject or modify the new army bill, as it was a measure concerning the interests of the empire. Since April, 1899, numerous other actions have occurred which show that the ancient constitution is practically abolished and that Finland is to be Russified.

The people of Finland have protested unanimously to the czar, but to no avail. In March, 1899, a deputation of five hundred prominent citizens went to St. Petersburg to present a petition against the changes, but the Autocrat of All the Russias refused to receive them. At the present moment there



FISHING THROUGH THE ICE.

full of glittering generalities, but reduced to simple terms it decreed that all questions in Finland bearing upon the interests of the Muscovite Empire should be decided by the Russian Council of State, and that the Finnish Diet should thereafter have advisory and no legislative power.

Many conservatives in Finland deprecated any protest, claiming that the duchy had no right to pass upon matters affecting the empire, and that the new edict was practically a matter of surplusage. But their arguments were confuted disastrously in April. The war minister of the czar ruled that the

appears to be but little hope for the people of the duchy.

The process of Russification is proceeding inexorably and the people realize the hopelessness of opposition. The more fiery-spirited are taking refuge in flight, and their example is exerting a deep influence upon the less energetic. The movement, however, is opposed by the more conservative burghers, who seem to prefer the ills they have rather than fly to others of which they know nothing. There is also a strong opposition to any wholesale departure from the country by the landed proprietors in the country and the real estate

owners in the cities. The thousands who have already gone have caused an appreciable diminution in rents and values, while a larger exodus will cause a downfall similar to that which has taken place in Great Britain.

These emigrants see beyond their borders but three countries where they can enjoy the liberty which they had before the ukase of 1898. These are Sweden, Canada, and the United States. To all of them the United States is the most inviting, because it contains nearly two hundred thousand of their own people, many of whom have attained

high social, political, and even financial positions. Finland, it must be remembered, is a poor country, measured by American standards, and the expense of getting here is very large, especially when besides the man are the loved helpmeet and little ones. Unless, however, some modification or amelioration is made in the present Muscovite policy, we may expect a large exodus of Finns to America. There is still hope that the public opinion of the world may be aroused and that Nicholas II. will go back to the honorable position occupied by his ancestors.

HOW THE FINLANDER HUNTS THE
WARY WHALE IN ITS WINTER LAIR.





SOME AMUSING BLUNDERS OF POPULAR AUTHORS.



N six of the most popular novels of to-day a man who has a faculty for unearthing literary blunders has discovered a score or more of amusing anachronisms and other authoristic "breaks." Indeed, the craze for "big sales" at the cost of accuracy on the part of modern writers has led most of them into pitfalls that are positively ludicrous and indicate not only extreme carelessness but a most appalling ignorance.

Some things strike one reader, some another; but it is unquestionably odd to a country-bred person to come across the extraordinary floral and horticultural remarks made by recent writers. Now, where could have been the wits of that usually very sensible lady who sent her young hero out to gather apples in April? He came back "laden with rosy pippins," and a little fellow trotting by his side had his small hands full of primroses! Where, one should like to know, is the sheltered orchard that contrives to produce ripe apples and spring primroses at the same early date? Somewhere, we fancy, in the same jumble-land as that wherein "Nora was gathering a richly-scented bunch of honeysuckles when the sharp ring of the freshly-roughed horses' hoofs struck her ear, and she saw the dainty little brougham being whirled toward her on the frost-bound roads." This was on the first of October. Those honeysuckles were assuredly late or that sharp frost was abnormally early!

Spring flowers in many authors' hands have a knack of getting into hopeless confusion. A wealth of anemones, sheets of wild heaven-blue hyacinths, nodding cowslips from budding woods, and any quantity of fragrant hedge roses assist continually in forming the posies of ruralizing lovers, as they stroll along lanes bordered with aromatic hawthorn, and very often the favorite honeysuckle is flung into the gathering, the date of this botanical luxury being generally mid-May. Unfortunately, as a matter of fact, the lovely little windflower blooms and is generally over before the compact bluebell spikes have opened into shape; these again are faded and dropping into obscurity among their grass-like foliage by the time the homely little cowslip besprinkles the meadow—not in woods, cowslips prefer the open; rare indeed is the sight of an anemone when sweet May coats the hedges with spring snow, and this last again is well over before the enchanting little spring roses come in, safely nestling under the sunny smiles of Mistress June. The spot that furnished a big bunch of all these lovelinesses at one and the same time must be favored indeed! We think it can only exist in the fairyland of some author's imagination.

Another constant pitfall is to be found in fashions. When one author tells of a beautiful young woman some five-and-thirty years ago whose "shapely head was adorned with dark, close-bound braids of glossy hair," he commits a signal error. No young American lady of that date would have dressed her locks in that style. From thirty to forty years back the hair was arranged very differ-

N. a. Rev
Feb, 02

THE NATIONAL DEBT OF JAPAN.

BY YASUFUMI SAWAKI, SECRETARY OF THE FINANCE
DEPARTMENT OF JAPAN.

IN the year 1868 a great event happened in Japan. The feudal system which had existed so long in the country was abolished, and the Emperor was restored to his hereditary and rightful authority. The country was thus united again under one central government.

The task which lay before the new régime was not an easy one. There were many innovations to be made, many improvements after the European style to be introduced, many abuses to be eradicated. Both civil and military administration had to be re-organized and the national finance and currency rearranged. To defray the expenses incidental to these undertakings, the government had recourse to public loans. Thus were originated the Old Loan, the New Loan, the Voluntary Capitalized Pension Bonds and the Pension Bonds. Since then, various causes—such as natural calamities, war, rebellion and disturbances, as well as new enterprises and improvements—have led to successive new loans.

Prior to the Restoration there existed in the country several hundred feudal princes, who enjoyed absolute power over their provinces. The systems of administration were more or less irregular and differed from one another. This was especially noticeable in the matter of finance. When a prince had a deficit and could not meet it in the ordinary way, he usually borrowed the money required from wealthy merchants and gave them notes in exchange. These notes were legal tender only in the respective provinces where they were issued, and made a considerable aggregate amount. Soon after the Restoration, the imperial government took over all liabilities contracted by the princes, and pro-

mulgated "the New and Old Loan Act" of 1873. The bonds thus authorized were given to those merchants who had advanced money to the princes. The bonds carried interest at four per cent., and were redeemable by twenty-two annual drawings, commencing in the fourth year of their issue.

The total national debt from the Restoration till the present day is as follows:

I. DEBTS ALREADY REDEEMED.

DESIGNATION.	AMOUNT.	RATE OF INTEREST.
Voluntary Capitalized Pension Bonds..	\$8,282,925	8 per cent.
Shinto Priest Pension Bonds.....	167,025	8 "
Nine per cent. Foreign Loan	4,880,000	9 "
Seven per cent. Foreign Loan.....	11,712,000	7 "
Currency Redemption Bonds.....	7,299,575	6 "
Civil War Loan.....	7,500,000	5-7½ "
Industry Bonds	6,250,000	6 "
Nakasendo Railway Bonds	10,000,000	7 "
Supplementary Railway Bonds.....	1,000,000	5 "
Total.....	\$57,091,525	

II. DEBTS STILL OUTSTANDING.

DESIGNATION.	AMOUNT.	RATE OF INTEREST.
Old Loan	\$2,414,000	5 per cent.
Pension Bonds	12,714,325	5 "
Naval Bonds	4,398,300	5 "
Consolidation Bonds	84,346,800	5 "
Currency Redemption Loan.....	11,000,000	0 "
War Bonds	58,288,225	5 "
Industry Bonds	10,775,650	5 "
Railway Bonds	17,021,350	5 "
Hokkaido Railway Bonds.....	1,709,975	5 "
Foreign Loan of 1899.....	48,815,006	4 "
Total.....	\$251,483,625	

I. DEBTS ALREADY REDEEMED.

I. *Voluntary Capitalized Pension Bonds.*—The object of these bonds was to help the princes and their former retainers to gain the means of livelihood by enabling them to engage in agricultural, industrial, and commercial pursuits. Many of them were in need of capital to start in different enterprises, and were willing to obtain it by surrendering their hereditary pensions. In accordance with their desire, the government proposed to convert the pensions into bonds. The number of persons who availed themselves of this plan was 135,883, and the bonds given amounted to \$8,282,925. The principal of the bonds was to be paid off by annual drawings, commencing in the third year. The redemption began in 1876, and was completed in 1883.

2. *Shinto Priest Pension Bonds*.—In former times, the priests lived on the income derived from landed property granted to them either by the imperial court or by feudal princes. On the Restoration, however, all these properties were taken up by the government, a measure which threw many priests into idleness and poverty. It was with the object of providing these priests with the means of livelihood that the bonds were authorized and issued. The term of redemption and the rate of interest were the same as in the case of the Voluntary Capitalized Pension Bonds. The redemption was consummated in 1886.

3. *Nine per cent. Foreign Loan*.—This loan, the first ever raised by Japan in a foreign country, was negotiated in London in 1869, for the purpose of developing the national resources by facilitating means of communication and transportation within the Empire. The total amount was £1,000,000, and the issue price was £98 for every £100 bond. The principal was to remain unpaid for three years, and then to be redeemed in ten years by annual drawings. By the aid of this loan the first railway was built and many improvements were carried out. The loan was paid off in 1882 as originally arranged.

4. *Seven per cent. Foreign Loan*.—The object of this loan was to furnish funds to those feudal princes and their followers who wished to start certain enterprises of public utility. The loan was also raised in London, and was negotiated by the imperial government directly with some banks in London, which formed a syndicate to take up the whole sum. The financial credit of Japan in those days did not stand high in foreign markets; yet, in spite of numerous objections and difficulties which had to be overcome, the loan proved a great success. The total sum required was £2,400,000. The issue price was £92 10s. for every £100 bond. The principal was to be paid off by annual drawings in twenty-five years after the date of issue. The amount subscribed reached £9,500,000. The sum of £216,000 was to be paid annually for principal and interest, and the amount of interest saved on the redeemed principal was to be added to the amount for the reduction of the outstanding principal. In this way the whole was redeemed in 1897.

5. *Currency Redemption Bonds*.—The object of these bonds was to redeem and cancel the new paper money issued after the Restoration. The bonds were either registered or unregistered.

The operation was successfully carried out, and the paper money cancelled amounted to \$7,299,575. The principal of the registered bonds was redeemable in twelve years, and that of the unregistered bonds in thirty years. When, however, the Consolidation Bonds were issued, the outstanding amount of the bonds was exchanged for these new bonds at the request of the holders.

6. *Civil War Loan*.—This loan was contracted with the Fifteenth National Bank to defray the expenses incurred in suppressing the rebellion in the southwestern territories in 1877. The disturbance lasted more than seven months, and seventy thousand soldiers were engaged in the fighting. Altogether, it was estimated that the incidental outlay aggregated about \$21,000,000. Such an amount could not be defrayed out of the ordinary income, and recourse was had to other expedients. Just at this time different national banks were being established, and one of them, the Fifteenth National Bank, was willing to provide money. The government finally resolved to borrow \$7,500,000 at interest of five per cent. per annum. In 1883, \$2,500,000 were repaid; but, in consideration of the great service rendered by the bank at a critical moment, the rate of interest for the remaining amount was raised to seven and a half per cent. per annum. The principal was repaid in three instalments, namely, \$1,000,000 in 1895, \$2,000,000 in 1896, and the balance in 1897.

7. *Industry Bonds*.—This loan was raised from the general public, and was for the amount of \$6,250,000. The issue price was fixed at eighty yen (\$40) for every 100 yen (\$50) bond, the rate of interest being six per cent. per annum. This being the first attempt on the part of the government to raise an internal loan from the general public, the Finance Department was rather anxious as to its results. On the closing day of the subscription, however, it was found that the total sum subscribed had reached \$12,387,625, nearly double the amount of the loan to be raised. The principal of the loan was to be redeemed by drawings within twenty-three years; but, when the Consolidation Bonds were issued, the holders of Industry Bonds voluntarily exchanged them for the new bonds.

8. *Nakasendo Railway Bonds*.—The object of this loan was to provide funds with which to construct a railway along the Nakasendo, to connect the two great cities of the Empire, Tokio

and Kioto. The total amount of the bonds issued was not to exceed \$10,000,000. This loan was to be issued at ninety yen (\$45) for every 100 yen (\$50) bond, and the rate of interest was seven per cent. per annum. The loan was raised from the general public, and was the first public loan to which foreigners were allowed to subscribe. A careful survey showed that the construction of the Nakasendo line would be very difficult. Moreover, the primary object being to connect Tokio and Kioto, it was decided that the railway along the Tokaido would do just as well as the Nakasendo line, and the fund was appropriated to that purpose. Some years afterwards the "Consolidation Bonds Act" was promulgated, and in the course of a few years the bonds were converted into the Consolidation Bonds.

9. *Supplementary Railway Bonds*.—This loan was raised for the purpose of meeting a deficiency in the Tokaido Railway construction fund, caused by the addition of branch lines. The principle adopted in this case was to sell the bonds to the highest bidders among the general public. The total amount of the issue and the lowest issue price were announced by the government, and the bonds were allotted to subscribers, beginning with the highest bidders, until the total amount required was obtained. The total subscription reached \$2,721,175, thus surpassing the amount to be issued by \$1,721,175. When the Consolidation Bonds were issued, these bonds were also converted into them.

II. DEBTS STILL OUTSTANDING.

1. *Old Loan*.—This loan was raised with the same object as the New Loan. The bonds are terminable annuity bonds. The present outstanding sum is \$2,414,000, and it expires in 1921.

2. *Pension Bonds*.—These bonds were issued for the purpose of converting the hereditary pensions of princes, their retainers and common people, and also the pension given them in recognition of special merit. They were of four classes—namely, bonds bearing interest at ten per cent., seven per cent., six per cent., and five per cent. per annum, respectively. The principal of the bonds was to be redeemed by annual drawings, commencing in 1882. In 1886, a part of the fund raised by the Nakasendo Railway Bonds, which was not immediately needed for the work, was used for the immediate redemption of the bonds carrying a higher rate of interest. The money thus paid out was subsequently refunded by regular annual appropriations for the ser-

vice of the national debt. In this way, the work of redemption was vigorously pushed on; so that the ten per cent. bonds were entirely paid off in 1887, the seven per cent. bonds in 1891, and the six per cent. bonds in 1893. The outstanding amount of the five per cent. bonds is 25,428,650 yen (\$12,714,325).

3. *Naval Bonds.*—For the purpose of increasing naval efficiency, a sum of \$13,320,000 had been appropriated, to be paid off in eight fiscal years, 1883-1891. To meet such an extraordinary outlay, however, from the ordinary revenue was very difficult.

Accordingly, it was decided to issue bonds to an amount not exceeding \$8,500,000. The bonds were unregistered, bearing interest at the rate of five per cent. per annum. The allotment was made to the highest bidders, and the actual receipt by the government was \$8,622,082 for the face value of \$8,500,000. The principal of the bonds is to be repaid by drawings which take place at the discretion of the government within thirty years. The outstanding sum is \$4,398,300.

4. *Consolidation Bonds.*—Consolidation Bonds or consols were to be issued from time to time, at the discretion of the Finance Minister, when the state of the money market was favorable, in order to convert and consolidate all internal debts bearing interest over six per cent. per annum. The total amount of the bonds was not to exceed \$87,500,000.

The public debts negotiated before 1886 had been governed by various acts and regulations, and this had resulted in much variety in names, in rates of interest, in terms of redemption, and in methods of management. This had caused great confusion; and the expediency of consolidating these various debts into one became apparent. Meanwhile, in January, 1886, specie payment was resumed; and general prices and the rate of interest had been considerably changed, owing partly to the development of credit institutions, but chiefly to the improved currency system, which thus made possible not only the consolidation of the national debt, but also conversion on a large scale. The government was not slow to take advantage of this opportunity. In October, 1886, the "Consolidation Bonds Act" was proclaimed, and thus a new era was opened in the management of the national debt. The most important provisions in the act are the following: the rate of interest of the bonds is to be five per cent. per annum; the

bonds are unregistered, but may be registered at the request of the subscribers or the holders; the principal of the bonds is to remain unpaid for five years, and is to be paid by drawings within fifty years from the sixth year of the issue. By successive operations, all bonds bearing an interest over six per cent. per annum have been converted into these bonds.

5. *Currency Redemption Loan*.—This loan was raised with the object of withdrawing the government paper-money. In 1890, the amount of government paper-money in circulation was 40,065,256 yen (\$20,032,628), of which 32,000,000 yen (\$16,000,000) were the notes with denomination over, and 8,065,256 yen (\$4,032,628) the notes with denomination below, one yen; and 10,000,000 yen (\$5,000,000) in silver was held as the reserve for the former. The government then made a contract with the Bank of Japan, which advanced 22,000,000 yen (\$11,000,000), thus making the total reserve 32,000,000 yen (\$16,000,000). For the withdrawal of the latter notes the government provided \$500,000 annually in the budget. In this manner, the redemption of the government paper-money was consummated. This loan bears no interest, and is to be repaid within twenty years, at the option of the government.

6. *War Bonds*.—These bonds were issued to meet the expenses incidental to the war with China in 1894-95. In 1894, Parliament was summoned to assemble at Hiroshima, the temporary residence of the Emperor, and a bill authorizing the government to raise a war loan, not exceeding \$75,000,000, was passed. In the session of 1895, another bill authorizing the government to raise the second war loan of \$50,000,000 was passed. Thus the authorized amount of the war loan was \$125,000,000 in all, although the sum of the bonds actually issued was far below that amount. The rate of interest and the term of redemption, etc., are the same as those for the Consolidation Bonds. In the first issue of the bonds for 30,000,000 yen (\$15,000,000), the subscribed sum was 47,000,000 yen (\$23,500,000), the highest price offered being 114 yen for 100-yen bond. Each subsequent issue of the bonds resulted satisfactorily.

7. *Industry Bonds, Railway Bonds, Hokkaido Railway Bonds, and the Foreign Loan of 1899*.—In 1892, the "Railway Construction Act" was promulgated, and the law provides that the government may raise a loan of \$30,000,000 to meet the expenses of

railway construction within the first period (1892-1903). Under this provision the sum of 34,000,000 yen (\$17,000,000) has been raised.

After the war with China, commerce and industry suddenly expanded, and the construction and improvement of railways, the establishment of steel works, the extension of telephone service, etc., became necessary. As to the Industry Loan, the government raised \$10,775,650 in the home market, and £10,000,000 in London. The latter is known as the Imperial Japanese government four per cent. sterling loan of 1899.

The Hokkaido (northern provinces of Japan) being still a thinly populated and undeveloped colony, an improvement in the means of communication with it is considered necessary. For this purpose an issue of Hokkaido Railway bonds for \$16,500,000 was authorized, of which \$1,709,975 were already raised. The rate of interest, and the term of redemption, etc., of these bonds are the same as those for the consolidation bonds.

Conclusion.—The present outstanding debts of Japan amount to 502,967,249 yen (\$251,483,625), of which 191,143,650 yen (\$95,571,825) are devoted to remunerative objects. The population being forty-four millions, the amount of non-remunerative public debts per head is little more than seven yen (\$3½). The system of currency is based on the gold standard. Imports and exports are increasing year by year. The total imports and exports, which were 143,494,000 yen (\$71,747,000) in 1891, rose to 435,330,000 yen (\$217,665,000) in 1899. Wine, spirits, tobacco, etc., so heavily taxed in other countries, are still subjected to a very light tax in Japan; while silk, tea, beer, and many other articles are wholly exempt from taxation. Thus it will be seen that the government still has many untouched sources of revenue; and, judging from the figures given above, the country can easily bear, if needful, a much heavier public debt than it does at present.

YASUFUMI SAWAKI.

Mark.

Feb, 02

Russell

THE PROPOSED PAN-AMERICAN UNION. 211

the announcement of a mission of conquest as could be given in indirect words. The countries of Spanish-America are not afraid of being conquered; but they are averse to entangling alliances with a great Power whose people wish continually to hear that they have missions of conquest, seeing that arrangements of that kind are calculated to brew trouble under almost any circumstances.

A lecture on Spanish-America, delivered some months ago by the Hon. John W. Foster, contained the second of the two utterances we are considering. On the subject of Mexico, Mr. Foster said, practically, that if the policy of Porfirio Diaz should be seriously interfered with, it might become necessary for the United States to march an army into Mexico, because then the interests of the United States would be in jeopardy. The probability being that few of Mr. Foster's hearers had much definite information as to Mexican affairs, his suggestion may have meant no more to them than that the interests of the United States are well guarded by the present Mexican government. But when that announcement came to be heralded abroad throughout Mexico by those who are interested in the present government there, it informed the citizens of Mexico, upon the *quasi* official authority of an ex-Secretary of State of the United States, that the Diaz policy has the support of the United States—which illustrates the fact, already mentioned, that exponents of Caesarism who use Pan-American language also use the United States as a menace to the people.

Apart from all other considerations, when every barrier of race, of language, of religion, of tradition, of habit, of thought, and even of geographical distance, stands between two peoples, a political union between them cannot be peaceably brought about in the absence of a common danger or of unusual mutual interests.

There is no danger common to the states of America, and their mutual interests are common to the civilized world.

A. DE YTURBIDE.

IVAN TURGENEV.*

BY CHARLES WHIBLEY.

THE novelist, it has been said, will prove the historian of the future, and if this prophecy be fulfilled, a very generous interpretation of history will be necessary. For the novelist transmutes the baser metal of mechanical truth in the crucible of his own temperament, and the precious gold of one is but the tarnished alloy of another. No two men turn the same eye upon the world; each must discover for himself the relation in shape or color of this object to that, each must allow an individual experience to guide and control his observation. And even when we have acknowledged so much, we are still far from a just discernment of the truth. An author's character is best discovered in his book, and to explain a work by the character which it reveals, is merely to argue in a useless circle. For instance, Zola and Anatole France have both written chapters of contemporary history; and if the one picture be absolutely true, the other must be absolutely false. There is no common point between the quiet country-side of M. France, and the savage animalism of "*La Terre*": if M. Bergeret be the modern type, what shall be said of the ruffianly Rougons and the ineffable Macquarts? Yet a little reflection will save us from too violent a dogmatism. The portraits of Zola and France do not destroy one another; they are but partial, after all; and while M. Zola is gravely conscious of the dung that fertilizes the soil, M. France remembers also the grown corn, which the winds of July toss into waves of gold.

But if it be difficult to reconstruct the France that we know from her experiments in fiction, how shall we understand the secret, mysterious Russia from a study of her novels? Now,

* "The novels of Ivan Turgenev, translated from the Russian by Constance Garnett." London: Heinemann.

in the generation which is dying to-day, three masters have lived and worked, who belong not only to their own time and country, but to the literature of all countries and of all time. Turgenev, Dostoievsky, Tolstoi—all three have painted the Russia of their faith and enthusiasm, but in colors so diverse, with a sentiment so contradictory, that when we have read their books, we are left with a tangle of hostile impressions. To find a formula which shall express the vision of the three is impossible. Their books are all strange to us—strange pictures of a strange land; the elemental man reveals himself at every turn under the polish of Western refinement; but he reveals himself in so dissimilar an aspect that we can do no more than put him in the common class of humanity. If Raskolnikov be a distant cousin of Bazarov, can we regard him even as a vague kinsman to Litvinov, Lepine, or Prince Andry? Impossible though it seem, we must accept in a single act of faith the high authority of Turgenev, Dostoievsky, and Tolstoi; we must believe that their pictures are the truth seen through the eyes of a various temperament, remembering that in fifty years, when the unessential differences of politics are forgotten, the work of all three may appear harmonious even to the stranger.

Meanwhile, we judge them by their opposite faculties. Tolstoi, the real Tolstoi, not the Tolstoi of a fantastic and vapid pietism, displays for our wonder the processional quality of the epic. His vast simplicity, his monumental intuition of life's essence, his large touch, his stern disregard of useless traits and superfluous character, rank him with the early masters of the world. But if he practise the art of Homer, he has illuminated that art with brilliant flashes of insight and comprehension. Human emotion has no secrets from him, and if in his supremacy he be called epic, in his sympathy he is a modern of our latest age. He creates live men and women, as easily as we cast a shadow before us. But his men and women are not shadows; they are not even portraits; they are fashioned of blood and bone, and once they are created, they seem to move and to speak of their own volition. If we saw them in the street we should recognize them; if we heard them speak, their voices would be familiar; we know them body, mind, and soul. So it is that Tolstoi stands alone, and, may be, it is not extravagant to urge that "Peace and War" is the highest achievement in the art of fiction.

Different, indeed, are the novels of Dostoievsky, who is less concerned to sketch a character than to create an impression; and so easily does he drug his reader that, to turn one page of "A Crime and its Punishment" (for instance) is to feel a sudden poison coursing through your veins. You care not for truth or possibility; you think no more of Russia than of England. You know only that your obsession is complete and irresistible, and that peace will not be yours, until Raskolnikov's atonement be complete. A new world of sin and shame, haunted by horrific dreams and crafty spectres—this it is that Dostoievsky reveals to us. A dog, in his hands, becomes an affrighting, supernatural image. What wonder, then, that he turns the country, which his patriot soul forgave and revered, into a dusky melodrama, a wild, weltering delirium of death and darkness? Even his Machiavellian inspector of police, the least curious, yet not the least masterly, of his personages, deserved a better fate than to live again as the sham Vidocq of our modern stage, with sinister coat of fur and fatuously rolling eye. Yet the inspector is half an accident, and it is not his image that the name of Dostoievsky calls up; rather we remember the miscreant, who drank his wife's stockings, or the vision of the poor horse, flogged and broken till he dies.

And what place does Turgenev take in this hierarchy? Surely he is comparable to neither: he is as distant from the Olympus of Tolstoi as from the Inferno of Dostoievsky. He knows not the palatial style of the one, nor the other's faculty of horror. If there be one quality that the three share, it is the sense of something new and strange—as it were, the energy of a fresh people and a young world. As you read their works, you cannot but realize that the country which, lately conscious of itself, has already found so magnificent an expression, is reserved for high destinies and a rare triumph. The Russia of Peter was as a child learning to walk; the Russia of Catharine was an ape of Voltairean pedantry; the Russia of Turgenev is a hero, vague and incomplete, who may presently impose his ideas upon the West of his aspiration. Yet there is nothing heroic in Turgenev's method. He raises no clamor, he beats no drum. From the very first, he disliked plots and all the complications of his craft. Though he drew many a grotesque figure, many a scarecrow of officialdom and vanity, he never descends to caricature, and his

most highly charged portraits, such as Bazarov himself, are felt and sketched to the life. There is an elegance in his arrangement, a certainty in his exposition, which convey the impression of an effortless art, yet the fatality of his stories is sufficient to assure his readers that the effort is sustained from the first page to the last. No sooner are the characters upon the stage, than the result is inevitable. But how daintily is the necessity suggested. Here is no pitiless *ἀνάγκη* which drives men and women to their doom—only the constraint of a reasonable fate, which cannot be avoided and which yet makes no shrill outcry to be obeyed. Thus it is that his characters are men and women, rather than types or bundles of qualities. Moving to their appointed end in a free atmosphere, they need not for credibility's sake rise above the stature of human kind. "I have always needed," said he, "some ground-work upon which I could tread firmly;" and his intimate knowledge of his own personages is but a prelude to the reader's perfect understanding of them. Tolstoi's Olympians are projected from a vast background; you can walk all round them, and see them in every pose. Your acquaintance with Turgenev's men and women is rather intellectual than visible; it seems, says Stepaniak, as though he had surprised their correspondence, and let you into the secret.

So he deals with ideas, not with actions. If Bazarov be his highest achievement, he drew many a young Russian besides Bazarov; and it is significant that Bazarov, who would have changed the world, fell too soon before the master of us all. "Well, go and try to disprove death. Death will disprove you, that is all." But Rudin came before, and, may be, Rudin is more clearly characteristic of Turgenev's thought than any other of his personages. "After all, if you think of it," wrote Turgenev in "Torrents of Spring," "nothing is stronger in the world—and weaker—than a word." And it is the strength and weakness of the word that Rudin illustrates. For Rudin always has the courage to speak, and never, until the end, has the courage to *do*. Like all the Russians that Turgenev knew best, he is dominated by thoughts, he is carried away by his own oratory, and it is his friend, Lezhnyov, who best sums up him and his kind:

"It's not our business to punish him, and it's not needed; he has punished himself far more cruelly than he deserved. And God grant that unhappiness may have blotted out all the harm there was in him,

and left only what was fine! I drink to the health of Rudin! I drink to the comrade of my best years, I drink to youth, to its hopes, its endeavors, its faith, and its purity, to all that our hearts beat for at twenty; we have known, and shall know, nothing better than that in life. . . . I drink to that golden time—to the health of Rudin!"

But Lezhnyov, in whom we may believe that Turgenev himself is speaking, loves his friend for his very lack of effect. "There was a time," he allows, "when I saw your weak side; but now, believe me, I have learnt to value you. You will not make yourself a position. And I love you, Dmitri, for that; indeed I do."

Truly, that aimlessness is admirable which is bred of sincerity and a too lofty ambition. But there is another prophet of words, whom Turgenev has sketched with a splendid precision and energy—the fool whose words correspond to no beating of the heart, to no movement of the brain. It is in "Smoke" that he pillories this impostor with the best effect, and he is, indeed, a strange animal. An apostle of revolution, he fritters away his thought in a cosmopolitan culture. He discusses Peele and Nash, whom he has not read, and is just as pleased to fall upon science as upon Gothic architecture. He loafs about Baden or Paris discussing the inapposite, and believing all the while that he is saving his country. But listen to Turgenev's own words:

"Picking up some old, cast-off shoe, dropped ages ago by St. Simon or Fourier, and sticking it on our heads, and treating it as a sacred relic—that's what we're capable of; or scribbling an article on the historical and contemporary significance of the proletariat in the principal towns of France—that we can do too!"

It is a sad aimlessness, and while Rudin died at the barricade, the cosmopolitan, you are sure, went back as speedily as Gubaryov himself to savagery and the knout.

A very different creation is Bazarov, by many esteemed the final triumph of Turgenev's art. For Bazarov is drawn with a firmer hand and a harder line than we expect in the author of his being. Nor is it so easy to appreciate him as it is to delight in Rudin or Litvinov or Sanin. Enthusiasts have carried him out of the world of art into the world of politics; they will demand worship, not appreciation. This one judges him as a real man, and believes him, though a creature of fiction, the regenerator of Russia; that other would cast a reproachful eye upon him, charging him with the destruction of the Apraksinsky shops. But

to Turgenev he was but the child of a sympathetic brain; and it is not surprising that the novelist bitterly resented Bazarov's confusion with rebellious politics. He painted the portrait of the Nihilist, said he, "simply because he could not work otherwise"; and the genesis of "Fathers and Children" should be enough to confound those clairvoyants who detect in every line of Turgenev's an allegory of revolution. The idea of the book came into his head, so he tells us, in August, 1860, when he was taking sea-baths at Ventnor, and never was it his intention to elaborate a theory of his own. Bazarov was sketched from life, and the model was a young provincial doctor, in whom was incarnated the fresh, chaotic element of Nihilism. That is all, but it was not enough for the politicians. Either side claimed the book as a pamphlet, and, says Turgenev, "a shadow lay on my name. I don't deceive myself. I know that shadow will remain." The pessimism is hardly justified; the shadow is already passing, but Turgenev suffered the misunderstanding which overtakes all who regard life without fanaticism, and dare to treat politics as the material of an art.

What, then, is Bazarov, whose democratic significance has been grossly exaggerated? He is science, the enemy of art; he is truth, the enemy of politics. "Nature," said he, "is not a temple, but a workshop, and man's a workman in it." Thus he called love, philosophy, and all the adornments of life "romanticism." Why admire a landscape, when you might dissect a frog? Why fall in love with a beautiful woman, whose limbs suggest the anatomist's table? But, above all, Bazarov was the champion of reform, though he knew not along what path his impulse of change and fury would carry him. "There's no dash, no hate in you," said he to Arkady, "but you've the daring of youth, and the fire of youth. Your sort, you gentry, can never get beyond refined submission or refined indignation, and that's no good. You won't fight, and yet you fancy yourselves gallant chaps—but we mean to fight." Yes, Bazarov meant to fight, and his bravery would have recoiled from nothing. Yet he harbored no illusions concerning himself. In the last chapter—a masterpiece of pathos—he confesses his own impotence. "I was needed by Russia," he murmurs "No, it's clear, I wasn't needed. And who is needed? The shoemaker's needed, the tailor's needed, the butcher gives us meat." By what perversity is it that this

character, drawn with so fine, impartial a hand, with so profoundly conscious a sympathy, has been hailed as a caricature, a criminal, and a saviour? Truly politics are the beginning of madness, and perhaps it is impossible for those who are interested superfluously in the regeneration of Russia to understand the masterpieces of Turgenev. "The novelist," said Flaubert once, "has no right to express his opinion on anything whatever. Has *le bon Dieu* ever told us his opinion?" And in "Fathers and Children" Turgenev does not fall far below Flaubert's loftiest ideal.

But if he conceals his opinion of Bazarov's character, he set forth very clearly in a letter addressed to the Russian students at Heidelberg the artistic meaning of his hero. "I dreamed," said he, "of a sombre, savage, and great figure, only half emerged from barbarism, strong, *méchant*, and honest, and nevertheless doomed to perish because it is always in advance of the future." That is the sufficient and best explanation of the fearless critic, inspired to action, who is called Bazarov. But the controversy of thirty years ago is not yet finished, and Messrs. Stepniak and Garnett, who are responsible for the prefaces to Mrs. Garnett's new translation, have done their utmost, it seems to me, to befog their readers. They both have Young Russia on the brain; and, if we are to believe them, Turgenev kept a constant hand upon the public pulse. Mr. Stepniak, for instance, detects a movement in Lavretsky, and declares that "A House of Gentlefolk" is "a poem of the youth of the Russian democracy." Such a criticism would be mischievous, if it were not unintelligible. Again, Elena, the heroine of "On the Eve," "foreshadows and stands for the rise of Young Russia in the sixties." Why, indeed? Because her temperament prefers action to art and philosophy? Because, like many another spirited girl, who never heard of Russia or her movements, she prefers the strong man who can pitch a drunken German into the water or die for his country, to the chatter of a youthful intelligence? Once more, we confess, such criticism baffles us. Turgenev preached neither for nor against the new ideas. He was in no way responsible for the political condition of his country. Russia was the material of his art, and he treated it with a loftiness of purpose and a sincere impartiality which forbade him ever to play the part of advocate. But an unkind fate always confused his masterpieces with the

pamphlets of reform. His incomparable "Sketches of a Sportsman," which for gentle humor and dainty portraiture he never surpassed, appear in their own despite to have suggested to Alexander II. the liberation of the Serfs, and though it is easy to understand the sympathy which such miniatures as *Hoe* and *Kalinitch* might evoke in an honest mind, though a sensitive prince might well have deplored at once the sufferings and the resignation of the peasant, Turgenev never once completes—he never initiates—an argument. And when he painted upon a larger canvas, the chatter began of Young Russia. Of this book Young Russia approved or disapproved; at that book Young Russia girded, because it was a mere love-story. But what had Young Russia, who was reading its leaflets, to do with a poet's creations? There is only one standard by which these exquisite novels may be judged, the standard of art; the men and women who wander through the delicate fields of romance, or make love in its arbors, are not so many generalized types; they are separate and individual creations, which have won the immortality denied to radicalism and all its movements.

His young girls, for instance, are miracles of truth and sentiment. *Liza*, *Natalya*, *Elena*, *Tatyana*, are drawn all with a gentle hand, and with a conviction that sometimes frightens the reader, who now and again cannot but harbor an uneasy feeling of indiscretion. Is it true, he asks himself, that he has been eavesdropping? For how else should he thus discover the secrets of the heart? Yet the perfect effect is obtained without a thought of realism. Though Turgenev worked from the model, he suggested far more than he expressed. It was not his plan to throw down all the materials for our bewildered inspection: he stripped the finished building of its scaffolds, and showed us nothing but the exquisite design of the whole. In other words, he knew nothing of realism, as the process is understood in France. And whatever characters he chose to portray, he portrayed with the same certainty of hand and vision. *Irina*, the ardent, hesitating lover, is as finely wrought a portrait as *Elena* or *Liza*, and she gives him a chance of solving one of his favorite problems—the contest between love and passion. And the generals in "*Smoke*,"—are they not as witty and as living as the students? And who ever covered the ineffective official, the bumptious trifler, with more amiable a ridicule? Even when he travels far from his accus-

toned haunts, he regards the strange folk that he encounters with the same intimacy, the same clarity of vision. "The Torrents of Spring," I believe, has been burdened with no allegory. Yet in interest it falls not an inch below the others. The humor of the book—a rare quality with Turgenev—does but accentuate its gentle sadness. No, it is not for his political sympathies nor for his prophetic instinct that we revere Turgenev. His calm restraint, his gay tranquillity, his reticent joy of life, his perfect adaptation of means to ends, the sureness with which his living personages move and speak under his guiding hands—these are qualities at once rarer and more lasting than the fervor of revolution and the ambition of reform.

His landscape is characteristic and appropriate. The spacious steppes, sparsely wooded, the ample gardens musical with birds, which make the backgrounds of his pictures, are suave and quiet as his own moods. Even when he carries his reader to Germany, a strange atmosphere, as of Russia the unknown, enwraps the romance; and his cosmopolitanism, unlike that of M. Bourget, is but an affair of scenic effect. The few Germans or Italians, whom he painted, do not impair an unwavering fidelity to the country of his birth. Even when the stage is foreign, the actors are (with a rare exception) Russian in soul and mind. The truth is that this cosmopolitan loved no other people than his own. Frenchmen, Germans, Englishmen—he smiled at them all, and Baden or Paris interested him, merely because in these cities he saw his countrymen in another light. So in his art he was constant to his own land, acknowledges no foreign influence in thought or style. His books are haunted by no memories that are familiar, and it is noteworthy that Aristophanes—the author whom he praised most highly—was an author from whom he seems to have learned nothing. Indeed, he placed Aristophanes above all men, because he possessed the faculty of laughter, which, said he, had only been given to two or three in the world's history. It is a curious judgment to hear from the lips of him who drew from his readers more tears than smiles; yet it is characteristic of the detached mind, which can contemplate the works of others and absorb them not. As in his writings, so in his life, he was dignified, reticent, and discreet. We know little of him, since he was not of those who courted popularity; and he would have shuddered had he lived to see the figure he cuts in M. de Goncourt's

ragbag of gossip. But the chorus of praise sung by his friends is broken by no dissentient voice. We cannot accept Renan's eloquent rhapsody that Turgenev's conscience was "the conscience of a people," that he was what no other man has ever been, "the incarnation of a race," because we believe him to have been an artist who fashioned his masterpieces without thought of the popular conscience. But Renan's eloquent rhapsody was the expression of a sincere reverence, which is echoed in the wiser, more humane appreciation of Gustave Flaubert; and from the few sketches that have come down to us, one point is clear—he was a distinguished gentleman, as well as a distinguished writer. He knew not the loud-voiced picturesqueness which too often marks his craft; and the glimpses that we get of this "*colosse charmant, ce doux géant aux cheveux blancs, qui a l'air du bienveillant génie d'une montagne ou d'une forêt,*" make us regret that for once the biographer's voice is silent.

But if Turgenev still awaits a biographer, a worthier monument has been raised to him—the monument of translation. For me, who only know Turgenev in other tongues than his own, it is impossible to appraise the merits of Mrs. Garnett's work. I can but take it as an original work; and, surely, whether it represents the precise meaning of Turgenev or not, it is from beginning to end lucid, smooth, and workmanlike. Such achievements as this would speedily remove from us the ancient reproach of Matthew Arnold, that in England the journeywork of literature is ill-done. For you may read Mrs. Garnett's version with little sense of a foreign origin; you may admire the ease with which the narrative runs along; and sometimes you may delight in a deftly turned phrase or in the right epithet. The last volumes, may be, are not quite so quick and happy as the first. But the undertaking was no light one, and it would be surprising, indeed, if the hand and brain had kept their freshness to the end.

At last, under Mrs. Garnett's auspices, Turgenev has taken that place in England which he won long since in Germany and France.

CHARLES WHIBLEY.

AMERICAN TRAVELLERS AND THE TREASURY DEPARTMENT.

BY F. W. WHITRIDGE.

MR. GAGE's article in the December number of the REVIEW, on the "Customs Inspection of Baggage," is interesting, not only because it is the fullest defense or explanation of the present administration of the law which has been made, but also because it fails to consider the main reasons why that administration is objectionable. Mr. Gage begins by saying that in this land of freedom our only rule is the impartial and universal law, which should be inexorably enforced on everybody. This is unquestionable and unquestioned; but it is stated as if the same were not equally true of the other lands of freedom, which now include most of the modern world. Having laid down this principle, Mr. Gage goes on to show how it was not observed by the Treasury Department, even during the first four years of his own administration. He says that "one of the greatest evils that existed before, was the wholesale extension of the so-called 'courtesies of the port,'" and he devotes eight pages out of twelve to showing the mischief caused by the granting of such courtesies, and how much good has been accomplished by abolishing them altogether, although he says it was not until March 5th of last year that the Department issued an order abolishing the courtesies of the port, and thus entirely cut off the "old impositions." I have no doubt that "the courtesies of the port" were recklessly issued by the Department and that they were abused, but until I read Mr. Gage's article I had no idea what a disreputable set of people managed, with the connivance of men in public life, to upset the impartial and universal execution of the law. Mr. Gage rightly points with pride to the fact that since the Department has abolished privilege the Government has collected

THE
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April, 1902.

Does the Race of Man Love a Lord? MARK TWAIN

Reflections on the State of Cuba,

The Rt. Hon. JAMES BRYCE, M.P.

Trend of University and College Education in the United States,

W. R. HARPER, D.D., LL.D.,

President of the University of Chicago.

Lord Randolph Churchill,

The Rt. Hon. Sir. RICHARD TEMPLE, Bart.

The Red Man's Present Needs HAMLIN GARLAND

South Africa and Europe JEAN de BLOCH

Police Power and the Police Force . . . W. A. PURRINGTON

Russian Schools and the Holy Synod . . Prince P. KROPOTKIN

The Northern Securities Company and the Anti-Trust Law,

ROBERT L. CUTTING

George Sand: The New Life HENRY JAMES

A German View of the American Peril . Dr. W. WENDLANDT.

Secretary of the Manufacturers' Association of Berlin.

National Debts of the World.—VIII. Public Debt of Austria-Hungary Dr. MORIZ DUB

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tippling and consorting with the lewd, it should be procured by a small body of jackals amenable to special discipline, or by "agents" of suppressing societies; not by the uniformed force. If necessary, let the law of evidence be modified and adapted to the exigencies of the case, as it has been in prosecutions under the game laws and similar statutes, although this is an experiment fraught with danger. But instead of ordering policemen to participate in vice in order to punish it, their superiors should call to sharp account members of the force found in liquor saloons or other evil resorts except when making arrests or executing process. Thus the self-respect and character of the police force would be advanced, and the liberty of the citizen safeguarded, even perhaps the liberty to do some things not seriously affecting the public welfare, and if considered vicious by some, not so considered by all.

Policemen are better paid and pensioned than soldiers. Their duties require as much courage and more discretion. Their uniform should cover as much honor. Soldiers are ordered to scout for information, but not to spy; and short shrift awaits a spy when captured. Would not the establishment of a like standard in the police force greatly minimize the vice of extortion?

W. A. PURRINGTON.

RUSSIAN SCHOOLS AND THE HOLY SYNOD.

BY PRINCE KROPOTKIN.

IF the September number of the NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, which contained a rejoinder by the Procurator of the Holy Synod to my article on "The Present Crisis in Russia,"* was allowed to enter Russia, my compatriots will surely feel most grateful to the Editor for having obtained that rejoinder. For nearly twenty years, almost every paper and review in Russia, with the exception of the subsidized *Moscow Gazette* and *The Russian Messenger*, has been bitterly criticising both the system of schools inaugurated by the Procurator and the highly-colored reports about them which have been made every year to the Emperor. These papers have received "warnings"—three warnings meaning the suppression of the paper; but their criticisms have never been answered. It is now for the first time that the Procurator condescends to speak on terms of equality with one of his critics.

I may point out that M. Pobiedonostseff does not contradict the statement of facts, which I made in these pages, concerning the origin of the students' disturbances and the events connected with them. My account may be taken, therefore, as substantially correct. The report which nobody in America wished to believe—namely, that a large number of students had been sent to the army, merely for having held students' meetings, is thus confirmed by the Procurator. Nor does he object to my strong condemnation of the Government's policy in this case. On the contrary, he mildly corroborates my views in the following sentence:

"What is unfortunately true is, that the measure in question was applied at once to one hundred and eighty students, which gave it a peculiarly rigorous character; whereas the law was meant to apply only to a few exceptional cases."

* NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, May, 1901.

The Procurator of the Synod disputes only the part which I ascribed in this measure to the Emperor and to himself; but of this more will be said presently.

For every Russian, the main point of interest in M. Pobiedonostseff's reply is his treatment of the great question of popular education. It is not surprising, perhaps, that he should represent refugees as being ignorant of Russia and unable to understand their mother country. But whether M. Pobiedonostseff or myself knows Russia best, is, I believe, a matter of little interest. As to which of us, in writing about Russia for Western readers, is the more reliable, that is another question which can be settled at once. In his rejoinder M. Pobiedonostseff describes Russia as follows:

"There are no roads, and the people live on the steppes, in the woods, in the marshes; their dwellings are sometimes separated by five to eight hundred versts (330 to 530 miles) of uncultivated and impassable country; and the inhabitants themselves, without culture, here and there even barbarous, gain a scanty living far from all means of communication and the necessities for industry and commerce."

Now, it is positively certain that if a schoolboy, even in a primary school, had thus described Russia, he surely would have got a bad mark. Such conditions as the Procurator describes undoubtedly prevail in the barren lands of Siberia, and in the far North of European Russia—in the Petchora Land and the Kola peninsula. But, when one speaks of the schools of Russia, one surely does not have in mind these remote parts of the Empire, any more than one who speaks of the schools of Canada has in mind the barren lands round the Hudson Bay. As a matter of fact, in Middle Russia, which contains a population of over fifty million people, the average distance between the villages is only from two to five miles. Moreover, in Russia, the peasants live in villages of from 200 to 2000 inhabitants, seldom of 100, and occasionally of 5000 to 10,000 souls; and even the smallest village in Russia, with its thirty children of school age, offers better facilities for opening a school than a population of fifty farmers scattered on their "quarter sections." Poor though Russia undoubtedly is, she is still not so poor as Finland by far; and yet, the "coefficient of education"—that is, the number of children going to school, in proportion to the total population—is thirty per cent. in Finland, as against three to four per cent. in Mos-

cow, Vladimir, Kursk, Tamboff, and other provinces belonging to the fertile or to the industrial belt of Central Russia.

It is not the poverty of Russia that has prevented the Russian peasants from learning to read since they became free, nor her steppes and forests, and still less the distances between her villages. From 1863 to 1883, it was the general policy of the Government and, above all, of the successive ministers of Public Instruction; and, since 1883, it has been the influence which M. Pobiedonostseff enjoyed in the councils of the Czar, and his use of that influence for preventing the opening of any schools, except those which would be under the control of the Synod. Having begun by pleading the necessity of opening parish schools, were they only of the lowest grade, in such remote parts of the Empire as those which he has described in this REVIEW, he gradually developed the policy which has characterized his administration: "Better have no schools at all, than allow any one but the village clergy to start primary schools in any part of the country; let all the money which the state and the local governments can spare for that purpose flow in that channel."

In order to establish this policy, highly-colored reports have been made to the Emperor every year about the wonderful activity of the village clergy in opening new schools. The accuracy of these reports has always been contested in Russia itself, all the "warnings" notwithstanding. Furthermore, the efforts of all those who have honestly worked for spreading education in our country have been belittled and misrepresented. Nay, "the Schools' Council of the Holy Synod" did not hesitate even at open falsification of figures. The proof of this may be found in an official publication, which I have before me on my table. I mean the work issued in Russia, in 1896, by order of the Ministry of Public Instruction, under this title: "Popular Education at the All-Russian Exhibition of Nijni Novgorod, published by the Head of the Educational Department of the Exhibition, E. Kovalevsky."

The School Department of the Synod exhibited on this occasion a number of costly maps, intended to show to the visitors the wonderful progress achieved by the Synod with its schools, as against all other schools, since 1884. An explanatory pamphlet, issued by the same Department, was distributed at the same time, free, in immense numbers of copies to all visitors, who

were assured by the writer of the pamphlet that within the last ten years the number of Reading Schools of the Synod had increased eighteen times. It appeared, however, that this was a gross exaggeration, the number having increased in reality less than twice. To quote from the official publication issued by the Ministry of Public Instruction (p. 123):

"Thus, to give one instance, in the map which illustrated the numerical growth of the Reading Schools [of the Synod], and which was intended to prove to the visitors that these schools had very rapidly multiplied, an important misstatement was introduced. It was said in the table that in 1884 there were only from 500 to 1000 such schools in Russia, while in 1893 their number had reached 18,000. . . . As soon as the Educational Department of the Exhibition was opened, rectifications began to pour in. It appeared that in the province of Moscow alone there were 300 such schools, 400 in Vladimir, and altogether there were more than 10,000 of them. . . . The numbers of schools under the Ministry of Public Instruction were shown on the maps as being considerably smaller in numbers than they actually were. Official statements came in, both from functionaries of the Ministry and from the Zemstvos, asking that these inaccuracies be rectified."*

As to the above-mentioned pamphlet, E. Kovalevsky remarks:

"It was most regrettable that the anonymous author of this pamphlet found it necessary, while pointing out the qualities of the Synod schools, to depreciate those of the Ministry of Public Instruction, and to assure his readers that they were quite strange to the Russian people."

I certainly do not mean to suggest that the Procurator of the Synod was personally responsible for the fabrication of those maps or of that pamphlet; but there are plenty of sycophants everywhere, and they know what will please their masters. I am even ready to admit that the Procurator never verifies the figures which he gives in his "Yearly Reports." He can have no time for that. He tells us, thus almost repeating my very words, that "the parish priest, engaged in his professional duties, cannot efficiently carry out school teaching"; and it is scarcely probable that the Procurator himself, also engaged in his professional duties, can efficiently carry out his assumed duties of organizing schools all over Russia. But if he has no time for that work, why in the world should he undertake it, and obtain from the Emperor an arrangement by which the poor yearly allowance inscribed in

* In the province of St. Petersburg 391 schools were shown, instead of 900; in Kursk, 300 instead of 592, and so on.

the State budget for primary schools goes to the very people who, according to his own confession, "cannot efficiently carry out teaching"?

Over and over again has it been pointed out in the Russian press—very often detailed proofs being in hand—that the statistics given in the Synod's Reports as to children who are supposed to receive instruction in the Parish and the Reading Schools of the Holy Synod (910,760 boys and 205,730 girls) are grossly exaggerated, and that if the real attendance were given, these figures would dwindle to much less than two-thirds. Why has not an honest investigation been made in the matter?

Things appear still worse when we come to consider the composition of the teaching staff of these schools and the results obtained in them. The children, after one year's instruction at one of these schools, cannot even spell; although, Russian being a phonetically spelt language, we used, in our Sunday schools, to teach pupils to spell and read in fifteen lessons—sometimes even in nine. This slowness of progress is explained in Russia by the very low standard of the teachers in most of the Synod schools.

What, then, would be the proper way of meeting such criticisms? To ask an investigation, or, failing that, to publish, at least, an exact statement of the teaching qualifications of the teaching staff, and to give tables showing the progress achieved by the pupils. But that is precisely what has never been done. All I can gather from the last available reports of the Procurator is, that the teaching staff of the Holy Synod schools was as follows in 1898:

	Parish schools.	Reading schools.
Priests	581	642
Deacons	2,154	1,245
Cantors	1903	2,329
Hired teachers	11,211	11,776
Total	15,829	15,992

Granting that the deacons and the cantors are now better educators than they were thirty years ago, I vainly try to ascertain from the Reports, of what sort of men and women the odd twenty-three thousand hired teachers are composed. What proportion do they contain of trained teachers, and what proportion of soldiers whose sole education was got at a regimental school during their three years' service in the army? Nor do we find such

figures in the Procurator's rejoinder. All he says on this point is this:

"What Kropotkin says about the incapacity of the Village Clergy is certainly unjust. Perhaps in his time the ignorant schoolmasters of whom he speaks, often recruited from pensioned soldiers, were only too common. To-day we have a regular system of seminaries and training colleges for the education of schoolmasters and schoolmistresses."

Yes, we have a few, a very few, training colleges; but how many, or rather how few, trained teachers are employed in the Synod Schools we are not told, and the reader is left to wonder whether this proportion is not as small as the proportion of Russian villages which are separated from each other by distances of "from five to eight hundred versts."

In my opinion, the whole question of primary education in Russia is too important a subject to be treated in such an off-hand way. Leaving aside the laudable efforts which the Ministries of War, Agriculture, and Finance are making in this direction, we have in Russia three bodies which are directly responsible in matters of primary schools: the Ministry of Public Instruction, the Provincial and District Councils (the *Zemstvos*) and the Holy Synod. Now, for forty years, and especially since 1883, we have seen the most extraordinary spectacle of the two governmental bodies using all their power to prevent the Local Governments from doing their duty with regard to popular education, and then fighting among themselves for the money allowance for primary schools which is inscribed in the State budget, as well as for all the moneys which can be scraped together from the already over-taxed village communities and the *Zemstvos*—at the same time excluding the two latter from any control of the ways in which these moneys are spent. To achieve this end, a decisive blow was struck under Alexander III. at the local self-government institutions, so as to make of them mere tax-collectors who provide money for schools, but have no voice in their management. Consequently, I only express the opinion of every educated man in Russia when I say that it is high time that this state of affairs should come to an end.

The ideal of the Procurator is that of the Roman Church. What he seeks for in Russia—and successfully, in great measure—is to introduce the system which was instituted in France in 1849, and prevailed especially under Napoleon III., under which

primary education was entirely handed over to the clergy, and a "*lettre d'obédience*," delivered by the Bishop, was all the certificate one required to become a teacher. But Russians know how this system very nearly brought France to ruin, when she came into armed conflict with her better educated neighbor. Consequently, all educated Russia most anxiously desires now that a serious reform should be made in the whole system of primary education, and that the present system, which was introduced at a time when, to use the Procurator's own expression, "prohibition had gone mad," should come to an end. I will only add, as regards secondary and University education that all that I have said concerning it in this REVIEW, far from having been "biased" or exaggerated, has received most striking confirmation in Russia itself since last May. Committees are now at work, and the Universities are sending in elaborate reports, with a view to obtaining reforms in the very directions which were indicated in the May number of this REVIEW. And I will add that in this I have nothing to boast of, because I only summed up what Professors of the Universities and educators of all grades have been saying in Russia for years, without ever being listened to, until the last University riots ended in such a tragical way.

The second part of M. Pobiedonostseff's rejoinder deals with the responsibilities for the abominable measure that was taken against the students—a measure which has led to massacres at St. Petersburg and has done more to discredit the Government among all classes of society than all that the revolutionists have ever written. At the outset, as was only natural in a country placed under absolute rule, public opinion at St. Petersburg attributed a large share of responsibility for all this to the Emperor, and my article reflected that state of opinion. Now M. Pobiedonostseff tells us that I was wrong: that the absolute ruler of Russia "had no share" in this misdeed of his ministers, and I am really very glad to acknowledge it. I will even add on my own behalf that the information which I got from St. Petersburg, soon after my return from America, was to the same effect. But, the Emperor having no share of the blame for the Kieff affair, whose fault was it?

M. Pobiedonostseff writes:

"The decree concerning the military service of students guilty of creating an agitation against the university curriculum was published

independently of any initiative on the part of the Emperor. The ministers in a Cabinet meeting that had been called in consequence of these university disorders, deemed it necessary to have recourse to this punishment, and their resolution was submitted for the Emperor's approval. A regulation was published, according to which the application of the penalty in each case was made to depend on a special committee comprising the ministers whose departments were concerned, and the decisions of this committee were to be valid in law without needing an imperial sanction. The Kieff affair, therefore, was settled in this way, and the will of the Emperor had no share in it."

And the Procurator adds:

"It should be remembered that our Emperor never issues such orders on his personal responsibility. He contents himself with confirming the decisions of the various executive councils and the resolutions of his ministers in cases prescribed by law."

As for his own responsibility in the matter, M. Pobiedonostseff says:

"I was totally ignorant of this Kieff affair, which concerned two ministers only, Bogolèpoff, and the Minister for the Interior."

The Council of the Ministers, in which M. Pobiedonostseff has a seat in his capacity of Procurator of the Holy Synod—in a "Cabinet meeting," as he writes—had thus prepared a law which gave to two ministers the power of imposing military service as a punishment for acts of disobedience towards the University authorities, and themselves to appoint special committees, or rather Courts nominated *ad hoc*, for the purpose of applying that most extraordinary punishment just as they liked. This astounding law—which, as circumstances have now proved, was too bad even for Russian forbearance—was submitted to the Emperor, who gave it his approval and issued it in the form of a decree signed with his own hand. He did so, we are now told, confiding in his Cabinet, probably without realizing what power for mischief he was thus giving to Bogolèpoff and Sipyaghin, nor how they would misuse it; just as he never seems to have realized to what a violation of his own oath to Finland he was recently led by another of his ministers.

It thus appears that the ministers may take action which will incite disturbance all over Russia, leading to the effusion of blood and to general discontent, and that when you ask, Who is to blame for it all? there is nobody to take upon himself the responsibility.

The Emperor is out of the question, we are told; he must trust somebody, and he trusts his Cabinet. One member of his Cabinet now repudiates publicly all responsibility for the consequences of this particular decree. The other members of the Cabinet will probably say that they are not responsible either, because it was the Emperor who signed the decree, while he might have refused to sign it if it were contrary to his views. The Ministers of Education and of the Interior have only used the powers which the Cabinet gave to them; and the committees they have nominated to act as judges, in sending 183 students to the army, have only done what they were authorized to do by their superiors. Every one was right, and there is nobody to blame!

There is one point which the Procurator seems to have overlooked. He has developed in this REVIEW the theory of a Constitutional Monarchy in Russia. The Emperor, he writes, only confirms the decisions of his Cabinet, and consequently is not responsible for their mistakes. This is certainly a quite new construction of the relations which prevail in Russia between the three law-making authorities of the Empire: the Council of the State, the Committee of the Ministers, and the Emperor. It only confirms the idea which I have expressed in these pages—namely, that the conception of a responsible ministry is rapidly growing up in Russia. Very well, let it be so. Nobody in Russia, I am sure, will object if the Emperor prefers to be treated as an irresponsible constitutional sovereign. Only the institutions of the country will have to be altered to suit this new condition. So long as the choice of the ministers depends entirely upon the good pleasure of the ruler, and so long as the country has no means whatever of controlling the action of the ministers, the sovereign will always be considered responsible for their misdeeds, even though he may personally disapprove them; and M. Pobiedonosteff will agree with me that his way of disentangling the responsibilities is, to say the least, not practical at all.

Perhaps, he will also agree—and if he does not, all Russia is now telling it loudly enough—that there is something extremely abnormal in the conditions which he is so anxious to maintain. The Cabinet, trampling under its feet a fundamental law of the Empire, and giving to two ministers such formidable and uncontrolled powers, has made a grave blunder. But for repairing this blunder, and for securing the abrogation of this law (virtually, it

has been abrogated), no other means were available but a general revolt in all the universities, street demonstrations which have led to the killing of a number of students in St. Petersburg, the shooting by court martial of two students in the army, the killing of a minister, and the exile of nobody knows how many students and of aged, generally respected persons, who were only guilty of sympathy with the victims of the irresponsible Cabinet. Russia does not want more of that.

If I speak of the coming Constitution, it is not because I see in it a panacea. My personal ideals go far beyond that. But, whether we like it or not, it is coming. The colossal blunders of the ministers, and their increasingly frequent assumption of the right, under the shelter of the Emperor's signature, of modifying by mere decrees the fundamental laws of the Empire, render it unavoidable.

P. KROPOTKIN.

THE NORTHERN SECURITIES COMPANY AND THE SHERMAN ANTI-TRUST LAW.

BY ROBERT L. CUTTING.

THE Northern Securities Company is a New Jersey corporation formed by the stockholders of the Great Northern and Northern Pacific railroads exchanging their certificates of stock for those of the former company, the Northern Securities Company thus becoming the sole, or, at any rate, the majority, stockholder in the two railroads. The action of the stockholders of these corporations has been called, and is in effect, a merger of the two railroads; for while each of the corporations nominally retains its individuality and independence, both are controlled by the holding company, so that virtually they have been consolidated.

The Northern Pacific and Great Northern are parallel roads, running through some six or seven Northwestern States from Minnesota to the Pacific coast. Now, it has been the policy of Minnesota, and of most of these States, to forbid the consolidation of parallel and competing roads, whether by actual merger, or by the lease or purchase of one by the other, and statutes of the utmost stringency have been enacted by them to that effect. It is, too, a matter of general law and public policy throughout the United States and England to regard as pernicious all combinations in restraint of trade or commerce, or that tend to create monopoly.

On behalf of the merger, it is contended that it is nothing but an arrangement among the stockholders of these companies to place their shares in the hands of a holding corporation, so as to attain greater stability in the management and control of the respective properties, and that, far from injuring the people of these States, this will, if anything, inure to their benefit, in that,

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VERESTCHAGIN'S "BATTLE OF SAN JUAN."

(The painting recently completed by the celebrated Russian painter Verestchagin, and put on view in New York for the first time in the latter part of November. The painting was done with the aid of President Roosevelt's criticism and information. It is regarded as one of the most important works of the famous painter.)

that he fails to take into consideration the rights of the Koreans, or that he saves up everything with the purpose of returning eventually to Japan. The merchant or contractor employs Koreans in considerable numbers, pays them higher wages than they were getting before, and teaches them new ideas of economy and industry. The coolie, who may have been an ordinary laborer in Japan, soon finds an opportunity of branching out, and buys a bit of land or rents a small shop. The Korean coolie sees this change and progress, and aspires to follow in the steps of the Japanese immigrant.

If ever one nation made a peaceful conquest of another along legitimate lines of settlement and material development, it would seem as if Japan were accomplishing this result in Korea. In the literal meaning of schoolmaster we find Japan exercising her capacity within the borders of her neighbor. Wherever there are Japanese settlements in Korean towns, or new villages are located, a schoolhouse is immediately built to which all the Japanese children are required to go and receive systematic instruction from a Japanese teacher. There were practically no schools in Korea, except those of the foreign missionaries, until the Japanese opened their own. In Chemulpo and Seoul I heard the same buzz in passing the modest little schoolhouses that is heard all over Japan and is so characteristic of her inland towns.

RELATIONS WITH SIAM.

A few years ago there was no Japanese legation in Siam. Now there is one established in Bangkok, its capital, and the Japanese minister is the dean of the diplomatic corps. Siam has reciprocated and installed a minister in Tokyo. Soon after the opening of the Japanese legation in Bangkok, Japanese army and navy officers, merchants, and travelers, began to visit this wonderful little kingdom of southern Asia. Presently a Japanese photographer, who is usually the pioneer of Japanese exploitation, started a modest studio. He was followed by barbers and small tradesmen. Now larger agencies and interests are opening branches there. Siam is studying Japan in order that she may imitate her more powerful ally in the north. Young Siamese are being sent to Tokyo to be educated in the military, naval, and general colleges. The Siamese Government is employing Japanese scholars and authorities as advisers and assistants in the various departments of her state administration, and they are teaching the Siamese by actual contact with the Siamese what Asiatics can do for themselves when they make a serious effort.

It has been announced in recent dispatches that Siam is trying to avail herself of such protection and help as might come under the new Anglo-Japanese treaty. This is natural, and not inconsistent with Siam's political status and environment. British territory forms the western boundary of Siam and British trade is 60 per cent. of her foreign commerce. At the same time Japan is anxious to build up her own trade there, for there is an excellent market for many of her products; and she is jointly desirous with Great Britain of maintaining the independence of Siam. On the other hand, it is contended by the Siamese, that the French, whose territory of Indo-China makes her eastern boundary, are endeavoring to assimilate part of the Siamese domain and generally to cripple her independence and development. France denies this accusation, and claims that she is well within her rights; but the situation is certainly a delicate one, and the world may yet see an application of the meaning of the new Anglo-Japanese treaty in Siam before it does in Korea or elsewhere. Judging from my own observations, made while I had the honor of serving as United States minister to Siam, King Chulalongkorn of that progressive nation could do far worse than promote friendly and intimate relations with the Emperor of powerful Japan.

THE JAPANESE MERCHANT MARINE.

A description of Japan's new position in the Pacific and far East would not be complete without a reference to the wonderful increase of her merchant marine. When I first traveled up and down the Asiatic coast in 1894, the Japanese flag was seldom seen outside of Japanese ports, and even there it was often in the minority. In less than ten years her ships have begun to sail on every Asiatic sea and navigate every Asiatic river of consequence. Not only in Japanese waters, but in the Gulf of Pechili, in the north and south China seas, up the great Yang-tse River system, and on the ocean routes to America, Europe and Australia, are to be seen in increasing numbers her passenger and freight carriers. Here again she is playing the rôle of the schoolmaster of Asia, and teaching China and other Asiatic countries that they can successfully do for themselves what was formerly done exclusively by Europe and America. In view of the fact that there never was a time in the history of our relations with Japan when her government and people were more fraternally disposed to America and Americans than now, American sentiment can reciprocate in no better way than by congratulating her upon the success of her new rôle.

an educational Monroe Doctrine ; she is demonstrating the principle that there is nothing like Asia for Asiatics ; she is not in any way crying hands off to other nations ; but she is proving by peaceful effort that she can accomplish more than if she undertook to do the same thing with a vast armed force. If we note specifically how Japanese influence is exerting itself quietly throughout the countries of Asia, we can more readily appreciate the significance of the schoolmaster position. Especially is this true if we treat this educational process as not referring merely to schools and books, but to commercial exploitation, assistance in governmental administration, organization of armies, and general adaptability of services where they can be of direct advantage both to Japan and to the country served. A secret of Japan's success along these lines is this : Europeans want to do everything for Asiatics in the sense of monopolizing the doing ; the Japanese wish to teach the Asiatics to do for themselves as they are doing for themselves. In China it has been found that a Japanese army officer, or instructor along any line, will accomplish more with greater interest on the part of the student in a given time than any other foreigner. Japanese merchants, principally on a small scale, are locating themselves in all parts of the interior of China where no European merchant has ever thought of going.

In Manchuria, where Russia is supposed to have supreme control, the Japanese tradesmen outnumber the Russians fifty to five. If one journeys over the Russian railways, from Port Arthur and Dalny north to Harbin, and then across to Vladivostok, he sees almost as many unofficial Japanese traveling as Russians. Recently, in going from Port Arthur to the new Russian port of Dalny, I counted ten Japanese and two Russians in the first-class car, and was informed that this was not an exceptional ratio. As we stopped at different stations and walked up and down the platform, well dressed Japanese strolled about with as much nonchalance as at stations along the Tokaido from Yokohama to Kyoto. Some British friends who were my companions—including Dr. Morrison, the celebrated Peking correspondent of the *London Times*, and Charles Kinder, the Director of the Peking-Shannaiwan Railway,—said that they believed that many of these Japanese gentlemen were army and navy officers in disguise studying the country for their government's intelligence office. Of this I have no positive knowledge, but the judgment of my two friends is considered good in these parts. We observed, also, many Japanese photographers, who were taking pictures of everything in sight. They were open and

polite about it, however, and were certainly well treated by the Russians. If Russia has any ill feeling toward Japan, or the latter toward the former, it is not manifested by the way the Russians and Japanese mingle in Manchuria and Siberia.

There is much talk throughout the far East concerning possible war between Japan and Russia, but I saw no signs of actual conflict. Such a struggle would be a great strain on both nations, and it is to be hoped that it will never come. As one learns to respect the Japanese more than ever by actual contact with the work they are doing at home and abroad, so is the regard for what the Russians are accomplishing for the material progress of eastern Siberia strengthened by an inspection of the vast improvements they are making and undertaking. For instance : As the railway the Japanese are constructing from Seoul to Fusan through the heart of Korea will be of signal advantage to the commercial exploitation of that land, so the system of railways that Russia is laying down over Manchuria and Siberia will make that section accessible to the world and a market for foreign products.

JAPAN'S WORK IN KOREA.

Reverting to the rôle of the schoolmaster in its comprehensive sense, Japan is bending every energy in a quiet way to bring out the best there is in Korea. She has agencies at work that no other country can employ. These are her own emigrants to Korea. Japanese settlements are springing up from the Manchurian border to the southern cape. These villages and the Japanese sections of the Korean cities are always well governed, and the people seem prosperous and contented. They are not ground down by the squeeze of Korean officialdom that takes the life out of the average Korean, and the example of their welfare and good government is unmistakably teaching the Korean people and convincing the Korean officials that a new order of things must be presently inaugurated, either alone or with Japanese coöperation, if Korea would maintain her independence and lasting welfare. It is not within the province of this discussion to consider Japanese political intentions in Korea, but it can be safely stated that Japanese material exploitation has so far been to Korea's commercial advantage. The conformation of the land, the products of the soil, the mineral resources, and the climatic conditions are not unlike those of Japan ; so that the Japanese merchant or coolie quickly finds himself at home, and proceeds to make the most of the situation. He is not so selfish, however,

NEW JAPAN: THE SCHOOLMASTER OF ASIA.

BY JOHN BARRETT.

[Mr. Barrett, who is well known to all American readers as a leading authority upon the politics and trade of the far East, and who represented us for some years very ably as minister to Siam, is now revisiting Japan, China, Siam, India, Australia, and other parts of the East as a commissioner-general on behalf of the great World's Fair to be held at St. Louis, and the present article represents some phases of the larger Eastern situation as he now finds it.—THE EDITOR.]

JAPAN has astonished the world by her marvelous strides to an acknowledged position among the first powers of the earth. Her development during the last half century is, in some respects, more remarkable than that of the United States. Fifty years ago, when Commodore Perry rapped somewhat roughly at her gates, she was, in material progress, governmental administration, and educational development, little beyond where she stood a thousand years before. Now her snug little realm is traversed with railways and spotted with manifold industries, her political system compares favorably with the monarchies of Europe, and her colleges and schools are graduating hosts of young men fitted for every position of responsibility. Her foreign commerce has expanded in thirty years from \$30,000,000 to \$300,000,000 per annum. This is an increase of 1,000 per cent. per annum, a record unrivaled by any other country in the same time or under similar conditions. Starting with no merchant marine, she now has her cargo and passenger steamers running to all parts of the globe in successful competition with the fleets of the older and richer nations. With no modern war vessels twenty years ago, she now has a navy ranking next to our own in effectiveness. With an army a few decades past that was barbaric in equipment, she possesses to-day a trained armed force that, in comparison to her area and population, is second to none.

THE NATURE OF JAPAN'S LEADERSHIP IN THE FAR EAST.

Although she entered upon ambitious responsibilities when she engaged in war with China and threw off the swaddling clothes of youth when she negotiated her new treaties for the abolition of extraterritoriality, she is now preparing to play a part in Asia more ambitious and more pregnant with responsibilities than any she has yet undertaken. Her new rôle may be described as that of the schoolmaster of Asia. In other words, recent events would indicate that Japan will be the chief influence to modernize China, to awaken Korea, to help Siam, and even,

incongruous though it seems, to coöperate with Russia in making Eastern Siberia habitable and prosperous. The Japanese army officer, lawgiver, merchant, and general utility man seems to possess more all-round capabilities for bringing out what is best in his fellow Asiatic than any other national. The average Japanese understands thoroughly and completely the average Chinese, Korean, Siamese, and miscellaneous Asiatic, where the European and American labors in mystery and ignorance. This is natural. The Japanese people are akin to other Asiatics. They are probably of Malay origin and so have racial sympathies with the southern Asiatics. Their written language is the same as that of China and Korea in its higher forms, and hence they have in this a bond of closer union than any possessed by the Caucasian races. They understand the Asiatic point of view, and this is a matter of cardinal importance. They look at Europeans and Americans largely through the same glasses as gaze upon the rest of the Asiatic peoples. They are not compelled to reverse their methods of reasoning to appreciate how the Chinese, Koreans and Siamese reach a conclusion. They can teach and lead with a directness and efficiency that is lacking among Europeans. In bringing out these comparisons, I do not mean that the Japanese have not their weaknesses and shortcomings, or that in the comprehensive economy of the world they are in any way superior to the progressive races of Europe and America. They are simply better suited to deal with their own kind, and they have added to that quality immeasurable strength by studying, adopting, and mastering, to a commendable degree, the influences that have done so much to build up the nations and peoples of America and Europe. This argument is not a eulogy of Japan; it is a frank description of what she is preparing to do at this hour. In playing the part of the schoolmaster of Asia she certainly will have the good will of America.

HER EDUCATIONAL FUNCTIONS.

By way of comparison, it might be said that Japan is establishing throughout eastern Asia

carefully thought out and worked out on practical and scientific principles. It is the inevitable result of research, of intelligent conception, tireless energy and the enthusiastic coöperation of 300 clever men who have been assembled at the Sault to assist in carrying forward to success one of the grandest industrial schemes that has ever been undertaken on this continent.

The interests and industries here are so varied, so well planned,—each working to help the other (the bark of the spruce pole bleaches the pulp),—that, if one should fail utterly, the rest would go on. A dozen Banks of Montreal might be forced to close their doors and abandon a dozen towns in Canada, but it would not be felt at the head office; business would continue at the old stand. And if steel and nickel and iron, and all the hard things that are made here, should fail of a market, they would still have this 150,000 square miles of wilderness to harvest and work up. More than this: Away to the north, past the highlands that rim the lake region, this Hudson Bay road will tap a great swale that will some day yield wheat, as the Red River valley does: only it will all be "No. 1 hard."

One stream they cross on a bridge 135 feet high; but, just below the bridge, the river takes a sheer drop of 170 feet; so that it will be 305 feet from the rail to the river.

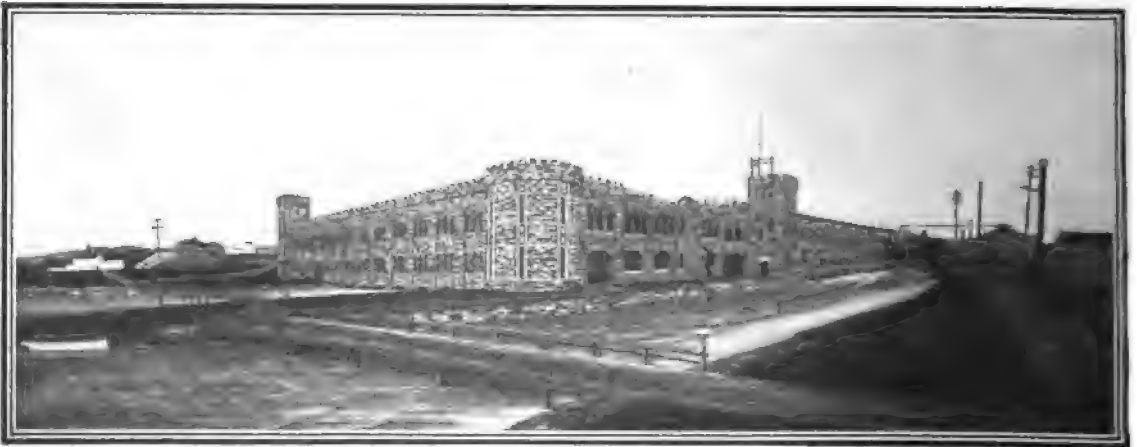
Beyond these rocks and rills,—the haunt of the deer, the moose and the caribou,—the line will drop gradually to the lower warmer lands, and then on through—they are not quite sure what—to Hudson Bay.

On the Michigan side, the same company that has accomplished so much on the edge of the Canadian wilderness has scooped out a power canal beside which the drain that connects the Mediterranean and the Red seas would look like

an irrigating ditch. It is 30 feet deep, 200 feet wide, and two miles long. Near the mouth it flares, fan-shaped, pouring its waters in under the mammoth power house that is just a little over a quarter of a mile long.

From a wide fore-bay,—flowing at the rate of 108,000,000 cubic feet an hour,—this vast flood will sweep through the greatest power house on earth, and turn the turbines; of these there are 320, each having the power of 125 horses. This job has already cost in the neighborhood of \$4,000,000, and they have not yet begun building the mill, which, like all their other plants, will be the biggest and best in the world. It may be said, despite the fact that millions have been spent on the Michigan side, that work is only begun.

On the Canadian side, however, they are getting down to steady work. Street cars are stopping at the corner of the grounds, picking up the tired employees and carrying them home in the twilight. There is an electric automobile at the door of the general office building, and a yacht in the harbor. A magnificent house is being built on the highlands overlooking the Sault; and here,—with his parents, his brother who has worked with him, and his sisters,—the young man who has been the ruling genius in all this great industrial development will make his home. From his wide veranda he can watch by day the dark clouds floating from the mills; and by night the glare of the blast furnaces will remind him of the Fourth-of-July of his boyhood home in Bangor, Maine. And at evening,—when the wind holds steady from the south,—he can hear the roar of furnaces, the singing of the circular saw, the hum of wheels, and the glad cry of the iron horse coming out of the forest; and this is the grand new song of the Sault.



WOOD-PULP MILLS ON THE CANADIAN SAULT.

"The Descent from the Cross," the original of which is in Antwerp Cathedral. "The Sundial on the Cathedral at Chartres" is from *Sun Dials and Roses of Yesterday*, by Alice Morse Earle, published by the Macmillan Company. Other illustrations on the same page are Duse as Francesca da Rimini, from Ashton Rollins Willard's *The Land of the Latins* (Longmans, Green and Company); "The Sun Worshippers," by Homer D. Martin, from *Masters of American Painting*, by Charles E. Coffin (Doubleday, Page and Company); and "A Native Church in Uganda," from Sir Harry Johnson's *The Uganda Protectorate*, which has been causing such a stir in England. The last-named book bears the imprint of Dodd, Mead and Company.

William Dana Orcutt has written a charming book about *The Princess Kalisto*. The volume contains also some other tales of the fairies, and is illustrated by Harriette Amsden and published by Little, Brown and Company. *The Story of Du Barry*, which the F. A. Stokes Company publish, is from the pen of the irrepressible and always entertaining James L. Ford. The veteran of Mexico, Carl Lumholz, is the author of *Unknown Mexico*, which Charles Scribner's Sons present in an unusually attractive form. Two of the handsomest books which G. P. Putnam's Sons publish are Tennyson's *Idylls of the King* and *William Morris, Poet, Craftsman, Socialist*, by Elizabeth Luther Cary. The illustrations of the former are from designs drawn originally by Gustave Doré. The one which we present conveys the meaning of the lines:

He saw two cities in a thousand boats,
All fighting for a woman of the sea.

The tragic death of Paul Leicester Ford last May lends a peculiar and pathetic interest to the posthumous novel *Wanted: A Chaperon*. The illustrations are in Howard Chandler Christy's

usual style, and the publishers are Dodd, Mead and Company. The author of *Indian Boyhood* is Charles A. Eastman, and the artist E. L. Blumenschein. It comes from the press of McClure, Phillips and Company. Leigh Hunt's *The Old Court Suburb. Memorials of Kensington, Regal, Critical and Anecdotal*, is published by Lippincott. The introduction is by Austin Dobson, and the announcement reads that the book is "newly embellished by Herbert Railton, Claude Shepperdon and E. J. Sullivan." Gardner F. Williams, the author of *The Diamond Mines of South Africa*, which the Macmillan Company publishes, is the General Manager of the DeBeers Consolidated Mines. The picture of the entrance to the Astor Library is from Margherita Arlina Hamm's *Famous Families of New York*, published by Putnam.

The illustration "Sunday Morning with Bach" is from Nathan Haskell Dole's *Famous Composers*, which the T. Y. Crowell Company publish. The original painting is by T. E. Rosenthal. The Abbey drawings which have been appearing serially in *Harper's Magazine* are now issued in book form. The one reproduced illustrates the line from Goldsmith,

Hung round the bowers and fondly looked
their last.

"In the Bamboo Groves" is from *Japanese Girls and Women*, by Alice M. Brown. It is published by the Houghton, Mifflin Company. Number four on the page in question is from a painting by Pinturicchio, about whose work there has come a book from the Lippincott Company. The last picture is Turner's famous "Fighting Téméraire," from *Old English Masters*, published by the Century Company. The engravings for the book are by Timothy Cole, and the historical notes by John C. Van Dyke. Ruskin thought "The Fighting Téméraire" Turner's last effort of perfect power.

D. R. Gaunt.

THE MANTLE OF TOLSTOY

The reading public does not content itself with selecting its several favourites among the representatives of literature.

It does not rest satisfied until it has chosen some one novelist or poet upon whom to confer the rank of the greatest



POTAPENKO.



GORKI.



CHEKHOFF.



KOROLENKO.

living writer. It is as though each country had a literary throne which could be occupied by only one man in a generation, and which the reading public could not bear to see vacant for any length of time. Critics may agree upon two or three contemporary story-tellers as coördinately the foremost masters of their art, each taking precedence in some special field or quality; the public, however, seems to be loath to be dominated by any such oligarchy. While writers are fond of referring to the world of letters as a commonwealth or republic, their readers, much like the Jews of the time of Saul, hate to be left without a king. And if this is apparently the case with Anglo-Saxons, is there anything astonishing in the fact that in a country like Russia the highly centralised political *régime* under which the people live should find its reflection in the domain of art?

During the sixties and seventies of the last century it was Ivan Turgénéff who filled the office of the greatest Russian novelist. Although the chief works by which Tolstoy is best known to the civilised world were published during the same period, it was not until the death of the author of *Rudin* that "the sage of Yasnaya Poliana" came to be rated not only as the leading novelist of his own time, but as the most important writer in the entire range of Russian fiction. And now that Count Tolstoy is an aged and sick man, the question is often asked, Who of the younger representatives of Russian literature is to be regarded as heir-apparent to the throne which he has filled so grandly during the last two decades?

The question is one not easily answered, and the facts with which it is connected disclose a situation unparalleled in the history of Russian literature since the days of Gogol and Pushkin.

Maxim Gorki occupies a position analogous to the one enjoyed by Kipling in English-speaking countries. Every new story from his pen is hailed as an event of prime importance, and his appearance in public is greeted with the most exuberant ovations. This noisy success of his would certainly seem to point him out as the unanimous popular choice for the place of the supreme story-teller of the present generation. Certain elements in

the character of his work, however, when viewed in the light of deep-rooted Russian conditions and tastes, prevent one from taking his clamorous vogue seriously. One well-known critic speaks of him as a writer who was "quick to reach the pinnacle of his reputation, but who has already set out on his downward journey"; another writer describes Gorki's stories as the over-seasoned, but ephemeral dish served to a dyspeptic public"; while almost all of his most enthusiastic admirers among book reviewers of note concede certain faults in his art which in a country like Russia must be regarded as fatal to lasting preëminence.

That Gorki is gifted with an active imagination, and that his stories possess originality and unusual vigour, no one disputes. These virtues alone are not enough, however, to make literature of the kind which the educated Russian has been accustomed to exact from his leading writers. It should be borne in mind that popular recognition in the country under consideration is not synonymous with a large circulation among the typical novel-devouring part of the population. To be sure, Russia has her George Ohnets and Marion Crawford, whose stories keep the wife of many a provincial officeholder awake nights; but even this class of readers know that the novels in which they are absorbed are not considered literature, while those who follow the book reviews in the magazines or newspapers scarcely ever come across the names of these authors at all. As to that peculiar species of dime novel which is well written and well printed and sells for \$1.50, it never sails under false colours. It is frankly a "dime novel," and one would no more think of calling it literature than one would a popular soda cracker that sold at the rate of so many hundred thousands a day.

Now Gorki's stories are certainly literature, but his talent is not made of the stuff that characterises the genius of men like Tolstoy, Turgénéff, Dostoyevsky, Goncharoff or Pisemsky. Gorki is a child of the slums, and of these slums he writes in a novel and forcible way. He is a clever story-teller, and running through all his tales is a clear-cut message, a well-defined central idea, that has never been promulgated through the medium of Russian fiction before. Such

a writer, amid the conditions which surround Gorki and his constituency, could not fail to seize the public eye.

The prevailing order of things, added to the psychological peculiarities of the Slavic reader, have worked out literary ideals which in the United States or England would scarcely meet with acceptance at the hands of an appreciable minority. The cultured Russian yearns for political freedom. Living as he does the life of the enlightened Frenchman or Englishman, he naturally misses those liberties the enjoyment of which has so long since come to be looked upon as part and parcel of civilisation. The university-bred subject of the Czar casts upon the parliaments of Western Europe furtive glances full of envy. By rendering politics forbidden fruit his government makes it the dream and passion of nearly every one who can read and think. Words like "party," "political programme," "constitution," or "free speech" are invested with a charm which the Anglo-Saxon of modern times could scarcely realise. In other words, the Russian reader of good literature considers himself a member of a downtrodden, languishing nation. As a consequence, every victim of oppression or poverty—of misery in any form—appeals to him as a fellow sufferer. On the other hand, a senseless censor system lends to every book championing the cause of "the degraded and the insulted," the relish of forbidden fruit. To elude the vigilance of the censor, therefore; to make literary images say things which in the form of an essay or editorial would be likely to bring publisher and writer under the ban, is the kind of art which is sure to attract attention in the land of the Czars.

The upshot has been an ironclad æsthetic theory, under which the talented artist who does not lay bare some form of human misery is looked upon as something like a public officer who neglects his duty. A tax-gatherer seizing the famished cow of a famished peasant family is the sort of pastoral that makes the surest appeal to the imagination of the educated Russian reader.

The salient feature of the best Russian literature, the one directly traceable to the movement which resulted in the abolition of serfdom, is the sympathetic attention paid to the tillers of the soil and

the poor, ignorant, weak and defenceless common people generally. "The idealisation of the peasant" is one of the staple phrases in essays and editorials of that period.

The novelist, then, is expected to have something to say, and his theme must have some social iniquity to accentuate, or at least be taken from the life of the disinherited and of the "poor in spirit." Now the peculiarity of Gorki's position in the literature of his country lies in this, that while his art has a moral lesson to inculcate and seeks its images in the lower strata of society, preferably among those who have altogether been dislodged from the regular current of life, his message is a persistent panegyric of strength and backbone, of the master-spirits of the human race, not of its victims, nor of those who are poor in spirit. He advocates the basic ideas of Nietzsche through the medium of "overmen" in the form of drunken peasants or social waifs.

"A fellow must be sized up, to begin with," says the hero's father in his *Foma Gordéyeff*, "you must find out the kind of stuff he is made of, find out whether there is anything in him. If he is a smart chap with some backbone to him and a mind for business, then you might as well give him a lift. But if you run up against a weak-kneed fellow without a bit of ambition, and that sort of thing, then spit at him and pass on. This is what I want you to bear in mind: When a fellow is always complaining and sighing and wailing, he is not worth a rap, is not worth your pity. Help only those who won't back down even when they are in trouble. Suppose a rotten plank and a sound one dropped into the mud. What would you do? Why, of what earthly use is a decayed piece of wood? So you had better let it stay where it is, down in the mud, so that people may tread upon it and keep the dirt off their shoes. As to the sound plank, pick it up, put in the sunlight, let it dry up, for, indeed, it may be of some use, if not to yourself, to somebody else."

Such is the ethical doctrine which Gorki preaches in almost every one of his numerous stories and sketches, in season and out of season. It is quite a novel doctrine in Russian literature. As a *leit-motif* it has never been utilised in Russian fiction before; but if it is only

too natural that this motive, coupled with Gorki's resourcefulness and vigour, should have brought him into instant vogue, it is equally inevitable that a philosophy of this sort, as a basis of a literary message, shall sooner or later pall upon the Russian reader and gradually arouse opposition.

The average Russian bookman looks upon his government as the embodiment of undue strength and upon himself as an underdog, as one of the weak. The theory of the survival of the fittest applied to human beings in the crude, brutal form in which Gorki applies it through his Napoleons of the gutter is scarcely calculated to meet with lasting favour among a people who are always "complaining and sighing and wailing," always complaining of their own "Hamletism" (as Turgéneff calls it) and of being ruled by a bureaucracy of misfits. The typical Russian does not regard those who whine and have no turn for business as so many decayed planks for the stronger citizen to trample under foot. He pities these weaklings, and, indeed, himself for victims of an effeminating, enervating social system. It is to depict this very shiftlessness that Turgéneff wrote his *Rudin*, that "epic of Russian phrasemongery." But, then, *Rudin* is instinct with human pity, and this all-forgiving pity is what makes it one of the most characteristically Russian novels ever written. The modern Hamlet, the man of great words and small deeds, is quite a common type in Russian literature, and in every case he has been treated with the same human sympathy and philosophical leniency as that which pervades Turgéneff's masterpiece, and which is in keeping with the popular character. It is a noteworthy fact that Russia sees a greater relative number of acquittals in criminal cases than any other civilised country in the world. Tolstoy portrays this inclination of the common people in his *Resurrection*, where the tradesman in the jury box readily votes in favour of the defendant. Not that he thinks Maslova innocent of the charge, but because "Who is free from wrong-doing?" Indeed, so characteristic is this tendency in the average Russian that it has been accentuated as the keynote to the whole psychology of this curious people in whom the

world is so keenly interested these days, but whom it seems at a loss to make out.

Rudin, then, is a distinctly Russian novel, and if it is, Gorki's stories are decidedly un-Russian, all his "atmosphere" and the vividness of his characters notwithstanding.

A still graver drawback is Gorki's lack of artistic sincerity. The point is that with all his undeniable skill as a character painter, his tales do not ring true. They are not marked by that freedom from consciousness which another trait of the national character, as well as the best traditions of the country's literature, make a necessary condition to enduring fame. The average Russian has been correctly described by foreign observers as a naïve, unsophisticated creature with a profound sense of human motive; as one in whom the simple-minded sincerity of the child is combined with the intuitive human wisdom of the prophet. Born to be sad, mere cleverness for its own sake would be lost upon him, and a work of art, which is straining for effect, be it ever so lofty or subtle, is sure to weary him. This is as true of music and painting as it is of literature. The overwhelming seriousness and melancholy of Tolstoy is paralleled in the canvases of Verestchagin and in the symphonies of Tchaikovsky. When we pass to Gorki, in the same connection, we find once more that, although a child of the very heart of his people, he is essentially the least Russian of all writers of note in the history of the modern Russian novel.

Scarcely an image in all his works but is marred by artifice, by an effect of cunning and of premeditation. His illiterate, semi-savage, yet strangely intellectual and heroic tramps are quite an up-to-date set of philosophers of the decadent school; and, while they may be found interesting one cannot resist a feeling that the ideas they embody are not theirs, but have been crammed into their heads in order that their author may parade his own paradoxes. Try as Gorki will to translate the piquant views which he professes into the logic and speech of peasant or vagabond, his characters and the high sentiments they are made to utter will blend no more than the sandwich man will blend with the signboards he is made to carry around.

With all his apparent earnestness, Gorki is a good deal of a sensationalist. He is not interested in life in the way which is characteristic of a Tolstoy or a Turgéneff. He does not listen to its undertones with the rapt attention of the man with whom artistic study is its own reward; he is not searching for the fundamental meaning of things, for the hidden importance of seeming trifles. What he really does is to hunt for effects of the kind which are apt to catch the eye of the cultured, and these he finds by the score.

The greatest truly Russian writer among the younger story-tellers of to-day is Anton Chekhoff, the man to whom Gorki dedicates *Foma Gordéyeff*, his most ambitious novel. Judged from a purely artistic point of view, Chekhoff is the Tolstoy of the Russian short story. Of all the other representatives of the recent fiction of his country (leaving out the author of *Anna Karénina* as belonging to a former generation) he alone has the art of making his characters and their surroundings strikingly, irresistibly real. His unfailing grasp of the evanescent detail of life and his incisive sense of motive, added to the tremendous earnestness and maturity of his humour, compel the admiration even of those critics who impeach him for what they call his lack of any definite moral purpose. Having no "unifying idea" to convey, but painting life's bitter comedies and tragedies wherever he finds them, his triumph is of a purely literary character, without any admixture of that educational element which in a country like Russia takes the place of politics.

Keen as the general appreciation of Gorki's talents is, the most enthusiastic praise of his stories is not altogether free from a certain patronising note. His most ardent friends among critics do not seem to applaud him except with a condescending smile on their lips; and, upon the whole, one seems to admire him as a writer who is not to be taken seriously, but whose work is entitled to special recognition because he is an under-educated, crude son of the masses.

To be more explicit, the hysterical popularity of the "peasant-litterateur" is the outcome of that peasant-worship which has grown out of the humanitarian movements of his country. It is true

that the agricultural population has since been supplanted in the sympathies of Young Russia by the factory proletariat of the cities; but then, this proletariat is largely made up of former peasants, and besides, Gorki's parents stand in closer relationship toward this element of the population than they do toward the peasantry. The element in question, the wage-workers, have especially endeared themselves to the hearts of the magazine-reading public by their participation in the political demonstrations of the university students, by having become the mainstay and the chief hope of the radical movement; and Gorki, who belongs to them by birth and early breeding, is known, in addition, as an outspoken radical and reformer. In other words, his overwhelming vogue is largely due to the fact that he is of the common people, and to the open secret that he is a bitter enemy of the present régime.

The case is altogether different with Chekhoff. He is neither a revolutionist nor any other sort of "ist"; as to his antecedents, he is a nobleman by birth and education. He owes his success to his talent and to nothing else, and his stories are received with that mixed feeling of admiration and reverence which is the share of the truly great. Nor is his success restricted to a comparatively small number of devotees, as is the case with a writer like George Meredith. His several volumes have had enormous sales, and library statistics show them to be among the most popular books in almost every section of the empire.

Chekhoff began his literary career as a writer of *feuilletons* for newspapers. These were, for the most part, burlesque sketches, full of the irrelevancies of life, but displaying a depth of insight into reality which attracted immediate attention. There was an echo of sadness to his fun, and an intensity of human interest of the kind which leaves the reader's consciousness divided between a hearty laugh and a subtle sense of pity. He gradually lapsed into more serious moods and began to write longer stories, every one of which has been hailed unanimously as art of the highest order and at the same time condemned as barren of any "social idea." He has been known to fame some twelve years, yet he has never felt tempted to leave the short story

tor the full-fledged novel. He is particularly interested in the Russian capacity for being bored and melancholy, a propensity which seems to be growing on him as the years pass.

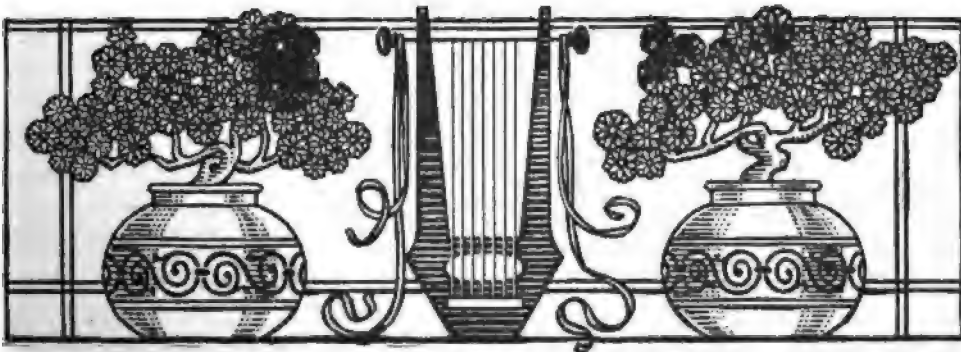
Mikhailovski, the leading Russian critic of to-day, omits no opportunity to assail Chekhov's lack of any moral message, but even he does not dispute his genius as a portrayer of the kaleidoscopic, capricious trifles in our everyday experience. Nor does he deny his supreme position as a knower of men. He simply begrudges him his talent as something "worthy of a better cause"; as a great literary gift in the possession of a man who fails to put it to the use which the æsthetic theory of his country proclaims the only justifiable goal of artistic effort.

This violation of the traditional maxim which condemns art for art's sake, and perhaps also his being confined to the short story, may stand between Chekhov and the mantle of Tolstoy.

Vladimir Korolenko, known to Anglo-Saxon readers as the author of *The Blind Musician*, is an artist of high merit. For several years he held the palm of precedence uncontested. He is still a great favourite by virtue of his charming personality and the ardent human sympathy which animates his stories, as well as on account of the years of suffering he passed in exile. His style has been likened to Turgéneff's and the high artistic finish of his tales once gave him the foremost place among the younger generation of writers. If one had asked ten years ago upon whom the mantle of Tolstoy was destined to fall, Korolenko would have been named as a matter of

course. Since then he has been gradually eclipsed by Chekhov. He may safely be called the best living writer of fiction after Chekhov, although the sensational vogue of Maxim Gorki has had the temporary effect of diverting some attention from both.

Russia has quite an array of other young writers of recognised force, all of them realists in the inoffensive Russian sense of the term. Of these Veresayeff, whose *Memories of a Physician* is "all the rage" just now, and Andréyeff, who was "discovered" only about a year ago, are still mere apprentices in the art of story-telling. The critics are forever bewailing the absence of talents like those of the middle part of the last century. This decline in the quality of the literary output is often ascribed to a lack of anything like the moral ideals which vitalised Russian letters about the time of the emancipation of the serfs. But then Russia is living a rather rapid life these days. The completion of the great Siberian railway and the general stimulus given to Russian industries, on the one hand, and the frequency and boldness of political demonstrations in which college students make common cause with the masses, on the other—all this is looked upon as something pointing in the direction of a new moral uplifting. And if the crusade against serfdom produced a Turgéneff, a Tolstoy and a Dostoyevsky, the present struggle for popular institutions will give birth, so it is prophesied by the enthusiasts, to a new great literature, one which will mirror the new era even as the splendid fiction of the sixties mirrored the public-spirited ideas of those days. *Abraham Cahan.*



SONNET

O Stranger, from the cup my spirit brewed
I gave thee drink! And the blue joyous fume
From my red fire I let thy sense consume.
Through my soul's vital ether thou hast viewed,
Across the purpling earth, the real, the crude
Drifting to images. Thou didst assume
Royal delight of colour and perfume,
And hold as thine the beauty thus renewed.
O Stranger, by thy hands, thine ears, thine eyes,
I was thy love! I, thou hast dreamed and felt
In sovereignty, with thy sweet vision melt,
One with the tangible in fervid guise.
Behold! The world's farewell, the heaven's call
Sounds in my soul unbounden from thy thrall!
Florence Brooks.

FRANK NORRIS

It is a sad coincidence that Zola's death should have been followed so soon by that of his most earnest disciple in this country, Mr. Frank Norris. When he left New York recently, after revising the last proofs of his forthcoming novel, *The Pit*, Mr. Norris intended to start with his wife on a journey around the world, sailing from California in one of the many tramp steamers that carry wheat to the Mediterranean. Incidentally, he expected to collect material for the third volume of his trilogy, *The Wolf*. Mrs. Norris's health, however, necessitated a change of plans, and he settled down for the winter on a ranch, where, as he recently wrote to an Eastern friend, he "could shoot bears from his front door." Here he was suddenly stricken down with appendicitis, dying in a San Francisco hospital on October 25.

There is no danger of making an overstatement in saying that Mr. Norris is a serious loss to American letters. Although barely thirty-two years old, he had achieved enough to show that his talent was not of the meteor order, no mere flash in the pan, burning out with his first book. On the contrary, he has left at least two volumes which are likely to endure, and which gave promise for the future unsurpassed in brilliance by any American writer of his years. In looking back over Mr. Norris's career, one cannot help being struck with the almost

feverish impatience that he showed to reach his highest goal, to do his biggest, most ambitious work without delay. It seems now almost as though some premonition reached him of the exceeding brevity of time allotted him. Yet with this impatience was coupled an admirable restraint, an indefatigable industry. Having once determined that Realism was the true creed, he adhered to it in the face of strong temptations. It is not generally known that the nucleus of *McTeague* was written as part of the university work during Mr. Norris's term of post-graduate study at Harvard, and that it was conscientiously elaborated and polished for four years before the public were allowed to see it. *Moran of the Lady Letty*, the author's one bit of almost pure romanticism, was dashed off in an interval of relaxation, and became his first published book. Its popular success suggested that an easy avenue to fortune lay open along that line, for Norris had a lively gift for inventing stories of the blood-and-thunder order, and often amused his friends by reeling off sword-and-buckler plots by the yard. In his published work, however, he conscientiously adhered to his creed, and only occasionally made concession to his inborn love of romanticism—a weakness that he frankly admitted. When a friend once expostulated with him for the gross improbability of the closing chapter of *Mc-*

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PIANOS



From a photograph provided by the American Museum of Natural History

A GROUP OF NATIVES

1880 that it began to be found out that Alaska was not an expensive and profitless acquisition, but that it was a veritable land of promise, with resources almost incalculable, much of the land capable of agricultural cultivation, gold and silver everywhere, coal in prodigious deposits; fish of superior quality and in enormous quantities, to be had in yearly values exceeding the value of the more alluring gold and silver; timber of exceeding worth awaiting the ax of the woodman and all the natural resources sufficient to sustain in comfort a population of 3,000,000 people.

The country is prodigious in extent. It is as large as all New England, the Middle States, Virginia, West Virginia, North and South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Alabama, Mississippi, and Tennessee together. There are 590,000 square miles of it, or about 369,000,000 acres. When the United States took hold of it there was but 30,000 population; now there is a population of 63,000, about half of which is Indian. When the government purchased the territory there were no settlements worth naming except Sitka and St. Michael; now there are towns along several of the rivers and in the interior, all seeking new methods of transportation and looking for the developments that will make it easier and cheaper to get in and out and to obtain the subsistence that it will be necessary to buy out of the territory until its own powers of production of food have been better developed. These towns are all eager for development.

The discovery that Alaska was a great country for the production of salmon was not acted upon until about 1878. The Columbia River then enjoyed the fame of being the great salmon-packing section, and that section was sending its catch all over the world. The total value of the fisheries of Alaska since 1878 is put by government experts at \$60,000,000, of which \$50,000,000 is to be credited to the salmon fisheries.

The possession of Alaska has brought business to

the Pacific Coast of much importance in the way of strict merchandising. Since 1868 the territory has taken some \$91,000,000 worth of food, clothing, store supplies, machinery, beginning with something like \$250,000 in 1868 and amounting to more than \$13,000,000 in 1901. Those are unofficial figures. The government report of the imports and exports of Alaska for another year, 1903, gives the shipments of merchandise from the United States to Alaska as reaching about \$9,500,000, and the shipments from Alaska to the United States as exceeding \$10,000,000.

The Agricultural Department of the United States is doing its best to help the people to get rid of the idea that Alaska is altogether a land of ice and snow, productive of nothing but gold and salmon and seal skins. Over and over again agents of the department have declared that vast areas of the territory are capable of producing food for men and cattle, that the temperature in much of the territory is more favorable to white population than countries in Europe that are sustaining larger populations, and that as soon as settlers can be found who will devote themselves to getting something out of the land besides gold, it will sustain a population of at least 3,000,000 people. If the past is useful for admonition and expectation, it would be perfectly safe to predict that the growth of Alaska in the next thirty-six years will be even more gratifying than has been its wonderful increase in importance and population in the thirty-six years since it was bought from Russia for the price of \$7,200,000. Already it exceeds in population the State of Nevada. The value of its gold and salmon exceeds the value of the yearly output of gold by the Nevada mines. When its lumber, fish, coal, and agricultural capabilities have been only partly demonstrated, Nevada, which has few agricultural possibilities to be developed, will, in nearly all material respects that constitute a healthful State, lag far behind the future empire of the far Northwest.



HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT, TOKIO

The New Japan

By Clarence Ludlow Brownell

The following reading is a chapter from Mr. Brownell's excellent book, "The Heart of Japan."* This book is one of the most interesting of many interesting books upon that country. It catches the glamour and poetry of the country, and at the same time reflects its greatness. In view of the present situation in the Far East, the reading will prove of decided value.

Our life on the west coast, especially when we are among the hills with the Noto folk (most of whom had never seen a foreigner), helped us to understand what Japan had been and to appreciate the gigantic work she has accomplished in recent years. The difference between the Japan of to-day and that of two-score years ago amazes one. She has done in forty years much that other nations have been four hundred in accomplishing. Her system for this accomplishment was marvelous. She had, for instance, the greatest kindergarten that ever was, greater than ever will be again, probably. It was a kindergarten that included a whole nation, both young folk and old, but

chiefly it was for those who had attained their growth.

This kindergarten for grown-ups was unique. What other country in the world ever reorganized its "Society" over night, and ordered "everybody as was anybody" to begin living on an entirely new plan at once? That is practically what Japan did. She was just emerging from feudalism, the feudalism of the Far East, which represented a social order developed during centuries in which the outside world was shut away by laws of extraordinary stringency. When Commodore Perry appeared with his fleet and demanded treaty rights, Japan awoke. The civilization of the West fascinated her as she opened her eyes after her long rest, and she determined to win for herself a place in the first rank of the nations of the world. She has been accomplishing her purpose, to the wonder and admiration of all.

To understand how much she has done, one must consider what she was some thirty-five years ago, and compare her condition then with her condition now. She was as feudal in

*The Heart of Japan, Clarence Ludlow Brownell, N. Y. McClure, Phillips & Co. \$1.50. Copyright 1903 by McClure, Phillips & Co.

1870 as Europe was in 1500. She could not then find entrance to the comity of nations. Now she is a world power. Thirty years ago Japan knew practically nothing of Western customs, though she had a most elaborate ceremonial, one that provided for all possible emergencies of her own social conditions.

Many of these ceremonies were of great dignity, impressiveness, and even beauty, but they were quite out of harmony with European customs, and she decided to throw all overboard and to start again, to forget in a day all she knew of that formal picturesqueness which a thousand years had been developing. The samurai, or gentleman, laid aside his swords, those symbols of the spirit of Old Japan, which he held dearer than any price in gold could purchase; he gave up his silken robes; cut off his cue; let the hair grow on the crown of his head, and put himself into pantaloons and a frock-coat.

Here appeared some of the amusing features of the transformation. He bought a silk hat as an aid to the new civilization, a tile that settled down and wobbled on his ears as though coaxing his head to grow. This hat he delighted to brush the wrong way. And in those days anything did for a shirt, for the laundryman had not arrived. When he did come he had to explain what his business was, and why folks should patronize him. Sometimes the man of New Japan went he frock-coat one better, and put on a dress-suit whenever he went forth. He was determined to prepare himself for the time when his country should rank as high as any European power—should be the England of the East—and if clothes would do it, it should be his fault were that ambition not accomplished.

To the foreigner it looked a bit odd to see a

man of forty and a youngster of four toddling down the Ginza of a summer morning in swallow-tails and chimney-pots, but their action was significant. It meant that Old Japan was dead. Sometimes these dress-suits had pink linings. One man, a copper-miner, who had prospered in his business, gave to each of his coolies that had served faithfully in the mines one of these pink-lined suits as a New Year's gift. The coolies were delighted with the garments, and wore them proudly along with their "kasa" or umbrella-like headgear.

The disappearance of the old customs went on rapidly—and what a spectacle the disappearing process offered onlookers. In the transformation from old to new there was much that was sad, much that was joyous, and a little, necessarily, that on the surface was ridiculous. Government had established its gigantic kindergarten (and in Japan, the land of topsyturvy, a kindergarten for men and women is not a contradiction), it had brought foreign instructors from the world over, in each department, and had sent a steady stream of students abroad to study in America and Europe. As these students returned, the Government dropped off the foreigners, until few indeed are in

Government employ to-day—though many are living comfortably at home on pensions, after twenty years of service in the Land of the Rising Sun. Japan owes them much, but there is gratitude on both sides.

The "Kobusho," or Board of Public Works, which went out of existence in 1885, had charge of bringing in whatever Japan wished from the world outside. Marquis Ito, often Prime Minister, had charge of the Kobusho in early days, and Viscount Hayashi, now Minister Plenipotentiary at the Court of St. James, was Ito's right-hand man. The work gave them grand opportunity for learning foreign business meth-



THE EMPEROR OF JAPAN



JAPANESE BEAUTIES

ods, but the clerks did not carry out our instructions as to orders going abroad quite as a clerk in an English office would. One order to the Kobusho's London agent read as follows:

Urgent. Send to Tokio at once as follows—

- 1 Professor of Electrical Science.
- 1 Professor of Mining.
- 2 Blast Furnaces.

And in due course the London agent forwarded an invoice declaring that he had sent out for Yokohama, Japan, by steamer, four items as per order, to wit—

- 1 Professor of Electrical Science.
- 1 Professor of Mining.
- 2 Blast Furnaces.

The Kobusho was a busy place. Its duty was to furnish the stuff—mental, moral, and physical—for equipping some 35,000,000 to 40,000,000 people with a brand-new civilization. It went in strong for scientists. It imported all the kinds there were. Tokio was as a white ant-hill. Engineers swarmed over the city and the country round. The Government contemplated a minute survey of the Empire, and bought a full equipment for a splendid surveyor-general's office in the capital, together with a great number of instruments for the surveying parties. The tem-

porary office was of wood, and there a large corps of engineers worked for a year or so. The Government had engaged them for six years, or until the job should be over. It found the work difficult and expensive. One night the office burned down and its contents went up in smoke. To get out new materials and then begin all over again "would be a great bother," said the Kobusho, so the Government thanked the engineers kindly for their work, paid them in full for six years, and they returned to their respective countries.

The Government scheme of Europeanization included cooking in its kindergarten course. It encouraged beefsteak and rice curry

and bottled beer. This gave rise to a unique lot of foreign signs and labels, such as "Bottled by Pale Ale & Co." on an imitation of a famous English stamp. Over one shop was this: "Rendezvous pour la Garde Imperiale, sale for a plat of food, sale for a glass of wine." Not far from this was the combination: "Literary Coffee House cafe de Billiard." (Billiards, called "Tamasuki," is a delight to the Japanese, who are expert players.) Another sign was: "A Sole Manufacturer of Confection;" and another, though not referring to food, was "Iron Foundry"—it was over the gateway of an Eye Infirmary. Basil Hall Chamberlain,



JAPANESE MILITARY POLICE IN COREA

in his delightful "Things Japanese," has given many more.

In the early days of the kindergarten, foreigners traveling in Japan went to the hospitals and to the chemists for their beefsteaks and their beer. This was because Japan was Buddhist, and the inhabitants generally would have nothing to do with either of these things until medical men introduced them. These physicians and surgeons, with their ideas acquired abroad, were shocking infidels in the eyes of the populace at first. But when the

giants that lined both sides of the great roads of the Empire, to replace them with poles, "after the foreign way," but the foreigners protested so vigorously that the reformers desisted.

It was hard for the Japanese to drink milk, however; harder than it is for Americans to eat high game. But here, too, the medical man prevailed. Foreigners drank milk, therefore the natives would. Officials set the example nobly. Every morning at eleven o'clock the milkman called at the various Government



STREET IN NAGASAKI. SIGNS WRITTEN IN THREE DIFFERENT LANGUAGES.

"infidels" pointed out that the large and fair, and strong barbarians, who "knew everything," ate beef and drank beer—and did not have the cholera—the natives gave heed. Now one finds beef and beer the country over—especially beer.

The telegraph pole began to appeal to the Japanese about this time. They looked upon it as a sacred Shinto emblem—a thing of beauty, an evidence of civilization that should adorn their highways. Therefore they started to cut down the cryptomeria, the glorious

bureaus and made his ostentatious rounds. Not an official escaped. Each one received his proper portion of the potent potion, and drank it—a liqueur glassful—drank it like a man. At the "Kaitakushi Jo Gakko," or Girls' School, belonging to the Colonization Bureau in Sapporo, on the northern island of Yezo, the young women early learned to wonder at the ways of foreigners. The mistress of the dormitories made each drink a mixture of egg and claret, like our claret-flip, every night before retiring. The girls did not like it, but "no flip, no futon!"



Courtesy of McClure, Phillips & Co.

SIGNS OF THE TIMES

was the order, and up so far north as Suppuro, futon (quilts) are desirable at night.

With the coming of the railways and the street cars there were many things for the grown-up kindergartner to learn. One was time. They had had the most indefinite appreciation of that. It was odd to them that trains would not wait, that 12.00 would not do well enough for the 11.45, or that the engineer could be so absurd as to start up at 3.29 exactly. To the native mind, "exactly" did not mean exactly "exactly"; it meant approximately—that is, to within thirty minutes or an hour, or on the same morning or afternoon.

The trams, too, were disobliging. They kept to a regular route, and would not diverge for those who wished to do a little shopping a quarter of a mile or so round this corner or round that. The guards had a hard time of it trying to explain clearly that a train was different from a jinrikisha. Guards at the railway stations had their troubles also. The natives persisted in leaving their clogs outside when entering cars, just as they were accustomed to do when entering a house. It was a great bother for the guard to get all the clogs into the coaches before the train started. He could not pretend to sort them, and pairs that should have gone half-way only, often went to the end of the line.

As soon as the dress-suit and the frock-coat had established themselves in favor along with the white gloves, which for some time all officials wore at their respective bureaus in the morning, they became imperative.

The Empress set the new fashion for women, and appeared at Chirini's Circus in magnificent "yofuku," or foreign dress, which she had ordered from Berlin. She had also a German master of ceremonies to educate the court in the art of how to behave though uncomfortable. Corsets and all came with the new apparel, and it was rather difficult at first to persuade the wearers to use them right side up, the Japanese figure being somewhat of an inversion.

With foreign dress came the idea that a woman was an individual rather than merely a thing, and that she should receive consideration. In her native Kimono she had always stepped aside that the men might go first. Men had gone first always in all things. But with the aid of the yofuku, Japan was able to illustrate the idea that women should take



A SAMPAM OR HOUSE BOAT

precedence. Chivalry depended on the petticoat, and as chivalry was a fine thing in the West, the Japanese must have it. So in skirts the Japanese lady led the way, and received attentions that bewildered her, for never before had she spoken to a man other than her husband, except at the distance of several mats, and with the greatest possible formality.

She had dancing lessons, too, for the Government saw that balls were an institution in all foreign capitals, and naturally it wished Japan's representatives to be prepared to enjoy them in the proper spirit. All the Cabinet Ministers, the Governor of Tokio, and the great swells generally, each gave a ball every winter, and the officials went as part of their duty; but it was hard work, the floors of the ball-room were so slippery. It was much more fun to take a run and to slide across them as boys go on the ice than to spin about top fashion, holding a woman round the waist for the first time, and dancing with her publicly. It must have been strange for a gentleman of Japan who had never so much as touched a woman's hand before in his life, and had never paid even a formal call on women-folk. Except with geisha at some dinner or other, he had never had conversation with a woman other than members of his household; yet here he was, with his arm round a woman he had seen for the first time that evening, who was fully as embarrassed as he, for she knew how to talk to other women only, and he must whirl round and round to music that was altogether unintelligible to him, and must try to be entertaining at the same time. Truly, European civilization was wonderful!

The members of the staff at the "Gwai-musho," the Foreign Office, had to pay particular attention to all things relating to European customs, for they were to make up the various diplomatic corps abroad. So they learned French, frock-coats, dress-suits, and dancing, as hard as they could. English they knew, of course, for all the schools taught that more than any other one subject. French they needed for the Court, and for diplomacy, and to read the names of the strange things they had to eat. They mastered these details with remarkable thoroughness, and to-day the Japanese diplomat is at his ease the world over—an interesting fact, when one considers all his country has had to learn to teach him, and the short time she had in which both to learn to teach and to do the teaching. He should be as proud as one can be righteously. A glimpse at the past must make him so.

Less than two score years ago the provinces of Japan were under great barons, or daimyos, who, in turn, were under the Shogun, the political ruler of the country. The Shogun, indeed, acknowledged the Mikado as the supreme ruler of Dai Nippon, but nevertheless kept him shut up in Kiyoto in seclusion, as a deity whom it would be blasphemous even so much as to look upon. So the people knew little of the Mikado, except as an invisible god.

Shoguns had ruled as Mayors of the Palace, and Prime Ministers and Generalissimos, since the middle of the twelfth century, but an historian discovered that formerly the Mikado had ruled actually as well as theoretically. This, with the rise of Shintoism, the ancient mythological cult of Japan, and the growing jealousy of the Tokugawa family, which held the Shogunate from 1603 to 1876, and the arrival of the foreigners who came in after Commodore Perry had made a treaty with the Shogun in 1854, brought about a revolution which ended in the disappearance of the Shoguns for good and all, and the reappearance of the Mikado, after an invisibility of seven centuries.

Since then Japan has taught the whole world decoration. Japanese art is in evidence every where. How innumerable are the homes it has helped to beautify!

The Japanese developed the jinrikisha, which has now come to be the ordinary means of personal transportation in the chief cities of the Far East, in China, Straits Settlements, India, and even in Africa. They lead the world far and away in biology. They are in the very first rank of chemists, and their schools have some features that other seats of learning lack. There is, for instance, in the "Dai Gakko," or Imperial University, in Tokio, a chair of Sanitary Engineering (formerly held by Prof. W. K. Burton), and a chair of Seismology.

Then, too, the Japanese have the largest battleships afloat, and an army that is ready the moment it is needed. On the march to Peking this army led, showing the way to the Europeans, even to the Russians; and its commissariat and hospital departments are the best the world has seen—much the best. In diplomacy and statecraft the Japanese have triumphed, as recent treaties with Europeans show; and to crown all, only last year Japan, by special treaty between Viscount Hayashi and the Marquis of Lansdowne, became England's ally in the East, so that she ranks now on an equal footing with the first of the first-class European powers.

Scientific Progress and Endeavor

A RECORD IN FAST TRAVEL

Speed is likely to be the great discovery of the twentieth century. Indeed, motion especially adapted to transportation seems to be our greatest aim. We still remember the thrill with which we heard of the sixty-mile-an-hour train. It was nothing short of wonderful. Then came seventy miles and ninety miles. Early this year a mono-railroad between Manchester and Liverpool, England, put the record up to one hundred and ten miles an hour. We had hardly become accustomed to this, hardly passed the stage of regarding it as a freak, when from Germany came the news that on the Marienfeld-Zossen Military Road an electric car made a speed of over one hundred and twenty-five miles an hour. The news came with the statement that even higher records were expected, an expectation which was realized a few days later in the highest record yet obtained—one hundred and thirty and two-fifth miles an hour. Though this record stands at the present time of writing, it is not at all unlikely that before this appears in print a new one may be established. The engineers of the above road have declared one hundred and fifty miles per hour as their goal. In light of previous results, its consummation is not incredible.

THE MARIENFELD-ZOSSEN RAILROAD

The experiments of the Marienfeld-Zossen Railroad are extremely interesting, not only because of the value of the results obtained, but because of the character of the undertaking. The trials are under the direction of the *Studien-Gesellschaft für Elektrische Schnellbahnen*, an association, containing large manufacturing concerns and several industrial banks, owing its inception strangely enough to two large rival electrical firms. It has a board of directors of eighteen members, men of the highest scientific and industrial reputation. The Prussian Government has also aided both with moral and financial support. The undertaking has, therefore, a universal character. Speaking of the enterprise, The Electrical World says:

The fact now stares us in the face that these patient and clever German engineers have actually done the thing at which Yankee enterprise has shied. Whether American enterprise will allow this defeat to be "rubbed in" by the construction of a German

commercial high-speed road before we get around to doing anything on this side of the water, is not the question before the house.

SOME INCIDENTS OF THE TRIALS

Several incidents, some humorous, developed in regard to the tests. A cable despatch thus describes the trial when a record of one hundred and twenty-five and four-fifth miles was made.

The current was between 13,000 and 14,000 volts capable of driving the car at the rate of over 200 miles. This power is reduced by transformers to about 450 volts. The car used had four motors having together about 1,100 horse-power. It was the car used in the previous tests this year, and constructed on the Siemens-Halske system. Another car of somewhat different equipment as to motors and transformers has been built for additional high-speed tests.

The lives of all on board the experimental car were heavily insured. A large party of engineers, military men and civilians gathered at Dallwitz where the highest points of speed are reached in these experiments. A French observer remarked that the new sensation of the power of velocity inspired by the car's flight was worth traveling from Paris to see. There were twelve to fourteen persons on board the car, all technical men. They affirm that the motion of the car was no greater than that of an ordinary express train. A curious phenomenon accompanying the car is the continuous sparking of electricity from the six trolley arms.

THE QUESTION OF SPEED

The results have brought up again the question of speed. They are also a side-light upon the comparative values of electricity and steam as a method of locomotion. As The Scientific American says:

The speed of one hundred and twenty-five miles an hour, attained the other day by an electric car on the military road extending from Berlin to Zossen, means something more than the hope of outdistancing of the best record ever made by steam locomotive and the outdoing of anything that has hitherto been attempted in the way of railway traveling. To electrical engineers it means that it is possible to construct an electrical equipment capable of driving a car at almost any speed a roadbed can bear.

Train acceleration has been studied by engineers ever since railroad engineering became something of an exact science. For that reason many have doubted the ultimate value of this Berlin-Zossen undertaking. But the mere duplication of train acceleration figures was something far beyond the purpose of the engineers by whom the speed trials were conducted. Mr. Bion J. Arnold in this country has conclusively shown the superiority of the electric

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MARRIAGEABLE PRINCESSES.

BY FRITZ CUNLIFFE-OWEN.

THE IMPORTANT POLITICAL BEARING OF THE FACT THAT AT THE PRESENT DAY MANY EUROPEAN PRINCES ARE SEEKING BRIDES, AND THAT THERE IS A SCARCITY OF SUITABLE MAIDENS OF ROYAL BIRTH AND MARRIAGEABLE AGE.

THERE is more or less of a corner just at present in the market of marriageable princesses. At no time in the past hundred years has the list been so restricted. The fact involves a really serious problem for the reigning houses of Europe. Dynastic and political considerations require that princes in the line of succession to a throne should wed none but women of their own rank, and, as a rule, of their own faith. So strict are the laws bearing upon the subject that the children of any scion of royalty who marries a mere noble-

woman, or a girl of bourgeois birth, are *ipso facto* barred from succession to the crown, as well as from the rank and prerogatives enjoyed by their father.

Members of the reigning family of England forfeit all their rights to the British throne in the event of their marrying Roman Catholics. The only English princess who has done so since the days of the Reformation is Princess Marie, daughter of the late Duke of Edinburgh and Coburg. Inasmuch as she is destined, on the death of her husband's uncle, King Charles, to be-



PRINCESS MARGARET OF CONNAUGHT, THE ELDER DAUGHTER OF THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT, WHO IS THE ONLY SURVIVING BROTHER OF KING EDWARD VII.

From a photograph by Mendelssohn, London.

come Queen of Rumania, she could readily afford to sacrifice her extremely remote chances of ascending the English throne.

The reigning houses of Austria, Italy,

sian grand duchess. The present King of Italy could not make Princess Helen of Montenegro his wife until she had abjured the Greek faith and accepted that of Rome. In the same way, Prin-



PRINCESS ALICE OF ALBANY, THE ONLY DAUGHTER OF THE LATE DUKE OF ALBANY (PRINCE LEOPOLD), WHO WAS QUEEN VICTORIA'S YOUNGEST SON.

From a photograph by Kissack, Eton.

Spain, Portugal, Bavaria, and Saxony, all of which belong to the Roman Catholic church, are debarred, either by the laws of the land or by their equally binding family statutes, from marrying Protestants. There has been but one solitary instance in Austrian history of a Hapsburg archduke marrying a Rus-

cess Marie of Prussia was compelled to forsake the Lutheran communion in order to become the queen of King Maximilian II of Bavaria.

Prussian princes may not marry Roman Catholics, and indeed the only reigning houses of Europe that show some kind of elasticity in the matter of

matrimonial alliances are those of Denmark and Sweden. King Christian's youngest son, Prince Waldemar, a Lutheran, is married to Princess Marie of Orleans, while the mother of the Protestant King Oscar II of Sweden was also a Catholic princess, Josephine of Leuchtenberg.

WHO WILL BE GERMANY'S NEXT EMPRESS?

Among the most attractive of the few marriageable princesses is the Duchess Cecilia of Mecklenburg Schwerin, the grand duke's youngest sister, whom many regard as destined to become the bride of the young Crown Prince of Germany, her senior by about three years. It is well known that both the emperor and the empress would prefer to have as their daughter in law the English Princess Alice, daughter of the late Duke of Albany, and sister of the young Duke of Saxe Coburg.

Making her home during the greater part of the year with her mother at Potsdam, Princess Alice has become a member of the Kaiser's family circle. She is a particular favorite of the empress, who loses no occasion of manifesting her affection for this sunny tempered, clever, and comely young girl. But both of the prince's parents realize that the match would be extremely unpopular with the German people, owing to the intense anti British feeling that pre-



THE INFANTA MARIA TERESA OF SPAIN, THE SECOND AND ONLY
UNMARRIED SISTER OF KING ALFONSO XIII.

From a photograph by Franzen, Madrid.



PRINCESS BEATRICE OF SAXE COBURG, THE YOUNGEST AND ONLY UNMARRIED
DAUGHTER OF THE LATE DUKE OF SAXE COBURG, WHO WAS QUEEN
VICTORIA'S SECOND SON.

From a photograph by Udenhuth, Coburg

vails in all ranks of society. They know that it not only might impair the hold of the reigning house upon the loyalty of the nation, but would expose the princess to the same public prejudice from which the late Empress Frederick suffered so sorely.

from the marriage of the future Kaiser to a princess whose sister will eventually share the throne of Denmark.

OTHER MARRIAGEABLE ROYAL MAIDENS.

One of the best looking of marriageable princesses is Ena of Battenberg.



PRINCESS VICTORIA EUGENIA (ENA) OF BATTENBERG, DAUGHTER OF PRINCESS BEATRICE,
THE YOUNGEST SISTER OF KING EDWARD VII.

From a photograph by Hughes & Mullins, Ryde.

Duchess Cecilia of Mecklenburg Schwerin would be a far more popular choice as a consort for the young crown prince, although she is a comparative stranger to the emperor and empress, and has been brought up by a Russian mother, with whom their relations have always been somewhat strained. In the eyes of the German people she is a German princess. Moreover, her elder sister is the wife of Prince Christian of Denmark, and there are obvious political advantages to be derived by Germany

the only daughter of King Edward's youngest sister, Beatrice. Princess Ena is a favorite godchild of the Empress Eugénie, after whom she was named, and is generally regarded as a probable heiress to the large fortune of the widow of Napoleon III. In consequence, she is not likely to lack suitors. It is doubtful, however, whether she can marry any one but an Englishman. Her father, the late Prince Henry of Battenberg, was the issue of a morganatic alliance between Prince Alexander of



PRINCESS PATRICIA OF CONNAUGHT, THE YOUNGER
DAUGHTER OF THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT.

From a photograph by Mendelssohn, London.

Hesse and a Mlle. Hauke, of Warsaw; and Princess Ena, though she is a grandchild of Queen Victoria, is regarded on the continent of Europe as a mere noblewoman, debarred from wedding any prince of the blood royal otherwise thanmorganatically. Were she to marry a continental prince, her position at court would be so disagreeable that it is impossible to conceive of her mother or relatives giving their consent to such a match.

Princess Beatrice of Coburg and Great Britain is said to be the brightest of a quartet of sisters which comprises the divorced Grand Duchess of Hesse, Princess Ernest of Hohenlohe, and the pretty Crown Princess of Rumania. Through her mother, the only sister of the late Czar, she is a granddaughter of that Emperor Alexander II who liber-

ated the serfs and who was murdered by the Nihilists, while through her father she is a grandchild of Queen Victoria. There is no truth in the rumors which assert that she is destined to wed Grand Duke Michael of Russia. She is that prince's first cousin, and the Russian church is strict in its prohibition of unions between young people so nearly related. Princess Beatrice is far more likely to become the wife of one of the three sons of Prince Albert of Prussia, now regent of the duchy of Brunswick. All three are officers in the German army, and have both good looks and money.

Princess Thyra of Denmark, now in her twenty third year, is a daughter of the crown prince of the little northern kingdom, and is likely to become the wife of the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, whose elder sister is already married to her eldest brother. As her mother is probably the wealthiest princess in Europe, she will be well dowered—which is the exception rather than the rule, nowadays, in the case of royal brides. The dowries which the daughters of the late Queen Victoria received on their marriage did not exceed thirty thousand pounds apiece. Most continental princesses receive still less.

Another marriageable princess is the Infanta Maria Teresa of Spain, the youngest of the two sisters of King Alfonso. Unless she should wed one of the younger brothers of the Prince of the Asturias—her sister's husband—or some scion of Bavarian royalty, it is difficult to see where she will be able to find a suitable match. There was talk, at one time, of her becoming the wife of Grand Duke Boris of Russia, who was in the United States last year; but she is too devout a Roman Catholic not to adhere to the stipulation exacted by her church in the case of all mixed marriages—that the children must be reared in the Catholic faith. This, of course, is a condition which no member of the house of Romanoff in the line of succession to the Muscovite crown would be permitted to accept.

Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein, and her namesake Princess Victoria of Great Britain, the only unmarried daughter of King Edward VII. are



PRINCESS VICTORIA OF GREAT BRITAIN, THE SECOND AND ONLY UNMARRIED
DAUGHTER OF KING EDWARD VII.

From a photograph by Downey, London.

each of them credited with having given their hearts to men to whom, by reason of difference of rank, they could not accord their hand. Although they are frequently mentioned as about to marry

desirable one in every way; but at the last moment, after all the arrangements had been made, and the projected alliance announced, the late Queen Henrietta interfered and broke off the



PRINCESS CLEMENTINE OF BELGIUM, THE YOUNGEST AND ONLY UNMARRIED DAUGHTER OF KING LEOPOLD II.

From a photograph by Guesquin, Biarritz.

this or that scion of royalty, they still remain single.

With regard to Princess Clementine, the only unmarried daughter of the King of the Belgians, she was at one moment on the point of becoming the second wife of Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria. The match would have been a

match for some reason which has never become public.

It may be worth while to warn the reader that as this article is necessarily written several weeks before its appearance in print, it is possible that meanwhile there may be announcements of royal betrothals or even marriages.

time. For the next thing he was aware of was a ghostly light which glimmered up at him from below. He rolled over on his chest, and crawled towards it, sneezing and coughing and half suffocated with the effluvium of his passage.

The light sifted dimly through a ragged archway of natural rock which lay below him. He dragged himself to it by slow degrees, for the ground sloped sharply, and he had no idea where he was going. He pushed his head and shoulders through the opening, and saw a sight that almost took his breath away.

It was as if he had come out suddenly into one of those hidden galleries which run round inside a cathedral, just where the tall shafts branch up into the roof. He was looking down into the great, silent interior—a cavern so vast and dim that his eyes could not grasp its immensities. Strange tapering columns hung like mighty icicles from the darkness of the roof, some long, some short. Their spectral white points alone were visible in the dim light; the roof from which they sprouted was hidden from him. Below him, on his own side of the cave, other similar white columns raised their smooth points, like stricken pines clinging precariously to a steep hillside. Below them was misty darkness, which his eyes could not penetrate.

As he gazed with wonder and a touch of awe at the vastness and the solemn silence of the place, the light, which filtered in through several narrow slits in the wall opposite to him, grew suddenly stronger. It deepened and mellowed till it was pouring through the narrow horizontal slits as through the openings of a Venetian shutter, in slabs of glowing gold, moteless and unquivering, majestic in their solidity. They struck the wall above him and crept slowly up towards the roof, and for all too brief a time the upper part of the cavern gleamed and glittered like a treasure house.

As a boy he had spent many a day in the eaves at Morgat, just across the bay by Crozon, and their wonders could never be forgotten. But compared with this Morgat was a fisherman's hut, and not to be named in the same breath, lest this

mighty roof should fall and grind him to powder.

Far away below him another solid bar of light stretched across to his side of the cavern, like the single beam of a golden bridge. It disappeared as he looked, and in a moment came thrusting in, again and again, as if in vain endeavor to penetrate the solid rock against which it struck. The sun, he knew, must be just dipping into the sea out there. When it was gone the cavern would be in darkness.

He drew back into the chamber in which he had been lying, and looked carefully round. Since he had got in, there must be a way out; but it was very dim, and he could see nothing in the nature of an outlet. The thin screen of rock between him and the larger cave glowed with soft colors, red and green and yellow veins running through a ground of tender rose white. They paled as he looked, with the fading of the light outside. He scrambled through the opening and began to descend the steep rock wall. It was perilous work, even for a whole head. To a less hardy climber it would have been impossible. The upstanding white pillars helped him. He slid down from one to another, and they were clammy cold to his embrace. The narrow golden bar below was thrusting up to meet him. It stopped and grew ruddy as he neared its glow, and almost at once it began to fade.

Alain scrambled on till he leaned, panting, with his back against the rock and his face opposite the opening through which the golden shaft came. It was a ragged round hole at the end of a cleft like the archer's window in a castle wall, a cleft that widened inwards—a funnel, rather, for it seemed to him that its inner opening into the cave was not wider than his head, while the outer hole might be the size of his fist. And where it opened into the cave the rock had fallen away and left an overhanging arch up which he could not swarm.

As the golden dazzle flickered and died, he saw, as through the small end of a telescope, the rocks of Grand Bayou and the tall white shaft of the lighthouse.

(To be continued.)

American Women in London.

BY HORACE WYNDHAM.

THE FACT THAT SOME OF THE MOST PROMINENT HOSTESSES OF THE BRITISH METROPOLIS ARE OF TRANSATLANTIC BIRTH IS A SIGN OF THE TIMES AND A LIVING TOKEN OF THE AMITY OF THE GREAT ENGLISH SPEAKING NATIONS.

THE American colony in London is a somewhat scattered one. It has no residential quarter that may be regarded as peculiarly its own. It is scattered from Belgravia to Bloomsbury, from the Park to Pimlico. Mayfair accommodates some of its members, while others are installed in Kensington. Nor are the suburbs overlooked altogether, for the Stars and Stripes metaphorically flutters over the rooftrees of a good many houses which can scarcely claim to be within the refining influence of the four mile cab radius.

But most of the leading Americans who have their permanent address in London live within a mile of Hyde Park Corner. Several of them have houses that actually look on to the Park itself. These latter are favored individuals, for the neighborhood is the most sought after in all the British metropolis. Their front windows are faced by a broad expanse of turf, made bright with well kept flower beds, and fringed with stately trees—a gratifying contrast to the more or less dingy buildings that line most London streets.

One of the finest residences in the vicinity is Hyde Park House, the property of Lady Naylor-Leyland. It directly overlooks the famous Rotten Row, and commands an uninterrupted view across the whole expanse of the Park. Immediately opposite the front door is the French Embassy, the two buildings being on either side of Albert Gate.

Lady Naylor-Leyland is the second daughter of William Selah Chamberlain, of Cleveland, Ohio. In 1889 she married Herbert Scarisbrick Naylor-Leyland, a captain in the Second Life Guards, and a *persona grata* with the

then Prince of Wales. Her husband entered politics, and Lord Rosebery made him a baronet, but four years ago he died, leaving his widow with two sons. The elder of these, born in 1890, is the present baronet. King Edward, who has always taken great interest in the Naylor-Leyland children, stood sponsor to one, while the Prince of Wales acted in a similar capacity to the other.

On the north side of the Park, at 56 Lancaster Gate, lives the novelist and playwright, Mrs. Craigie, who is otherwise known by the almost aggressively masculine pseudonym of John Oliver Hobbes. Her father, Mr. John Morgan Richards, who lives with her, is the proprietor of the *Academy*, one of the few literary papers in England. Mrs. Craigie was born in Boston, but was chiefly educated in England. She studied music at the Royal Academy and classics at University College, London, where she distinguished herself in Greek. After an unhappy matrimonial experience she found solace in literary work, and in the last twelve or thirteen years she has produced almost as many books, besides writing several plays.

On the same side of the Park as Lancaster Gate is Great Cumberland Place. Here, at No. 35a, is the residence of Mrs. George Cornwallis-West. The daughter of the late Leonard Jerome, of New York, she first married, in 1874, Lord Randolph Churchill, the third son of the seventh Duke of Marlborough. Twenty six years later, after his death, she became the wife of George Cornwallis-West. Her son, Winston Churchill, is a writer and politician of considerable note. Educated for the army, he served for some time in the Fourth Hussars, but retired to devote himself

to politics. When the Boer war broke out he went to South Africa as corre- his stepson, has also been in the army, but was forced to retire from his regi-



MRS. GEORGE CORNWALLIS-WEST, FORMERLY LADY RANDOLPH CHURCHILL, WHO WAS MISS JENNIE JEROME OF NEW YORK.

From a photograph by Lafayette, London.

spondent for the *Morning Post*, and went through some highly adventurous experiences. He is now a member of Parliament, representing Oldham in the Conservative interest. Mr. Cornwallis-West, who is of about the same age as

ment, the Scots Guards, owing to ill health contracted in the Boer campaign.

The house occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Cornwallis-West is a large and handsome one. It contains a good library and some valuable pictures, as well as

many sou'eners from South African battle fields. Mrs. Cornwallis-West has always taken a keen interest in politics and literature. At the present moment she is vice president of the so called

odical, by the way. Mrs. Craigie was a prominent contributor.

Facing Kensington Gardens, the westerly extension of Hyde Park, is Prince's Gate. In selecting No. 13 therein for



LILY, DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH, WHO WAS MISS LILY PRICE OF TROY, NEW YORK.

From a photograph by Russell, London

"ladies' grand council" of the great organization known as the Primrose League, while she was the founder and first editor of the now defunct *Anglo-Saxon Review*. To this sumptuous peri-

his residence, Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan shows himself superior to a popular superstition—which is so wide spread in London that in many streets the dreaded number is omitted altogether. The



MRS. ARTHUR HENRY PAGET, WHO WAS MISS MARY PARAN STEVENS OF NEW YORK.

From a photograph by Alice Hughes, London.



LADY SAYLOR-LEYLAND, WHO WAS MISS JENNIE CHAMBERLAIN, OF CLEVELAND, OHIO.

next house to Mr. Morgan's is occupied by the Earl of Listowel.

At No. 45 Portman Square is the London residence of Consuelo, Duchess of Manchester. Her grace was the daughter of Don Antonio Yznaga de Valle, of Louisiana and Cuba. She married the eighth duke in 1876, and has one son, the present occupant of the title, who two years ago married Miss Helena Zimmerman, of Cincinnati. Among the other titled people living in

Portman Square are the Duke and Duchess of Fife, the Earl of Ducie, the Countess of Leitrim, Viscount Gort, and Viscount Portman.

Curzon Street, which is in the very heart of the ultra fashionable district of Mayfair, numbers several Americans among its residents. At No. 32, for example, is the house of Miss Van Wart, who is one of the best known hostesses in London, while next door is that of Mrs. Adair. Almost opposite is the



MRS. LORILLARD RONALDS, WHO WAS MISS MARY FRANCES CARTER, OF BOSTON.

From a photograph by Lafayette, London.

town address of Mr. and Mrs. Bradley-Martin, who are also great forces in the social world, and whose daughter is the present Countess of Craven.

Another well known hostess who hails from America is Mrs. Ronalds. She is an accomplished musician, and a regular attendant at the opera during the season. Her house is at 7 Cadogan Place, on part of the estate belonging to Earl Cadogan.

At 5 Carlos Place, leading into Grosvenor Square, is the London house of

Lady Grey-Egerton. The daughter of Major Cuyler, of the United States Army, she married Sir Philip Grey-Egerton in 1893. Her husband is the twelfth baronet, the title dating from 1617, and they have a handsome country house at Oulton Park, in Cheshire.

The stuccoed glories of Carlton House Terrace have ever proved singularly attractive to people of wealth and position who have decided to live in London. For this its huge but well proportioned mansions, the back windows



LADY GREY-EGERTON, WHO WAS MISS MAY CUYLER, OF MORRISTOWN, NEW JERSEY.

of which overlook St. James' Park and give unequalled opportunities for witnessing royal processions in the Mall,

the United States Embassy. Next door but one is the address of Lily, Duchess of Marlborough, and at No. 6 is that of



THE DUCHESS OF MANCHESTER, WHO WAS MISS HELENA ZIMMERMAN, OF CINCINNATI, OHIO.

From a photograph by Moffett, Portland, Me.

are no doubt largely responsible. The houses, too, are splendidly arranged for entertaining. - It is not surprising, therefore, to find that this district has had its "American invasion." No. 1 is

Mrs. John W. Mackay, whose husband died some months ago. William Waldorf Astor's house is at No. 18. As this is the last building in the row, there is an American at either end of Carlton



MRS. CRAIGIE (JOHN OLIVER HOBBS), WHO WAS MISS PEARL RICHARDS, OF BOSTON.
From a photograph by Kate Pragnell, London.

House Terrace. Most of Mr. Astor's time is spent at Cliveden, a charming country seat on the Thames, which he

years ago. Miss Pauline Astor presides over her father's house.

After Park Lane there is no part of



CONSUELO, DUCHESS OF MANCHESTER, WHO WAS MISS CONSUELO YZNAGA, OF NEW YORK.

From a photograph by Lafayette, London.

purchased from the late Duke of Westminster. His residence in England dates from 1891; shortly afterwards he came into prominence as a literary force by purchasing the *Pall Mall Gazette*, whose proud boast it is that under its present management it is a newspaper conducted "by gentlemen for gentlemen." Mr. Astor is a widower, his wife, who was Miss Mary Dahlgren Paul, of Philadelphia, having died some eight

London in greater request for residential purposes than Belgrave Square. Here, at No. 35, is the London residence of Major General and Mrs. Arthur Paget. During the season it is the scene of frequent entertainments, for Mrs. Paget, who was Miss Minnie Paran Stevens of New York, is one of the leading hostesses in London. Her husband is a son of the late Lord Alfred Paget, and a grandson of the first

Marquis of Anglesey, the gallant soldier who commanded Wellington's cavalry at Waterloo. Arthur Paget served for thirty years in the army, and won his present rank as a reward for good work in the South African campaign. General and Mrs. Paget have two chil-

borough spends most of her time at Blenheim, though she has a town mansion at Warwick House, St. James'. Some day, perhaps, the Churchills may be able to regain the original London residence of their family, Marlborough House, built for the famous founder of



MRS. BRADLEY-MARTIN, OF NEW YORK AND LONDON, WHOSE DAUGHTER IS THE COUNTESS OF CRAVEN.

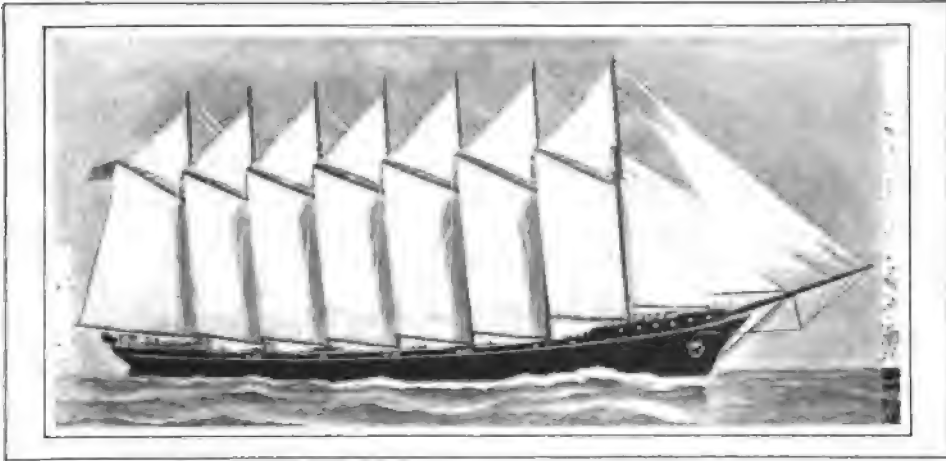
From a photograph by Lafayette, London.

dren, a son and a daughter. The former of these has lately taken up his father's profession, and holds a subaltern's commission in the Guards.

I have not exhausted the list of American women who have gained high places in English society, but I have mentioned those who are most prominent as hostesses in the west end of London. The present Duchess of Marl-

borough spends most of her time at Blenheim, though she has a town mansion at Warwick House, St. James'. Some day, perhaps, the Churchills may be able to regain the original London residence of their family, Marlborough House, built for the famous founder of

their ducal line, but long used as a royal palace. Other prominent American women of England are the Countess of Essex, Lady Vernon, Lady Cheylesmore, the Marchioness of Dufferin, Lady Curzon of Kedleston, who is now in India with her husband the viceroy, and Mrs. Joseph Chamberlain, who at the time of writing is on her way to South Africa.



The Greatest Sailing Ship Afloat.

BY CAPTAIN JOHN G. CROWLEY.

THE MASTER OF THE SEVEN MASTED SCHOONER THOMAS W. LAWSON STATES HIS IDEAS ON THE BUILDING OF MAMMOTH SAILING VESSELS AND HIS HOPE THAT THEY MAY REGAIN FOR AMERICA HER MARITIME SUPREMACY.

EVER since I was eleven—and that was thirty five years ago—I have sailed in schooners. For more than twenty years I have been a master and owner of schooners, from some of the smallest to the very biggest. Perhaps I am prejudiced, but it is my belief that if America is ever to regain her position as mistress of the seas, it will be the schooner—the typical American vessel—that will most help her towards it. I regard the building of the seven master Thomas W. Lawson as a step in that direction.

Real supremacy on the high seas depends on the merchant marine—the vessels that carry the world's cargoes—and the merchant marine must, of course, be profitable, if it is going to exist. Placed on an equality, sailing craft would be more profitable freight carriers than steamships, for they are naturally much more economical to manage; but they have been handicapped by their slowness and their comparatively small capacity. Most of the steam freighters are not very fast nor very

large when you set them beside the passenger "greyhounds," but they have beaten the sailers in size and speed. In the Lawson I have tried to reduce this handicap by the use of steam power for everything but propulsion.

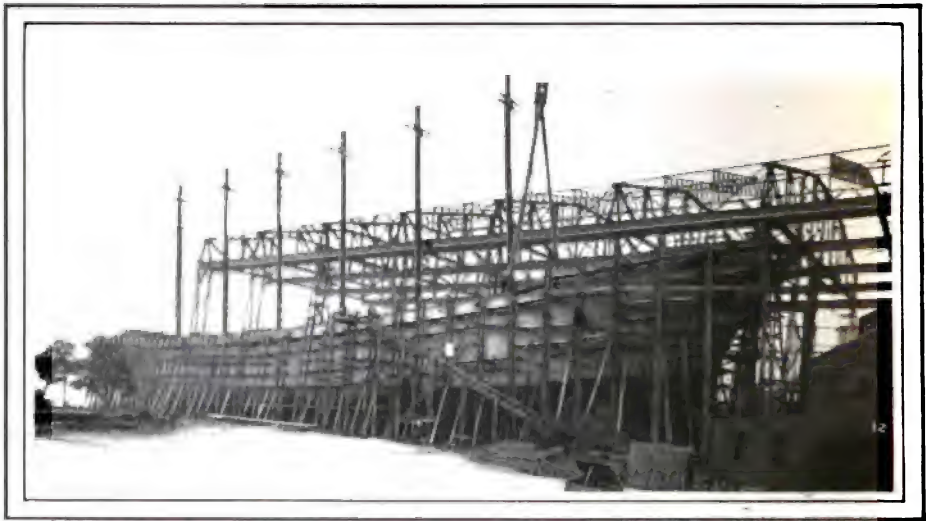
THE FIRST AMERICAN SCHOONERS.

The great trouble with schooners has always been that their size—and that means their cargo room—has been limited. The first fore and after was launched nearly two hundred years ago from the shores of Massachusetts Bay, not thirty miles away from the Fore River yard in Boston Harbor, where the Lawson was built. This early type of vessel had only two masts. She did so well that she became the typical American merchantman, and by degrees her hull was enlarged to give her greater carrying capacity, until there came a time when the rigging that two masts could carry safely was not enough to give her any speed, and the square rigger began to take the schooner's business away from her.

About the middle of the last century

a third stick was added, but for a long time there seemed to be a sailor superstition against the innovation. What the reason for it was nobody seems to know, but the feeling was so strong that the *Magnolia*, the first three master, was looked on as a "hoodoo" wherever she went. Sailors and skippers imagined that all the bad luck in the world sailed with her, and the first glimpse of her raking masts was the signal for everybody to stretch every stitch he had

courage to build a schooner so much larger than any of her predecessors that an additional mast had to be put into her. I built the first of my big five masters, the *John B. Prescott*, in 1899, and the first six master that was ever floated, the *George W. Wells*, the year before last; and now, in the *Lawson*, the first steel schooner built in this country, and the first seven masted schooner in the world, I think I have an entirely new type of sailing vessel.



THE HULL OF THE SEVEN MASTED SCHOONER THOMAS W. LAWSON ON THE WAYS AT FORE RIVER.

From a photograph by Fawcett, Boston.

aboard and scuttle for the nearest shelter. During the Civil War, the *Magnolia* was a blockade runner for a while; then she went on foreign voyages, but the old feeling against her extra pole never seemed to wear away. She came back to the coastwise trade when the war was over, but one of her masts had disappeared, and she finally went to the graveyard a two sticker.

Very few three masters are built nowadays. The smaller vessels are like the original two masters, and those designed for bigger cargoes have at least four masts. There is only one three master on the register now where there were four a dozen years ago, and those that founder or wear-out are not replaced.

FROM THREE MASTS TO SEVEN.

Every now and then, since the *Magnolia* appeared, somebody has had the

In spite of the increased cargo capacity of the schooner, the square rigger kept ahead of her for a long time. Each additional mast increased the number of men necessary to handle her, and also put a heavier strain on her hull. It became necessary to strengthen her against the fearful wrenching that came when her great length was hung from bow to stern between the crests of two waves, and then balanced amidships on top of the swell. The keelson by means of which this was done—a framework of heavy beams that braced the hull from inside—cut down the cargo room and added to the load; the timber for that of the *Wells*, for example, being in itself a burden that brought the three master which delivered it to the builder down to her waterline. Besides, the great spread of canvas, divided into a few large sails instead of several smaller

ones like those of a ship or bark, was too heavy to be managed economically by hand. This put the schooner, big as she had become, at a disadvantage again, and in the Wells I made the first move towards overcoming one of the troubles by providing two engines to help in hoisting the sails and anchors and pumping her out in case of a leak—in fact, for doing all the heavy work.

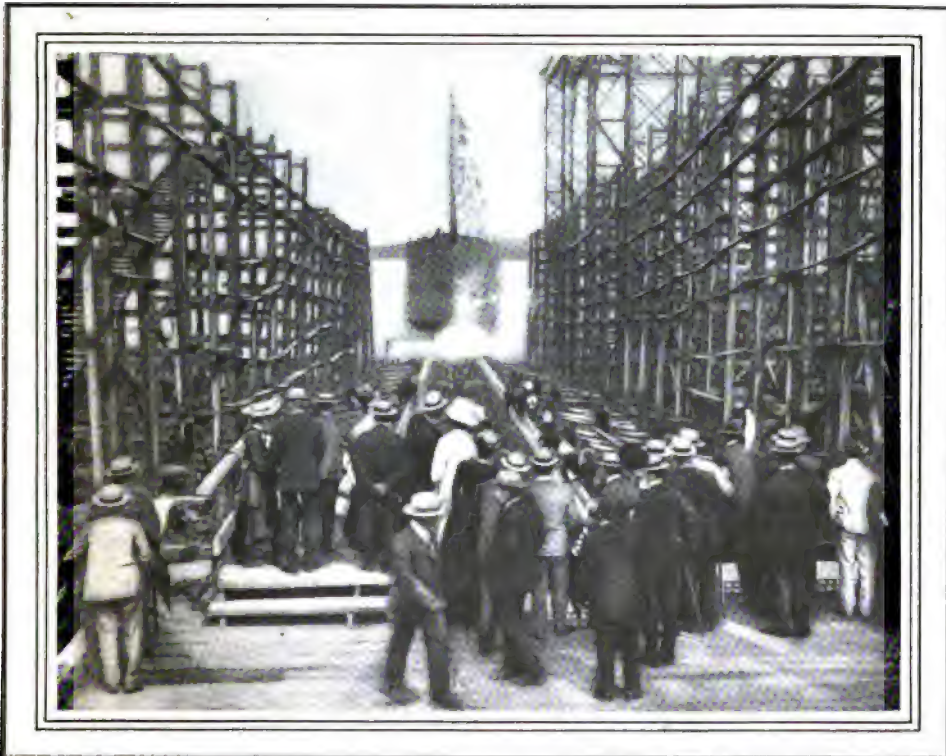
Some of the old skippers laughed when I built the Prescott, and more of them scoffed when I launched the Wells, but the big ships have turned out to be two of the best and most profitable that ever sailed, and my belief in the schooner was only strengthened by my experience with them.

THE BUILDING OF A GIANT SCHOONER.

When it came to the seven master, I tried to overcome some of the bad features of the big schooners by having her built of steel, and manning her by steam. Steel construction gained for cargo room the space taken up by the

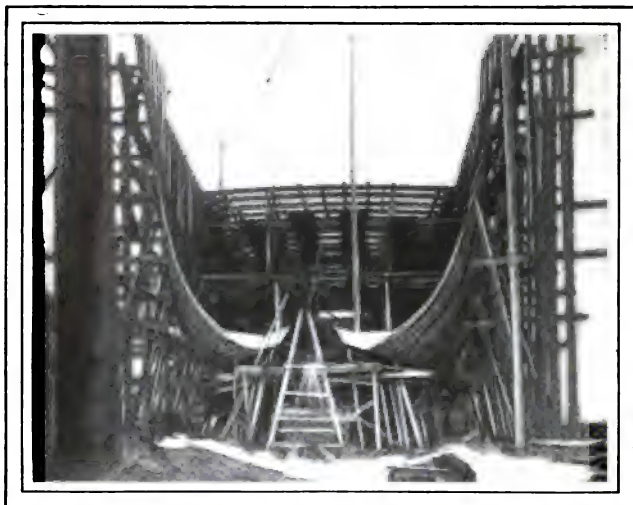
keelson which would have been necessary in a wooden vessel, in addition to the saving in the difference in the thickness of wooden and steel hulls. It also made her stronger than a schooner—or any other sailing vessel, for that matter—ever was before. The equipment of engines to hoist and lower sail saves crew and stevedore expenses, the two heavy items on the debit side of a merchantman's account, and gives her all sorts of conveniences that she could not otherwise have, such as electric lights, steam steering gear, and an easy way to hoist the big anchors. Strange as it sounds, it was steam that made this sailing vessel possible.

The Lawson is built much as a big passenger steamer might be, except that she has no staterooms and no propellers. Not only her hull and ribs, but her decks and houses, are of steel, and her one hundred and thirty five foot masts are steel cylinders topped with fifty six foot spars of Oregon pine. She has a double bottom four feet deep, which is



THE LAUNCH OF THE THOMAS W. LAWSON—A VIEW FROM THE UPPER END OF THE WAYS.

From a photograph by Foxcroft, Boston.



THE STEEL FRAMES OF THE THOMAS W. LAWSON—A NOVELTY IN AMERICAN SAILING SHIP CONSTRUCTION.

From a photograph by Fawcett, Boston.

divided into watertight compartments by four collision bulkheads, and if a hole was torn half her length she would still float. When she is going light laden, a thousand tons of water ballast will be pumped into the double bottom as a steadier. Two decks are above this, and altogether there is room in her for eighty one hundred tons of cargo—say coal, for instance—which is nearly twice the capacity of the six masted Wells, and about double what the ordinary steam freighter carries. She is four hundred and three feet long over all, or three hundred and sixty eight feet on the waterline; she is of fifty foot beam, and thirty five feet deep. When she has a full load she will draw twenty six and a half feet of water.

STEAM ON A SAILING SHIP.

With these dimensions I had size enough to make seven masts necessary and stability enough to make them possible; but to set the great ship in motion, and give it any speed, tremendous sail power was required, and that meant rigging so large and so heavy that if it could be managed at all by human muscles there must be a very large crew. That is why six little engines are ranged along the middle of the Lawson's deck. Five of them are just alike, of twenty five horse power each; the sixth, up for-

ward, has forty horse power, and will do nothing but turn the capstan for the two big stockless anchors, which weigh five tons apiece. This and the aftermost engine are in deckhouses, with the two steam boilers; the other four stand in the open air. Each has what is called link motion—that is, it can be reversed by a lever so as to exert strength in either direction, like a railroad engine, and pull down as well as up.

Having this power at hand, why not make further use of it? So the engines were placed

in such a way as to be convenient to the hatches as well as to the masts, and they can do stevedore work besides crew work. They take the place of a large number of men, and that is the greatest single economy that can be worked on shipboard. A square rigger the size of the Lawson would have to have a crew of at least thirty five; the Lawson has only sixteen men, including her master, engineers, and cook; but her sail can be changed in five minutes, while the old fashioned ship takes a quarter of an hour to do the same thing.

What speed a ship like the Lawson can make it is too soon to say, but big schooners often do ten knots, and the Wells has gone as high as fifteen in a strong breeze—the record, I think, up to now. The average steam freighter plugs along at eight knots, and that is called doing well. The lines of the seven master were drawn by Bowdoin B. Crowninshield, the designer of racing yachts, and perhaps she will turn out to be a regular giantess with seven league masts for boots.

HANDLING A GIANT SCHOONER.

When the wind blows strong, and the night is dark or the weather thick, it will surely be no easy matter to handle her. No voice can carry the length of

her deck; no hand, however quick and strong, can turn her on her heel if a stranger looms suddenly on her bow; and these big schooners are erratic and

pioneer seven masted schooner will be the founder of a new generation of sailing merchantmen—the greatest and finest merchantmen that have ever



A WHITE WINGED GIANT OF THE SEAS—THE THOMAS W. LAWSON LEAVING BOSTON HARBOR ON HER FIRST TRIP.

From a photograph—Copyright, 1902, by George W. Davenport.

not to be managed in the same way as the smaller fry. But by the telephone, orders can be heard above any gale; powerful electric lanterns, set in "light-houses" such as the bigger ships have, give warning of her approach while she is many miles away, and steam steering gear that can be connected by the helmsman in thirty seconds puts a bit in her mouth that simplifies her handling not a little.

I venture the prediction that this

sailed the seas. The new type of ships will be typically American—economical and efficient, speedy and capacious, stanch and good to look at. There are those, I know, who profess to think that the fore and after can never have the grace and imposing picturesqueness of the old time square rigger; but I think they can never have seen the shining hull and towering masts of such a white winged giant of the seas as the Thomas W. Lawson.



"UP HANDS, YE GANGLE LEGGED VARMINT!" MCQUEEN ROARED. LILYWHITE OBEYED. "GEN'LEMEN," SAID HE, "YOU' ALL HAS CERT'NLY GOT ME BEAT."

[See page 72.]

THE ROMANOFF CZARS..

BY R. H. TITHERINGTON.

THE ROYAL HOUSE WHICH FOR ALMOST THREE CENTURIES HAS HELD THE MUSCOVITE CROWN—IT HAS HAD FEW STRONG AND MANY WEAK EMPERORS, AND ITS RECORD HAS BEEN ONE OF STRIFE AND ASSASSINATION—UNDER ITS RULE RUSSIA HAS BECOME GREAT BUT NOT FREE.

THE Czars of the house of Romanoff undoubtedly possess a powerful personal hold upon the imaginations and affections of the huge population whose titular rulers they are. Beyond the fact that they have been Russia's sovereigns for almost three centuries, history scarcely accounts for their prestige. To say that they have not been a line of strong men is to put the fact mildly. They have not been great warriors or great lawmakers. None of them since the first Peter, who died in 1725, has been a great organizer. With one exception, they have been identified with no genuine movement for the betterment of their people. The vast extension of the Russian territory has been no personal achievement of theirs.

THE LUCK OF MICHAEL ROMANOFF.

If anything in history is to be called chance, it was chance that raised the Romanoffs to the lofty place they hold. Why the Muscovite *boyars*, or nobles, in 1613 elected Michael Romanoff to the vacant throne is one of the puzzles of the Russian annals. The extinction of the ancient royal house of Rurik had been followed by the *Smutnoye Vremya*, the Time of Trouble. The country was in a state of anarchy and ruin, torn by civil war, and harried by the armies of Sigismund, King of Poland. Pozharski, the leader who had revived the sentiment of national unity, and who was making head against the invading Poles, would have been the natural choice of the *boyars*; but their vote fell to a lad of fifteen, a noble of only secondary rank.

Different chroniclers have accounted for the strange choice on various theories. Some attribute it to the good repute of Michael's father, Philaret Romanoff, a high official of the church; but those who intrusted the scepter to the son cannot have done so in reliance upon his father's counsels, for Philaret was at the time a

prisoner in Poland. Others point to the fact that Ivan the Terrible, strongest of the early Czars, and the first Muscovite prince to claim the imperial title, had married a Romanoff some eighty years before. It is true that relationship to a Czarina conferred great privileges; but Ivan took six other wives besides Anastasia Romanoff, so the distinction she acquired for her family could scarcely have been unique.

Yet other historians hold that Michael's name was put forward by certain *boyars* who hoped to be the real holders of the power nominally placed in the hands of the fatherless boy. Or, again, they conjecture that the jealousies of stronger aspirants led to the election of what in American politics is termed a "dark horse"—the choice of the young Romanoff as a compromise candidate being practically a matter of pure chance.

Thus it was that the Romanoffs were borne to the throne on the wave of a great national movement which they had done nothing to arouse. After the Time of Trouble there came a revival of the Muscovite spirit and a recovery of strength. The Poles were expelled, never again to constitute a serious danger to the empire of which they have since become an unwilling province. The boy Czar did not remain fatherless, for a peace was patched up with Sigismund, and Philaret Romanoff came back to Moscow, where he was associated with his son as joint ruler.

TODAY AND THREE CENTURIES AGO.

Politically, it may be doubted whether Russia has advanced or retrograded since the time of the first Romanoff Czar. Socially, the masses of her population were in those days but little removed from Asiatic savagery; their present status would be differently estimated by different observers. Avoiding controversial questions, it is safe to describe her government as being today a strict bureau-

cracy, under which her hundred and thirty million people lie inert, and content to be inert—for the revolutionary propaganda, despite all we hear of it, has no popular following. Her only trace of representative institutions is the existence of the *zemstvos*, or town meetings. Patriotic Russians have spoken of these as if they were provincial parliaments, but it is utterly misleading to give them such a name. Their authority is strictly limited and parochial, and indeed exists only on sufferance, as was shown by the Czar's recent speech at Kursk. The *zemstvos* of the district having apparently shown a disposition to inconvenient activity, his majesty warned the members of these bodies that their sole business is the consideration of local financial matters.

Such are the political liberties of Russia at the opening of the twentieth century. Compare them with the conditions existing three hundred years earlier.

The ancient traditions of the Slavs were democratic. The Byzantine historians—such as the Emperor Maurice, who knew them from meeting them in war—describe them as a free people, impatient of any control. Later they were gradually organized into monarchical states with a privileged order of nobles. Rurik, who is regarded as the founder of the Russian power, was a prince of Novgorod in the ninth century; in the fifteenth his hegemony passed to the grand dukes of Moscow. But even a hundred and fifty years later, when the Romanoffs came to the throne, their authority was far from being autocratic. It was limited by the vested rights of two assemblies, roughly analogous to the two houses of a modern legislature—the *douma*, or council of nobles, and the *sobor*, which was rather a states general than a parliament. Michael, at his election, pledged himself to consult the *douma* on all important questions, and apparently he kept his promise. The *sobor* had jurisdiction in matters of commerce and finance, and every subsidy that the first Romanoff emperor received was granted by its vote.

THE GROWTH OF AUTOCRACY.

But neither of these assemblies was destined to withstand the growing power of the crown very much longer. Michael's successor, the Czar Alexis, made no covenant to respect their rights. He habitually acted without consulting the *douma*; and though a *sobor* was called to confirm the act of his coronation, it was one of the last meetings of the old Muscovite assembly. Peter the Great swept both

bodies away, and established an absolute monarchy, ruling through bureaus, and resting ultimately on the bayonets of a powerful standing army. The political status of the country has since stood without any vital change—with the difference that where the strong Peter ruled through his bureaus, under his weaker successors it has usually been the bureaus that have ruled in the name of the Czar.

The condition of the people was bad enough when the Romanoffs gained the crown, and their accession did nothing to improve it. The peasants, descendants of those liberty loving Slavs whom the Byzantine emperors could not subdue, were "bound to the soil"—an effective form of slavery without the name—a few years before Michael's election; and in the succeeding reigns their position grew steadily worse. A ukase of the Czar Alexis, a counterpart of the Fugitive Slave Law, recalls the darkest days of human slavery in America. It is true that Alexander II, forty two years ago, formally liberated the serfs, who in return had to surrender to their former masters most of the land of which they had had the use, and to pay—too heavily, as Tolstoy insists—for the redemption of the part they retained. But the subsequent drift of things has been distinctly reactionary. Professor Kovalevsky, a loyal but enlightened Russian, declares that "the great reforms of Alexander II have largely come to naught under his successors," and he thus sums up the present political status of the individual subject in the Czar's empire:

If you add to the want of personal liberty the intolerable position created for the press, the practice of opening private correspondence and interfering with the choice of books and newspapers, and the difficulties created in the way of natural propaganda by every sincere believer of his creed, you will see that the one headed bureaucracy has deprived the people not only of their political rights, but also of the enjoyment of that amount of freedom which was accorded Englishmen by the Magna Charta, and which Americans enjoyed years before the establishment of their great federation.

THE RECORD OF THE ROMANOFFS.

The family history of the Romanoffs is in striking contrast to that of the Hohenzollerns. They have been short reigned and short lived, and their sons have usually been few. There have been sixteen Czars and Czarinas of the dynasty, besides the two Catherines, who held the scepter by right of their marriage to Romanoffs. The reigns of these eighteen sovereigns span a period of two hundred and ninety years—an average of

only sixteen years to each ruler. Excepting the second Catherine, a Teutonic princess, but one of the eighteen lived to be sixty. Only thrice since Peter the Great has the crown descended in regular sequence from father to son.

joint Czars, with their sister, Sophia, as regent; but when Peter came to manhood sole power fell into his stronger hands, his brother resigning and his sister being shut in a convent prison. From this Peter, and from the peasant woman



PETER THE GREAT, CZAR OF RUSSIA 1682-1725, THE STRONGEST PERSONALITY OF THE ROMANOFF EMPERORS.

In 1682, near the end of Charles II's reign in England and the middle of Louis XIV's in France, Feodor, third of the Romanoff line, died childless, leaving an imbecile brother of fifteen, a ten year old half brother, and a sister, to dispute the succession. It was settled that the two boys, Ivan V and Peter, should be

Martha Skavronska—a slave whom he saw and coveted in the house of one of his ministers, and whom he made first his mistress, then his wife, and finally his empress—the present Romanoffs are directly descended.

Peter was the outstanding personality of his house, the strongest Czar that Rus-

sia ever had. Besides remodeling the whole system of his country's government, he did much more. He created a new army, and, though not successful in all his wars, he extended and consolidated his empire, securing its recognition as one of

his death, the Muscovite nobles preferring their ancient system of an equal division between their sons; but most of his work was lasting.

Peter the Great pointed the way to civilization; but his idea of paternal disci-



CATHERINE THE GREAT, CZARINA OF RUSSIA 1762-1796, A GERMAN PRINCESS WHO PLAYED A PROMINENT PART IN THE HISTORY OF THE HOUSE OF ROMANOFF.

From the portrait by Rosselin.

the great powers. He built St. Petersburg, "the window by which Russia looks at Europe." He abolished such old Tartar customs as the seclusion of women and the whipping of debtors, and introduced at least the semblance of many western institutions. One of these, the law of geniture, was abolished soon after

pline suggests a doubt whether the guide and guardian of his people had himself trodden very far along the path that led away from Asiatic savagery. His only son, the Czarevitch Alexis, for the offense of criticising his father's political and social innovations, was seized and knouted to death. The prince's untimely



ALEXANDER I, CZAR OF RUSSIA 1801-1825, THE FOUNDER OF THE HOLY ALLIANCE.

From the portrait by Bazin.

demise was officially announced as having been due to an apoplectic stroke—one of those sudden ailments that have been suspiciously common in the medical history of the Romanoffs.

The taking off of Alexis left Peter, at his death, with only one male descendant, his grandson Paul. Paul died childless in 1730, after a three years' reign; and again there was a contest between claimants who were mere puppets in the hands of rival groups of nobles. The crown went to Anna, Duchess of Courland, a princess of the elder line, one of the two daughters of the imbecile Ivan V. She too died without issue, and was succeeded by her sister's infant grandson, who, after nominally reigning for a few months as Ivan VI, was deposed by the partisans of Elizabeth, youngest daughter of the great Peter. Little Ivan was sent off to the Schlüsselburg, a fortress which still stands on an

island of Lake Ladoga, haunted by infamous memories.

TWO MURDERED CZARS, PETER III AND PAUL.

Elizabeth, who is described by the biographers as "an idle, superstitious woman of lax morals," was another Romanoff to die childless. The crown fell to her sister's son, Peter III, a drunken weakling who, five months later, was dethroned by his ambitious German wife, aided by Alexis Orloff and others. Peter, too, was ordered to the Schlüsselburg, where Ivan VI was still a prisoner after twenty one years of captivity, with two more years to pass in confinement before he was murdered in his cell, in 1764. Peter was more fortunate; he never reached the Russian Bastille. On the way to it he was seized by an attack of "colic," due to the grip of Orloff's thick fingers upon his windpipe.



NICHOLAS I, CZAR OF RUSSIA 1825-1855, WHOSE DEATH WAS HASTENED BY THE DISASTERS OF THE CRIMEAN WAR.

From an engraving by F. Stodart.

The Saxon princess who now came to the throne as Catherine II was the second Russian sovereign to earn the title of "great." In spite of her foreign birth, she thoroughly adopted Muscovite ideas—among them the moral standard of the Romanoff court, for, to quote a polite historian, "the paternity of her children was a matter of serious doubt." A strong ruler, successful in war and in diplomacy, she left an enlarged empire to her son Paul.

The new Czar was below the Romanoff average—a tolerably severe statement. After a reign of four years, at first in active warfare against republican France and then in close alliance with her, he was murdered by nobles who disapproved his wavering and spendthrift policy. Assassination, it must be remembered, was then and is still the only effective

way of voicing political opposition in Russia. Paul's foreign minister, Count Pahlen, one of the murderers, wrote to the British government:

It has pleased the Eternal to call to Himself his imperial majesty the Emperor Paul, deceased in the night of the 11th-12th of this month [March, 1801] by a stroke of apoplexy.

THE FIVE LATEST ROMANOFFS.

The beneficiary of the plot—to which, indeed, he is said to have been privy—was Paul's son, the first Czar Alexander. Like his father, Alexander was now the bitter enemy and now the sworn friend of Napoleon. Personally, he was a benevolent and cultured mystic, who regarded himself as a special envoy of the Almighty, and who talked alternately of the sacred duty of suppressing liberal ideas throughout the world—for which purpose he

organized the Holy Alliance—and of his desire to resign the intolerable burden of a crown.

In 1825 Alexander died childless; his brother Constantine refused the crown, and Paul's third son, Nicholas, took it at the cost of suppressing a futile insurrec-

tion. His reign of thirty years was successful until it ended with the Crimean War—a costly blunder for France and Britain, a disaster for Russia. The sting of defeat helped to cause Nicholas' sudden death, which brought to the throne his son Alexander II.



ALEXANDER II, CZAR OF RUSSIA 1855-1881, THE LIBERATOR OF THE SERFS, AND THE MOST ENLIGHTENED OF THE ROMANOFFS, MURDERED MARCH 13, 1881.

From an engraving by Sartain.



ALEXANDER III, CZAR OF RUSSIA 1881-1894, FATHER OF THE PRESENT EMPEROR.

From an engraving by Weger.

The second Alexander, the one Romanoff Czar who had both liberal views and personal strength to enforce them, is immortalized as the emancipator of the serfs from their bondage to the soil. Had he lived only a few more days, perhaps even a few more hours, he might have won a still grander fame and done a much more important service to his country. There is good reason to believe that on the very afternoon of his terrible death by a nihilist's bomb he was about to sign a ukase giving Russia a constitutional government. The full bearing of so tremendous a reform can scarcely be estimated. It belongs to the vague realm of the "might have been"; but it is safe to say that it must have begun a wholly new and better era for the great empire and her people.

It is understood that Alexander III, son and successor of the murdered Czar, brought his father's edict before the next meeting of his councillors, expressed his intention of signing it, and secured their approval; but before the momentous document could be promulgated, the reaction-

ary Pobiedonosteff persuaded him to suppress it. And never since has Russia had a statesman like Loris Melikoff, the enlightened mentor of Alexander II.

The two latest emperors have at least added nothing evil to the record of the Romanoffs. Nor, on the other hand, beyond the bettered moral tone they have given their court, have they added anything markedly good. As far as can be judged, the present Czar is an amiable young man of worthy intentions, whose high ideals were evidenced by his proposal of a conference for the abolition of warfare. As the St. Petersburg war office has continued, during and since that conference, its steady increase of the Muscovite armaments, it seems natural to conclude that in the management of Russian affairs the bureaucracy is a stronger force than the emperor. The tales of the Czar's physical weakness and melancholy, of his dependence upon occult influences, and the like, may very probably be inventions; but apparently it is true that when he received the news of his father's death he fell into a hysterical paroxysm, and for a

time sought to decline the crown that is the splendid but blood stained heritage of his house.

RUSSIA AND HER RULERS.

The Romanoffs cannot be said to have had a dynastic policy. Repeatedly a new

Alexander II. after whose death Alexander III went back to the old conservative lines.

The greatest achievement of Russia has been the extension of her rule and influence over the vast northern region of Asia. In no way has this movement, one



THE PRESENT CZAR (NICHOLAS II) AND CZARINA OF RUSSIA, WITH THEIR FOUR LITTLE GIRLS, THE GRAND DUCHESSES OLGA, TATIANA, MARIE, AND ANASTASIA.

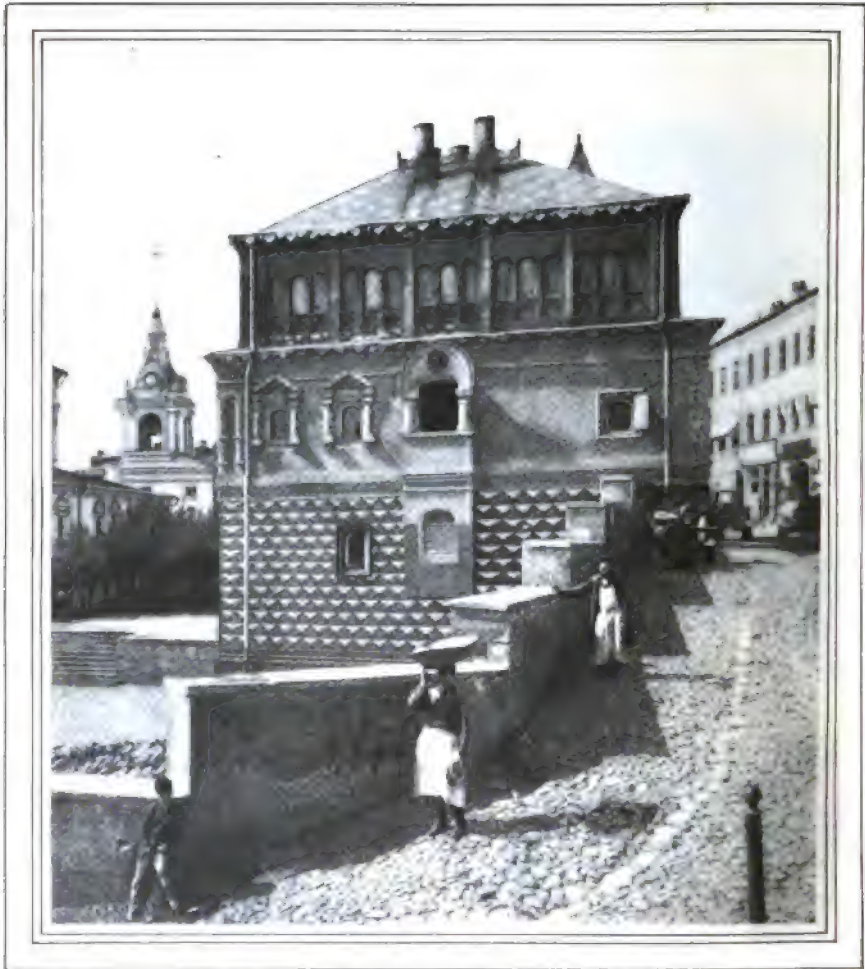
From a photograph by Levitsky, St. Petersburg.

Czar has undone as much as possible of his predecessor's work. It was to prevent such unfilial conduct that Peter the Great killed his son. Paul reversed the policy of his mother, Catherine, and had his own reversed by his son, Alexander I. The iron Nicholas was followed by the reforming

of capital importance in the progress of civilization, been due to any foresight or energy on the part of the Romanoff Czars. It was begun before their accession, when the Cossack chief Yermak crossed the Ural Mountains in the reign of Ivan the Terrible; and it was continued by ad-

venturers and colonists who received little aid or recognition from the government. In the first year of Peter the Great, when Khabaroff pushed into the Amur region,

great forests, and much mineral wealth, including rich stores of iron, coal, and mineral oil. She has every variety of climate, and her navigable rivers give her



THE MODEST PALACE OF THE EARLY ROMANOFFS—THE HOUSE OF THE ROMANOFF CZARS, IN THE KREMLIN OF MOSCOW.

his act was disallowed, and the country he annexed was given back to China, not to be regained by Russia till 1858. How wavering St. Petersburg's policy has been up to our own time is shown by the cession of Alaska to the United States in 1876 and of the Kurile Islands to Japan nine years later.

Russia is a tremendous fact in the world of today. In territory and population she is second only to the British Empire. Her military strength is immense, and only the United States is as invulnerable as she. She has almost boundless natural resources—vast stretches of fertile land,

a network of channels for trade. She has a hundred and thirty million people, with room for countless millions more.

And the Russians are not an exhausted race. The Slavs, their dominant type, are of the same stock as the French, the Germans, and the English; and the admixture of these with other strains has produced a population as vigorous and hardy, and potentially as able, as any in the world. But politically Russia is utterly inert and backward, and though a better day is surely in store for her, there is no promise of its dawning under the present régime.



Courtesy of the Department of Commerce and Labor

DONVIG'S LIFE-SAVING GLOBE

WHEN NOT IN USE

gods are said to be absent. In November the parents celebrate the third, fifth, or seventh anniversary of their children, and entertain their friends; December, a month of work in preparation for the New-year.—*Onoto Watanna in Harper's Weekly.*

Donvig's Life-Saving Globe

An interesting experiment with Captain Donvig's life-saving globe was

recently conducted by that gentleman in Copenhagen in the presence of prominent naval authorities and others.

The experiment consisted of casting the globe from a 12-foot high wharf into the sound; it sank, but immediately recovered itself, whereupon the port-holes were thrown open, one of the occupants adjusting a sail and guiding the globe by means of a rudder.

The life-saving globe is a recent in-



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specific cases given. In nearly all the city departments the record is the same; varying, of course, according to the nature of the opportunities and operations.

While the large propertied classes, as a class, want dishonest government for purely mercenary ends, the masses, as a whole, do not. A portion of the population undoubtedly prefer a "grafting" administration, yet at best it is but a fragmentary part of the entire electorate. The majority often votes for Tammany rule; in doing so it does not register its demand for dishonesty. It is actuated by other considerations—by partisan appeals or bias, by opposition to narrow excise, by objections to particular policies or candidates, and by a multitude of other interlacing reasons which no sophistical arguments can construe into a call for

dishonesty. The large propertied classes, however, want dishonest government as a tangible, pliable, immensely valuable asset. It means money on a great scale to them. Mainly from them Tammany derives its millions of dollars in campaign funds. Proceeding upon the famous rule of Jay Gould, "I contribute to the Democrats in a Democratic county and to the Republicans in a Republican county," they know no political barriers in their invidious business methods, but support that dishonest organization everywhere which has a dominant hold and which fortifies them in their frauds upon the government and the people.

Who, with an understanding of our underlying political conditions, can doubt that it is the large propertied classes who are the real enemies of good government?

NEW YORK CITY.

Japan's Claims Against Russia

BY TOYOKICHI IYENAGA, PH.D.

[The author of the following article is a lecturer in the University of Chicago. While, being a Japanese, his article gives the Japanese view of the conflict between Russia and Japan, it will be of particular value because it presents so clearly the fundamental questions which underlie that conflict.—EDITOR.]

BROADLY stated, the Japanese contention in the present Russo-Japanese controversy cannot be less than the complete assertion and the immediate practical application of the principle insuring the preservation of the Chinese Empire and of the Korean Kingdom, and of the principle of the "open door" in those countries. To be more specific, the points of contention may be stated thus: Manchuria to be, in name as well as in fact, under the suzerainty of China; the *status quo* of Korea not to be disturbed; freedom of commerce and trade within those countries, and a mutual agreement guaranteeing certain special rights, privileges and economic interests of Russia and Japan in Manchuria and Korea respectively.

Among the points enumerated the most

vital of all is the settlement of the Manchurian status. Some Americans seem to raise the question, Why is the Manchurian question so vital to Japan? Why is the latter so anxious to contend for the preservation of the territorial integrity of Manchuria, and not be satisfied with the safeguarding of the commercial interests of Japan in the region? There is but one answer to it. Because the most vital, cardinal, crucial principle is involved therein. Because upon it hangs the future of China. Because once the annexation of Manchuria by Russia is admitted, the whole political fabric of China, tottering as it is, but still able to keep its ground, will go to pieces. In other words, the fate of Manchuria means a far sadder, far weightier disaster than the loss of three northern provinces of

the Chinese Empire; it means the introduction of the policy of partition of China. Then, again, the fate of Manchuria involves the wreck of the "open door" policy in China. Mr. Hay, Secretary of State of the United States, saw with his far-seeing eye, and expressed in 1902 in his emphatic language, the danger involved, when Russia tried to extort from China certain special privileges in Manchuria:

"Such a concession on China's part would undoubtedly be followed by demands from other Powers for similar equally extensive advantages elsewhere in the Chinese Empire, and the inevitable result must be the complete wreck of the policy of absolute equality of treatment to all nations."

Without China there can hardly be an "open door." Without Manchuria there will ultimately be no China.

Before the eyes of the American public and of the world the Korean question has been brought to the forefront in the first stage of the present Russo-Japanese negotiation, as if it formed the bone of contention. Such an impression is due to the diplomatic maneuver of Russia. In fact, she has tried her utmost to divert the attention of Japan and of the world from Manchuria to Korea. Russia showed great activity along the Korean side of the Yalu, opposed the opening of Yongampho, and it was once rumored she constructed quasi-forts in the place. This could be only interpreted as a shrewd move of Russia to strike a diplomatic bargain with Japan, and thus to dupe the world. "Behold! I allow you a free hand in Korea," Russia counted on saying to Japan; "you must, therefore, allow me a free hand in Manchuria." And, turning to the world, she thought to exclaim, "I have made such and such concessions in Korea to Japan. But she remains obstinate; she is the disturber of the peace of the world." By putting Korea as a bait, Russia simply tried to soothe Japan and cause her to acquiesce in the Russian occupation of Manchuria. The world has been already informed that Russia even proposed a neutral zone in Korea. To Japan, however, the Korean question is nothing but a side issue. As Japan is fully cognizant of the fact that her predominant interests in Korea, political, commercial, financial, are well acknowledged by the world, and

further, as she has no intention whatever to annex the Peninsular Kingdom, such a proposal of Russia, it is needless to say, was rejected without a moment's consideration by the Tokyo Government.

The Cabinet of St. Petersburg being thus put at its wits' end, seems to have now turned to the last resort of enlisting the sympathy of the world on her side, by convincing the latter of her most peaceful intentions, and by showing Japan in the light of an aggressive, warlike Power. Within the past few weeks, from St. Petersburg, Paris, Berlin, telegraphic reports have issued forth, bringing many emphatic assurances of peace. It was even reported that the Czar declared to his Ministers on the Russian New Year's Day that "it is his desire and intention to maintain peace in the Far East," than which, the *Novoe Vremya* declares, there can be no better assurance of peace. If this be sincerely said, if peace can be maintained in the Far East, nothing can be more welcome to Japan. But are we justified in placing implicit faith in this peace-assuring news, emanating from St. Petersburg? We, who are sojourners in this country, and are naturally watching with the keenest interest and anxiety the development of events in the Far East, have some reasons, until we are fully assured by the official reply of Russia, not only to hesitate to accept this news, but even to doubt whether there are not some sinister designs on the part of the Northern Power in propagating these peace-assuring rumors. Are they not intended to be used as the weapon of the Russian diplomacy, to further its plan, and thus ultimately to triumph over Japan? In other words, is not Russia trying to dupe the world again? Let me state the reasons for suspecting this.

That Russia finds herself to-day in the gravest and saddest of dilemmas is apparent to all. Shall she fight Japan, or acquiesce in the loss of all the glorious prestige she has established in the Far East? Her magnificent diplomacy of the past century, that enabled her agents, from Muravieff to Cassini, to play such a splendid rôle in Eastern Asia, that succeeded in extending the Muscovite influence from the bank of the Amur to the Great Wall of China, in driving shafts through the heart of Manchuria, and in stationing the Russian floating

iron-sentinel at the entrance of the Gulf of Pelchili, thus seizing the very throat of China, the diplomacy that seemed destined to surmount every obstacle in its triumphal career until the eighteen provinces of China should bow meekly to its command,—this diplomacy has at last in the dawn of the twentieth century met its check. The pertinacity of Japan to preserve the integrity of the Chinese Empire, and the awakening of England and the United States to the real danger of the Muscovite domination, stand to-day almost insuperable obstacles, far mightier than the Great Wall of China, against the aggressive movement of Russia. For the latter the present is, therefore, the most serious moment in her history. No wonder that her diplomacy is making the most desperate attempt to break down this combined barrier, and to find its way.

However ominous the frowning canons of Japan may appear to Russia, what pains the latter most is the sympathy the former has obtained from Great Britain and the United States. This sympathy has not only been expressed in words, but was manifested in an unmistakable way in deeds, as, for instance, the purchase by England of the Chilean warships, and the hurried ratification of the treaty between China and the United States. Profoundly grateful Japan certainly is for these marks of sympathy by the English-speaking nations; there is in this, however, nothing unnatural, unreasonable. For not only can Japan claim justice on her side, but the interests she is striving to safeguard are also the interests of the United States and Great Britain. For the principle of the policy Japan is pursuing with relentless energy is that which was laid down in the most explicit, forcible and unmistakable tone in the circular of Secretary Hay of 1900, and which forms the basis of the Anglo-Japanese Agreement of 1902. In this respect Japan is now only acting the part of a spokesman of those nations.

However reasonable may be the sympathy manifested by England and America toward Japan, it cannot but be extremely galling to Russia. She must, therefore, realize that the first step to clear the way for the success of her diplomacy must be to alienate this sympathy

from Japan. Among many resources of the Russian diplomatists, one would be to convince the world, if possible, of the most peaceful attitude of herself, and to show Japan on the other side, in the light of an aggressive, warlike, unyielding Power. We are led to suspect whether this is not the course the Russian diplomacy is pursuing before the reply to Japan's last note is delivered. It serves, again, another purpose when the Russian note is delivered to Japan, that of inducing the latter to minimize her demands, and yield to Russia. If this cannot explain the sudden change of the Russian attitude, as reported by the telegraphic messages from St. Petersburg, the only alternative for us is to think that Russia has been heretofore playing the big game of diplomatic bluff, to overawe Japan by military display. For the world is too well acquainted with the bellicose attitude of Russia, constructing forts in the strategic points in Manchuria, hurrying there regiment after regiment from Europe, and massing her warships in the Asiatic waters. Shall the world, then, be convinced, by Russian persuasions, of the aggressive nature of the Japanese, and look upon the latter as the heedless disturber of the world's peace?

In the first place, why should Japan prove herself warlike in the present situation? Such a charge might be thought worth considering if Japan threatened war upon such a helpless Power as China. To be pitted against Russia is, however, a different matter. Japan is fully aware that such a struggle with the Northern colossus, one of the greatest military Powers of the world, is a mighty task for her to undertake. She knows that for the conflict she has to strain every nerve, every tissue. Every Japanese feels it in his heart. He knows his honor, property, and even life—all must be put to stake. Rather than plunge into such a dangerous war, is it not reasonable to suppose that Japan will hail with joy the peaceful issue of the present imbroglio? It took Japan, therefore, a long time before she decided to contest the point with Russia to the utmost, even at the cost of war. The diplomatic history from last October to the present time stands a conclusive witness to the peaceful attitude of Japan. Provocation after provocation, delay af-

ter delay, had been the order of the day on the side of Russian diplomacy. Utmost patience, ungrudging courtesy, speedy reply, and most sincere solicitude for peaceful settlement—these the part Japan had to and did play. The time intervening between the forwarding of the Japanese note to Russia and its answer from the latter measures the patience and long-suffering of Japan. *Vice versa*, the speediness of Japan's reply to the Russian note bespeaks the sincere de-

sire of Japan to settle with the quickest dispatch this dispute, which is doing so much damage to the commercial and financial interests of the world. This long suffering on Japan's side almost argues lack of intelligence for the strategic art. For every hour, every minute, of delay is gain to Russia, and loss to Japan. In face of these facts, can we be persuaded that Japan is needlessly provocative of war?

CHICAGO, ILL.

“The Post Office, Our Mutual Transportation Company”

BY JAMES L. COWLES

[When the author of the following article found himself, in 1888, under the ruins of two factories whose failure had been largely due to discrimination in freight rates, he took up the solution of the public transport problem as his life work. He quickly saw the close relation between the post office and the post road, and in 1891 published his article, “The Application of the Postal Principle to Railway Traffic,” in the *Birmingham Age-Herald*. The editor of the *Railway Review*, of Chicago, reprinted the article, and in his editorial upon it said that although the idea would not be received with any degree of favor under private ownership of railroads, under Government ownership it would be a natural sequence. The first edition of Mr. Cowles's book, “A General Freight and Passenger Post,” was published in 1896. The third edition appeared in the spring of 1898. This contained the author's theory as to the solution of the transport problem and its application, the latter half of the book being devoted to the support of the bill attacked by Mr. Castle in his late article in *THE INDEPENDENT*. Mr. Cowles has written many articles for the press and for magazines on his favorite subject, and has aided his friends in Congress to the best of his ability. In December, 1898, he was summoned to Washington as one of the witnesses before the Committee on Railway Mail Pay. He was ill at the time, and his revised testimony was afterward published as a special document by the Senate. A year ago Mr. Cowles organized the Postal Progress League of Boston. He is now at work organizing similar leagues throughout the country.—EDITOR.]

A DEPARTMENT of Posts came into being almost as soon as the first king had extended his rule beyond his immediate vision. The old time posts served as eye and ear, hands and feet to the old time ruler, at once acquainting him with the plans and movements of his subjects, transmitting to them his orders, transporting from them their tribute.

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Says the historian Nadet:

“In our modern Europe the posts, with their liberty of land and water transport, are

a source of incalculable prosperity to the people. They are the arteries of commerce. In that ancient world they not only added another instrument of servitude to so many others, they also enfeebled and impoverished the provinces, crushed less under the weight of the legal imposts than by the iniquity of the assessments and by the exactions for which they served as a pretext. Besides the members of the Imperial Court, the magistrates and the commanders of the troops, there were the soldiers and servants of the magistrates who took the horses and cattle of the farmers. There were also the directors of the stations in the cities and upon the routes who invented every species of extortion. Added to these were the nobility of the cities, the chiefs of the councils, all the powerful, indeed, who forced the poor of city and country, *plebs urbana*, *plebs rustica*, to furnish them free

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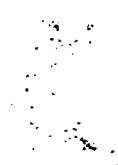
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THE FIGURE OF VICTORY ON THE MONUMENT ERECTED IN SAN FRANCISCO TO COMMEMORATE THE BATTLE OF MANILA BAY

THE BOOKLOVERS MAGAZINE

VOL. III

APRIL, 1904

NO. 4

WHAT IS REALLY AT STAKE IN ASIA

BY TALCOTT WILLIAMS

The Russo-Japanese war has suddenly altered the world's balance of continental power. Asia asserts itself after four centuries of ebb. From the battle of Lepanto to the torpedo-attack on Port Arthur you will look in vain for naval victory by an Asiatic fleet. The United States is first heard in war asserting its historic policy of the rights of neutrals over the conflicts and the convenience of belligerents. Russia, which in Asia has never known defeat and only once retreat—from Kuldja and Ili—faces the most staggering reverse yet inflicted on an European power in the slow process under which, through two centuries, northern Asia has gone to the Czar, and the heart of southern Asia, India, to the rival English flag. In a long curve from the Persian Gulf to eastern Thibet, from the mouth of the Euphrates to the source of the Brahma-Putra, English outposts today watch the advance of the Russian flag and wait for the last conflict which shall decide whether the future development of Asia shall be Muscovite or English, military or civilian, the work of despotism or the fruit of law—a contest Japan, the ally of England, may be deciding.

On the world's stage no such sudden, strange shifting of armies and alarums has been seen since the nineteenth century, in its first decade, saw England achieve the control of the Ocean at Trafalgar and secure India at Assaye, while the principle of nationalities asserted itself by the sudden rising of Germany and Spain against Napoleon in Europe, and the United States, by the Louisiana purchase, first claimed a continent for its own. All that has developed since for a century, in all seas and on all lands, has borne its inevitable relation to these four events. War and peace, the shock of conflict and the development of trade, have all for a century flowed in the channel created by the twin English empires of the Ocean and of India, by national forces remaking the map of Europe, and by the expansion of the United States.

A new epoch began when the first Japanese torpedo-boat exploded its Whitehead torpedo against a Russian battle-ship in the roadstead off Port Arthur. It was much that an Asiatic power, for the first time since Tartar and Turk began their retreat from the Vistula and the Danube,

took the initiative in war with an European power, and forced a heady and victorious fight. It was more that the newspapers which chronicled the event recorded, too, that the United States asserted itself as an Asiatic power, and drew the line where the rising tide of war must stop and its proud waves be stayed. The European power in Asiatic conflict has made small account of boundaries and neutral rights. Russia is in Manchuria without regard to them. Neither Clive nor Hastings, Wellesley nor Lawrence, waited on boundaries or treated Asiatic sovereignties as capable of either enjoying or enforcing neutral rights.

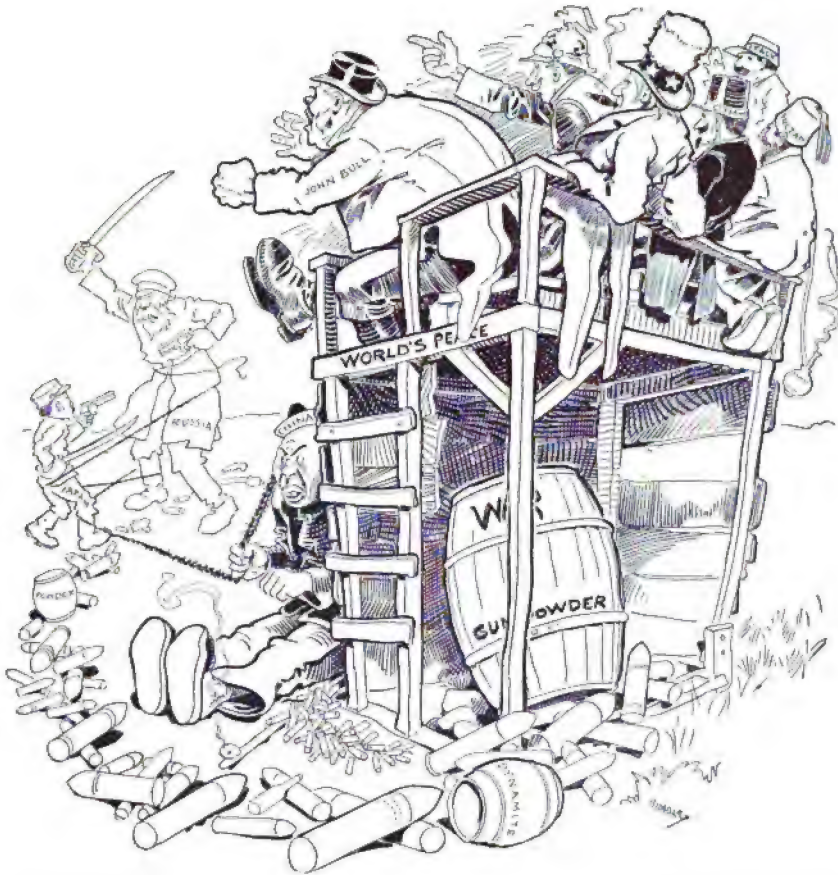
When President McKinley—remembering he was an American president, restrained by law—withdrew General Chaffee from Peking as soon as the work of succor was over, he showed the same respect for a friendly sovereignty in Asia as in Europe or America. When Russia broke pledge after pledge for the evacuation of Manchuria, it was by a commercial treaty and not by a military demonstration that Secretary Hay made plain to the Russian government the unfriendly verdict of the civilized world on its breach of faith in maintaining its illegal armed occupation of Chinese territory. Now that war has come, Secretary Hay, by a diplomacy as shrewd as it is effective, has not only pledged the united powers to limit war to Manchuria, but has rendered it certain that, when war ends and peace comes, the independence of the Chinese Empire and its present administrative limits must be preserved.

These are great results to secure without putting a ship in commission or moving a regiment, by a simple, high-minded appeal to the admitted rights of neutrals and the mutual respect of nations for law; but the appeal would have counted for naught if the United States were, as a decade ago, a power without a fleet or without foreign relations. It is because in the interval the United States has built a fleet, forced two arbitrations over Venezuela early and late, fought the battles of Manila and Santiago, and acquired the Philippines, that Secretary

Hay speaks with authority. In the Philippines the United States has once gathered the second largest army any civilized power has had in Asia, equal to the army with which England garrisoned India, and second only to the great force whose cantonments stretch from the Ural to the Great White Mountains of Manchuria, from Ekaterinsburg to Vladivostok. Our fleet, as M. Pelletan, the French Minister of Marine, has just said in a speech, must be one of the greater fleets of the Pacific, and no European power except England could expect to exceed it.

Material force in these issues lies behind diplomacy, and diplomacy behind trade. The world's next great market is China. Its railroads will decide the iron demand of the world, as European railroads did from 1830 to 1870, and our own in their expansion and equipment from 1870 to 1900. Semi-tropical India is limited in its consumption by a climate which prevents any true civilization, which has never yet gone below the thirtieth parallel in its wider material development. All India lies south of this parallel, the parallel of New Orleans, of Thebes and Babylon, of Cairo and Bagdad, the southern limit of northern civilization and development. Three-quarters of China lies north of this parallel. The Chinese area above it is only a little short of that of the United States. The manufactures and material of civilization will be wanted for substantially all of China. They are possible in only a narrow rim of India. The real issue of the twentieth century is whether this vast market of China is to be open to the best comer, or be made the appanage and customer of Russian manufactures, just developing, and the Siberian railroad system. Our own trade steadily increases in China as one moves north. It is light at Canton. It is heaviest at Niu-chwang, the most northern of the free ports which are still held by Russia, though outside of Manchuria.

Behind all the web of diplomacy which has followed one unfailing policy since the Boxer insurrection precipitated interfer-



Drawn by Bradley

Courtesy of The Chicago News

IS THE GRAND STAND SAFE ?

ence—in the steadfast recognition of Chinese sovereignty, the early withdrawal of American troops, the declared policy of the “open door,” new free ports opened by the treaty which so affronted Russia by asserting Chinese sovereignty over Manchuria, and lastly the maintenance of Chinese neutrality under an international sanction—there has run the same settled purpose: the preservation in the present for the future of the one great market not yet sealed as a garden enclosed by some national protection system, under which, if Mr. Joseph Chamberlain succeeds in his plan of surrounding the British Empire by a tariff fence, even India must before long fall.

Secretary Hay, to accomplish this, has

proposed in Asia a wider application of the principle of neutral territory, already in force in Europe for a century. Switzerland was set apart as neutral in 1815, and its boundaries have since been inviolate. Nothing so arrayed the public mind and conscience of Europe against the system of Napoleon as his headlong violation of Helvetian neutrality. It has found no one ready to meddle with it. Belgium was neutralized in 1839; Luxemburg in 1867; the Ionian Isles just before. The neutral character of Belgium, Luxemburg, and Switzerland has been preserved under the stress of successive wars. If the policy of Secretary Hay places China under the same moral protection, a vast and populous region, unwarlike—which for a thousand

years, since the Sung dynasty, has never successfully resisted invasion—is given, by diplomatic action accepted by all the powers at peace and the two powers at war, the lasting defense of an international guaranty of neutrality. Made now for a single contest and conflict, it is certain—experience shows—to harden into a general precedent universally observed.

If, for nearly a century, it has been possible to secure and enforce this for small and defenceless lands—enviored more than once by great armies in conflict and strategically cramped by these neutral territories—it should be possible still more to do it for China. Once done, a great step has been taken towards a recognition of the claims of peace and the defence of the weak. Spanish-American lands are already screened from war by our guaranty, and the operations of the allies a year ago against Venezuela are the last this generation will see. It is an unwritten chapter of Anglo-American diplomacy, already perceived by the far-sighted and the subject of informal discussion and conference among the few competent to an opinion, that if England were involved in an European war, it would be cheaper to accept the neutralization of Canada and the North Atlantic by the United States than for England to gain the few men who would be furnished by the Dominion. The United States has already announced that it can permit no colony to be transferred by war or purchase from one European power to another. It is a short step from this to prevent their invasion in war. Nor would any power care to undertake so perilous an enterprise at cost of hostility from the United States.

Let China be neutralized by common agreement—a step already taken for the current conflict—and another great area is dedicated to peace, on the initiative of the United States and under the common protection of the powers. If China is to remain under the corrupt and corrupting administration of the Manchu and Mandarin, the palace at Peking and the yamen of every province and city, its preservation

from conquest and annexation will be a dubious boon. Its great bulk will rot, like a stranded whale, unable either to preserve life or direct its course. Nothing kills like bad government. Neither trade nor a market can long exist where justice and administration are both corrupt. Domestic manufactures are sure to disappear under foreign competition. New industries cannot be organized. Mills only rise where contracts can be enforced, and where plans made for the future can be rendered secure by just courts and an honest administration.

Japan has already, in the first flush of success, pledged itself to make no conquest in Chinese territory. The Island Empire is more interested than any other power in seeing China preserved inviolate. It was a Japanese protest which forced Italy to withdraw from San-mun Bay and halts the advance of France from the south. It has addressed itself to the task of driving Russia across the Amoor. Whatever the result of the campaign, Japan has already made itself the hope of every Asiatic. The new China desires, as Mr. Wu Ting-Fang reminded us, to see Asia preserved for the Asiatic, and protected against European encroachment. Japan has the secret of using European science without ceasing to be Asiatic. It is a shallow view of the Japanese nation which regards it as Europeanized. It remains at the core Asiatic. What it has borrowed is small by the side of what it has retained. The prospect, strong twenty years ago, that its upper and intelligent classes would adopt Christianity, has vanished. There has come instead a renaissance of Shinto faith, a revival of Buddhism—just as Islam grows stronger in every Moslem country—and a widespread desire to preserve the Japanese attitude in faith, in morals, and in social life. The Japanese soldier and sailor—in arms, armament, uniform, organization, discipline, and drill—is European, but he addresses himself to his task with a reckless disregard of life, a secrecy, a subordination, and a freedom from personal ambition which recall Asiatic rather than European tradition.

Japan is making the last stand of Asia. If it fails, Asia ceases to be a separate integer in human development, and becomes an appanage of Europe. If Japan wins, it has wrestled well and overthrown more than its enemies. It will become the teacher, first of China and then of a wider Asia. Japanese education wisely retains Chinese as its classic tongue, playing the part in the training which Greek and Latin play, or did play, in our own scheme of liberal study. Its administrators and officers are alone in knowing both Chinese classics and modern science. They are ready for their task. They have already begun it. The prestige of victory will give them authority and acceptance in remodeling China. Japan, after all, is alone in raising an Asiatic State to free self-government. Its institutions are less like ours than they seem on the surface. Prescription plays the prodigious part it always has in Asiatic society. The sense of personal loyalty to the Emperor is strong to a degree no European, much less an American, can appreciate or understand. That singular attitude of mind which permits what to us seems abasement in attitude, ceremony, and action, and yet preserves a complete self-respect, is retained by the Japanese. They vote, they have parties, they practice an amazing freedom of speech in Japan; but at the final limit political action is bounded and controlled by influences and principles unknown and alien to the West, but perfectly comprehensible to the Asiatic, who never forgets that the state and its supreme head is greater than himself, his party, or his policy.

These things render it certain that Japan will be the teacher of China for a season, but only for a season. China, too, has a type and character—stronger at many points than the Japanese—which for thirty centuries of little understood history have absorbed, colored, and conquered its conquerors. It is the reorganization and resurrection of China, rather than its conquest, which Japan may be expected to accomplish. Our own new and notable

experiment in the Philippines—of teaching self-government to the Malay Asiatic in a generation—may yet outdo Japan; but thus far Japan is alone and unique in being both Asiatic and free. It has—none more—freedom, self-government, law, loyalty, and political institutions.

Free Japan, in this conflict, faces the world's last great powerful despotism. It is not long, a matter of three centuries or so, since all the world was a desert of despotism, and a flickering flame of freedom was fed and tended alone in a few Dutch fens and marshes, and behind the tossing bulwark sailed and fought by Drake and his men. They have all gone, one by one, those great despotisms. They are moribund all, or vanished. The Escorial is empty. The Grand Turk a name. The last of the Moguls died in exile and a prisoner. The Manchu exists by sufferance. Free nations rule the world—all save one, Russia. It remains the one absolute, autocratic despotism with power. Its fleet has failed it at the moment of need. Despotism and the sea in all ages go ill together. No despotic power ever won a great naval victory. The Russian army will be facing its test as these lines are read. By a strange fate, not wholly accident, the most Asiatic of civilized armies is arrayed against the one Asiatic free state.

Defeat may, after all, be more fruitful to Russia than victory. The Crimean war brought the emancipation of the serf. Had not a nihilist bomb torn Alexander II limb from limb, the project for local self-government on his desk, waiting his sign manual, would have become law. The struggle now in progress may bring self-rule for the Zemstvo, or provincial assembly, and open elementary education in Russia. The Russian army is twice the size of Japan's army. Japan has almost twice as many children in elementary schools as Russia. It is by schools rather than armies that modern wars are won.

Salvatore D. S. S. S.



Courtesy of the California Promotion Committee

IN THE CHINA TRADE



THE TWO PACIFICS

by Harold Bolce

II - THE EXPLOITATION OF CHINA

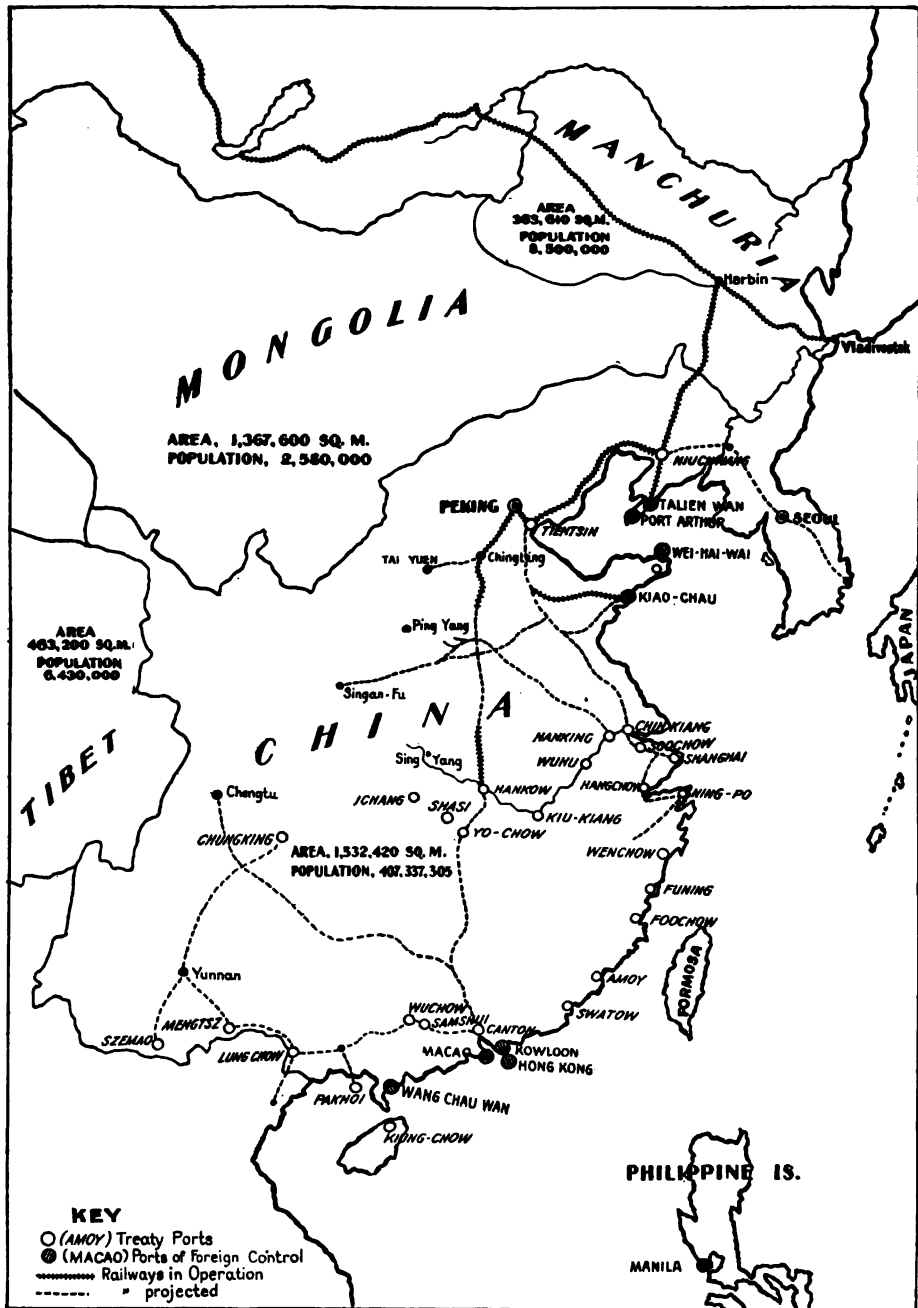
It has been pointed out in a previous article that the nation which manages to secure the greater part of the commerce of the Pacific will have control of what must inevitably become the leading trade of the world, since it deals with two-thirds of the world's population, dwelling in lands of the richest possible natural resources. It has been set forth, moreover, that such commercial dominion will crown the nation that enjoys it with the sovereign power of the earth. America has as much interest in the shiftings and evolutions of empire in the Far East as has any of the nations of Asia or Europe. The control of Chinese trade is the real prize at stake in the Eastern struggle.

The awakening of China is the most important commercial development of our time. The modern movement in that empire has already acquired such momentum that the whole commercial world is interested. Two phases of development in that country are as significant, in determining Chinese destiny, as the march of armies. One is the establish-

ment of modern schools and the reaching out for Western learning; the other is the beginning in earnest of the era of railway construction and the installation of river steamers upon the vast waterways of the empire.

When the Imperial Court of China issued an edict directing that a special railway line be built to convey the emperor on his pilgrimage to the Western Tombs, it was clear that the ancient prejudice in China against modern innovations was beginning to pass away. Activities directed by progressive Chinese officials soon confirmed the belief that China was entering the railway age.

Before American capital could be invoked to gain control over the thousands of miles of projected lines in that empire, China became the storm-centre of the world. Torn by rebellion and harassed all along its borders, and even within its lawful confines, by ambitious powers of both Europe and Asia, the Celestial Kingdom seemed so insecure a field for the investment of capital that the inauguration of



MAP OF EASTERN CHINA

SHOWING RAILROADS, TREATY PORTS, AND PORTS OF FOREIGN CONTROL

China's great industrial career passed into the hands of men whose governments are disposed to safeguard the Asiatic operations of its citizens.

Had America taken the lead in the international adjudication of China's problems, the construction of its vast projected railway system, the exploitation of its great mines of gold, coal, and antimony, the building and managing of its factories, and the introduction of steam vessels upon its rivers would today be under the direction of American energy and American capital.

China was anxious to have America take the lead in these matters. Despite our rigid exclusion laws against Chinese citizens, China has a warm regard for the United States. Taught by centuries of inheritance to look with contempt upon the people of alien nations, and up to the time of recent treaties referring to them in official documents and dispatches as "barbarians," China voluntarily made an exception of the United States. "The reason was," said a Chinese official, "that the moral strength of the American people and their principles of commercial honor appealed to the Chinese. It made us aware, too," he added, "that these ideals may be associated with modern methods."

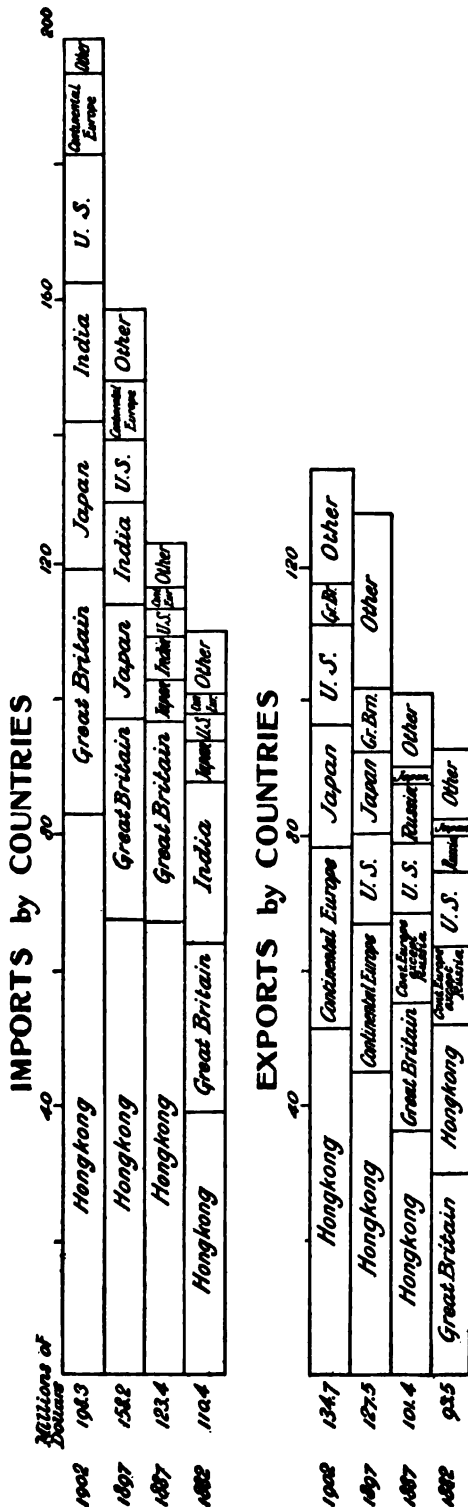
American residents who have spent many years in China say that the moral dignity of the Chinese people as a whole, and particularly of the commercial classes, must not be overlooked if one would understand the principle that has made that nation great throughout many centuries. "For years we have heard of China's weakness and of its impending collapse," says President Edmund J. James, of Northwestern University. "What I should like to know, and I think what many thoughtful Americans would be glad to find out, is the secret of China's strength." The question was submitted to a Chinese statesman. "China was great for centuries," he replied, "because it founded its acts on the precepts of Confucius and Lao-tsze. In evil later days came opium to degrade the lowly, and intrigue to corrupt the high ;

as a result, China struggles with trouble. Now, however, as we behold the beginnings of dismemberment, the best men of our empire are pledged to reform. If China passes through its present crisis it will emerge not only a modern nation, but one reconstructed on its original ideals of honor."

With amiable but penetrating satire Wu Ting-Fang, while Minister at Washington, observed that for ages the word of a Chinese merchant was accepted as a bond. His verbal promise to pay was sacred and sufficient. "But we are progressing," said this statesman. "Since our contact with Western civilization we no longer conduct business in that way; we demand the obligation in writing now-a-days." The arraignment is less searching than it seems. Mr. Frank A. Vanderlip, formerly Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, and now a leading official in one of the great New York banks, declares that the chief requisite for success in Wall Street is absolute, unquestioned integrity. "Let there develop a single spot on a man's financial honor," he added, "and he might as well close up his office in that intense business centre."

That gospel is practised and preached throughout America. The exceptions to the prevailing code are made by the men who become, sooner or later, business pariahs. It was this element of commercial probity in America that awakened the trust of the Chinese, and the willingness to give the United States first chance in the creation of modern China.

Inasmuch as the exploitation of China, with its four hundred or more millions and its prodigious undeveloped resources, is the central speculation in the Pacific struggle—it rises to the same international interest whether the awakening is to be an evolution of its people, or whether the modernization of the empire is to be worked out by alien agencies. For two things are obvious: first, that a development, giving promise of a revolution in the world's commerce, has begun; and second, that Russia, Japan, England, Germany, France, and



THE FOREIGN TRADE OF CHINA—BY COUNTRIES

the United States are vitally concerned in gaining trade concessions or control in this marvelous land, when it shall have become rejuvenated and transformed.

The percentages of the share taken by each country in the total tonnage entered and cleared at Chinese ports during the years 1882, 1892, and 1902 are very instructive. In 1882 the share taken by the United Kingdom was over 62 per cent. In 1902 it was 50 per cent. Japan's share in 1882 was a trifle over 1 per cent. In 1902 it had leaped to 14 per cent. Germany in the same period developed its share from 5 to 13 per cent.

In 1882 the proportion of China's trade carried under the American flag was 97-100 of 1 per cent. In twenty years it has grown exactly 3-100 of 1 per cent. Today the Stars and Stripes float over but 1 per cent. of the total cargoes of the Celestial Kingdom. That, of course, does not represent America's total trade with China, for much of our commerce is conducted by ships of foreign register, but it is an instructive revelation, and one which statesmen and shippers alike are pondering gravely.

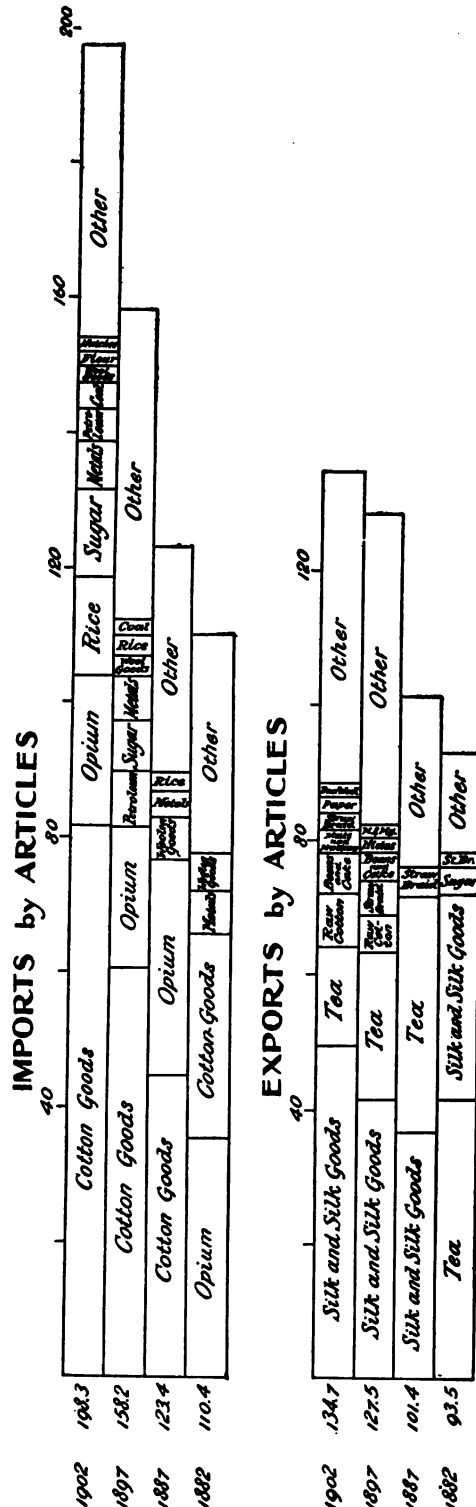
The persistent development of Germany's advance in the Far East is a theme much discussed in American business centres. The commercial leaders of this country realize that China, the one remaining empire whose markets await the adventurous agents of modern houses, is becoming Germanized as well as Russianized. In Siberia, Manchuria, and in many parts of China, the leading merchants are German. This fact has greatly impressed recent travelers in those countries.

The great and perhaps the only reason why the United States has not established itself more securely in the field of Asia is that, thus far, it has had abundant outlet for its energies in the expanding West.

Germany, on the other hand, has been forced to send its commercial legions round the world. There are modern gasoline launches on Lake Galilee; they are German. Caravans of camels halt to let modern railway trains pass through Palestine; these lines are financed by German capital. And now, with the slow and certain advance of Slavic dominion along the Pacific, is proceeding the German commercial invasion of the Far East, a movement fraught with perhaps more international importance than the American trade conquest of western Europe. Side by side with the German, and impelled by the same national necessity for expansion, is the aggressive shipper and merchant of Japan. England, starting out vigorously with the same motive, has developed the imperial instinct which has secured for her the commercial mastery of the world.

The total imports of China for the year 1902 amounted to \$198,000,000, of which nearly two-thirds were from Asiatic countries. A large part of the imports from Hongkong, however, came originally from Western countries. Great Britain supplied 18 per cent., the United States 9½ per cent., and all of continental Europe, including Russia, only 6 per cent. of the imports into China. The United States, therefore, has a larger commercial interest in the affairs of China than any continental European nation. As a Pacific power, however, we are entitled to a much larger share of import trade than 10 per cent.

In the awakened activities of Japan, there is an element which is of grave commercial significance: that kingdom is sending to America almost twice as much as it is purchasing from us. According to the figures of the Japanese Department of Finance, the total value of commodities exported from Japan to the United States in 1902 was over





WHEAT READY FOR SHIPMENT, SAN FRANCISCO

\$40,000,000, while the value of imports from this country was less than \$24,300,000.

On the other hand, Japan's trade with Great Britain shows a marked balance on England's side of the ledger, the imports to Japan from Great Britain alone exceeding our sales in the Sunrise Kingdom, while the combined imports from England and British India into Japan aggregate in value more than \$50,000,000. Yet in 1902 Japan succeeded in selling to England only \$8,500,000 worth of goods.

In other words, Japan is selling the bulk of its products in America, and taking the greater part of the money realized from these sales and spending it in the markets of England. Surprising as it may seem, the figures of the Bureau of Statistics of the Department of Commerce and Labor show that we sold more goods in 1902 to Cuba than we did to either China or Japan.

It is plain that America has her Oriental commercial victories yet to win. Even if

there should be no further carvings of Asia among European powers it is obvious that, to secure anything like commercial preëminence in these far Pacific waters, the business world of the United States must pursue something more than a policy of chance. And when it is realized that what trade we have with the Far East is threatened by the aggressions of other nations, it is plain that a stirring policy is necessary to secure for our Republic its proper status as a sovereign power of the new Pacific.

Although it is through the commercial pioneering of only a few big-brained business leaders of America that the United States is making headway at present in the Far East, the hold the opportunities of the Orient have upon the minds of Western people, particularly of its farmers, cannot be imagined by the inhabitants of the Atlantic States.

Western railroad presidents share that feeling, and point out that they would not

be able to run trans-continental freight trains at a profit but for the fact that they now carry loaded cars in both directions. "For example," said President Hill, "the operating expenses in hauling a car between St. Paul and Puget Sound is sixty-four cents per hundred miles, or \$256 for the round trip of four thousand miles. If loaded westward with flour at twenty-five cents per hundred pounds, and averaging thirty tons per car, the car earns on its outward journey \$150. If on its return the car is loaded with twenty tons of lumber at forty cents per hundred pounds, it earns on its round trip for one car \$310. Deducting the operating expenses of \$256, the profit is \$54.

"If, however," he continued, "the car were loaded only on its westward bound trip, and were hauled east empty, the loss to the company would be \$106; and if hauled westward empty, and loaded on its trip east, the loss would be \$96."

Inasmuch as the railroads and the people of the West alike base their larger future on their prospects in the Orient, there has grown up a reciprocal feeling between the people and the transportation kings which it is difficult for an Eastern man to understand. Railway presidents have held farmers' meetings, the former setting forth the operating expenses of railways, the latter showing what it costs to raise a bushel of wheat. These unique conferences have brought about reduced freight rates; and today many farmers in the Northwest surprise the traveler by acknowledging that they owe their prosperity to the railroads. Some of these plainmen will even supply statistics to attest the benefit derived from the railway merger which the government has so strongly opposed.

Right or wrong, the people of the prosperous West are to a great extent in accord with present railway policies. It is an anomalous condition. Communities that



SHIPPING ON THE SHANGHAI RIVER

Photograph by Rea

were uncompromisingly populist a few years ago are today sturdily defending the corporations they recently denounced.

A railway president complained generally about the opposition now directed from Federal sources against the merged companies. Getting to the Pacific end of the subject, he said:

"They want us to publish our rates, with the understanding that we are not to change them without several days' notice. That would mean that the big carrying lines would be at the mercy of tramp steamers, which could make a slightly reduced rate to capture some special cargo, and get off with it to the Orient before we could legally adjust our schedules to meet the competition. It would be giving every advantage to the tramp vessel at the expense of the companies who have expended millions in establishing regular lines. We have," he added with some warmth, "been fighting the elements ahead of us and ignorance behind us."

"If the Government should insist upon the publication of those rates, what would the big companies do?" he was asked.

"We should be forced to take our fleets out of commission," he replied, "and sail them under a foreign flag."

He went on to insist that the lawmakers at Washington had failed to grasp the splendid opportunities in the Orient, and therefore were blind to the big purposes of railway combinations. "Russia's presence in Asia, of course, makes our battle harder," he said, "but our real obstacle is the opposition at Washington."

"Do you share the fear, then," he was asked, "that America will lose her chance to be the commercial master of Asia?"

His reply was quick and emphatic: "America has already lost it."

That is the statement of a millionaire American railway king. Other large operators, equally interested in the Oriental future for our trade, are disposed to regard his views as too pessimistic, and superinduced, perhaps, by impatience at what he believes to be interference with the ambitious international programs of

amalgamated railways and ocean fleets. They agree with him, however, that the gravest possible conditions confront American commerce in Eastern Asia. Their agents in that field report constantly by letter and cable in regard to the situation; and as a result some of the big companies are as thoroughly informed concerning significant national movements in Asia as are the departments of state and the foreign offices of the various powers involved in the struggle.

An incident of great importance, which took place recently in one of the treaty ports of China, illustrates how closely the commercial and political tendencies of the Far East are being watched by some of these large business houses in America.

An eminent Belgian engineer was blackballed in one of the leading clubs of this Chinese city. To be denied fellowship in one of these institutions in Asia means more than a loss of social prestige, inasmuch as extensive commercial operations in the Far East radiate from club life. There was nothing against the personal standing of the Belgian. His antecedents were of the best, his achievements were recognized, and his own character above reproach.

Forthwith one of the largest companies in the United States, through representatives in China, sought the reason of the club's blacklisting of this engineer. The company, to make certain of the causes, even invoked in its investigations the assistance of diplomats representing one of the leading powers. The report disclosing the whole animus of the club has reached America. It is most sensational in its character, and gives promise of rising to the dignity of an historical document.

Some time ago American capital secured a concession to build a railway from Hankow to Canton, a distance similar to that from Chicago to New York. The population of Canton is 1,600,000, and Hankow has about 1,000,000. Between these two centres dwell a hundred million inhabitants. The estimated cost of constructing the railway is thirty million dollars, and it has

*Photograph by Rau*

A RAILROAD TRAIN LEAVING TIENTSIN

been regarded as one of the most promising investments of capital in Asia. American engineers surveyed the line, and American contractors inaugurated its construction. From this point the report in question, which is signed by an eminent official, takes up a series of transactions, the culmination of which will challenge the attention both of our own government and of some of the nations of Europe.

In substance the report states that the Belgians, who are now building the American line, are in reality agents of the Russians; that Russia has secured, or is securing, control of all the Chinese railways; and that through these strategic and commercial lines of communication it is far better equipped to establish sovereignty over China than the outside world imagines. It is believed, therefore, that it was either a knowledge or suspicion of this that led the influential business club to deny membership to the Belgian engineer.

Not long afterwards the Peking Foreign Office, the Wai Wu Pu, interested in building the Peking, Chang Kia Kou

railway line, instructed one of its representatives to negotiate with wealthy Chinese citizens for the necessary capital. In the presence of political uncertainties in China they hesitated, whereupon a Chinese banker offered to furnish the capital to carry out the project. The report states that investigation disclosed that he was an agent in the service of Russian interests.

An addendum to the report explains that the original concession to Belgian capitalists to build the road from Peking to Canton was given to quiet national jealousies, Belgium having little interest in the contentions of the Far East. No provision, however, was made against the possibility of the Belgians surrendering their control to Russia. The same condition has prevailed in regard to the American-Belgian line from Canton to Hankow.

"It may," concludes the report, "be safely concluded that Russia has more at stake in fighting the Manchurian question than is generally supposed. Her contention in carrying her trans-Siberian railroad,



Courtesy of the Philadelphia Commercial Museum

A CHINESE FIELD-GUN FACTORY

HAN-YANG IRON WORKS

in conjunction with the Chinese Eastern Railway, through to Port Arthur, was ostensibly to secure an eastern outlet open to navigation at all seasons of the year, which may be considered but a reasonable demand. It will, however, now be seen that the Port Arthur extension is but the thin edge of the wedge, and that, when an agreement eventually comes to cover the present Manchurian difficulties, the world will suddenly realize that the entire trunk railroads from North to South China are virtually under Russian control."

What is of significant interest to the United States, aside from the grave international problem this document unfolds, is that such an important revelation should be secured to the people of this country through the medium of an American business corporation. It is a timely expression of the extreme solicitude on the part of great American interests in regard to our future commercial opportunities in Asia.

The attitude of the great mill owners and important flour shippers in the United States throws a revealing light upon the situation. The leading flour man on the Pacific Coast, who dominates the traffic in all wheat products Orient-bound, consented, in an interview, to furnish figures and a general outline of the outlook, which will be a surprise to the majority of the people of America. He showed very clearly that the manufacturers, not the flour-mill men of the United States, are the people to be concerned in the exploitation of Asia by other nations.

He stated that the idea of supplying a developed, industrial China with all the flour that nation will require is the wildest kind of talk. It is not because flour is now a luxury in that country, and that only Chinese engaged in business can afford to buy it. Laborers working for ten cents a day cannot, of course, buy flour at ten dollars a barrel. But it is believed that, with the termination of the present international turmoil in the Far East, there will take place an industrial awakening in

Asia such as the world has not before seen. When the thousands of miles of inaugurated Chinese railroads are pushed to completion rates of wages will advance, an exchange of commodities will follow, and the general prosperity will be so stimulated that the common people of that empire can afford to buy not only flour but all kinds of products of advanced civilization.

The strong point made by the flour-mill magnate in question is that, when any considerable number of the millions of China shall call for flour, the entire wheat-growing area of the world will not be sufficient to supply the demand. "Even if all Japan should become a flour-eating people," he said, "the whole available supply of the Pacific Coast would provide this commodity for only twenty per cent. of the population of that kingdom."

There is likelihood, too, that a greater portion of the inhabitants of Japan will acquire the habit of using flour. It was represented to the Mikado by his ablest advisers that, in modeling the Japanese army on the latest military standard of the modern powers, the important matter of diet had been overlooked. Not only had all modern nations a standing army, but the food of these formidable hosts consisted in great measure of wheat products. Rice-eating regiments, it was feared, might not be able successfully to contend with a foe whose sinews were built of wheat. Japan, to be up-to-date, must maintain not only a big, well equipped, and well drilled military force, but its soldiers, like the men of arms of other lands, must eat flour. So an imperial edict went forth recently; and now every soldier in the armies of Japan gets a daily ration of Oregon, Washington, or California flour. This ukase of the Emperor will mark the beginning of a very important chapter in commercial history, for this mandate on the part of the Mikado has already greatly stimulated the demand in the kingdom for wheat products, the people being alert to keep abreast of whatever is decided to be progress along modern lines.

American flour men call attention,



THE WATER FRONT OF AN AMERICAN PACIFIC PORT

moreover, to the fact that Japan, both commercially and educationally, is exerting a great influence over China. Japanese drummers are penetrating everywhere in China, and are spreading a contagious desire for all kinds of western products. It is expected in America that the Chinese demand for flour will increase out of all proportion to the increase in the yield of the wheat field of the United States.

"Thus," said a miller and shipper in Portland, "we are not alarmed as to the future markets for flour." He repeated the assertion of one of his colleagues that there would not be fields enough on the planet to furnish flour to a modernized China. "The future of flour," said he, "is secure, so far as a sale for it is concerned. The only alarm for it that should be indulged in is that the supply will run short. If Chinese agents, at any time in the future of industrial China, succeed by shrewd buying in getting control of the season's supply of wheat in the world, there would be in all civilized lands a bread famine of the most disastrous character."

Inasmuch as a large part of the roseate hopes of the general outlook toward the Orient has consisted of the promise in the Far East's growing demand for flour, the disclosures of the leaders in this industry that the future must concern itself not with the Asiatic demand for this product, but with the American supply, indicate that the real interest of the United States in the opportunity in Asia lies in the commercial disposal of such of its commodities as have no limit in their production.

This brings the discussion back to the tide-lands of the Pacific, and to the factories to be built thereon. It will surprise many eastern readers to learn that hundreds of acres of mud flats, which were considered valuable only as an occasional field for the casual clam-digger, have become in the past three years immensely important as sites for manufacturing plants, and have been seized upon by the most adventurous agents of big corporations. From the foothills, a few miles eastward, trains of flat cars are hauling gravel and

rock by the thousand tons. Many miles of hitherto worthless shore, along western sounds and bays, are to be so filled that deep-sea craft may anchor at the new American factory line.

For manufactured stuffs, the flour men point out, unlike cereal products, may be turned out in practically infinite quantity. The bigger the market, the bigger the plant. There is little danger that China—by the awakening demands for modern goods—will create a shoe famine, a dearth of cotton goods, or cause the rest of mankind to shiver while it corners the woolen garments of the world. But, when these multiplying western factories turn out products vastly in excess of the American capacity to consume, where will the ships, that are already beginning to crowd the Pacific Coast harbors, carry these cargoes, if not to the Orient?

It is impossible of belief that America will, in the long run, permit itself to be shut out of Asia, or that it will be content to remain a second-rate Pacific power. Deep in the thought of the people of this nation is the conviction that the awakening of Asia must mean a new commerce for greater America; and yet, serious business men point out, in that confidence of our ultimate trade expansion in the trans-Pacific field lies a grave element of danger, inasmuch as it obscures the necessity for immediate action. "It is true that the trade of the United States with the Far East is increasing," said an American shipper, "but not with the momentum that characterizes the American occupation of other fields. Opposed to that lack of determined purpose are the vast and deeply laid programs of Russia and Japan."

That this nation will be called upon ultimately to display fearlessness and strength is the sober expectation of many American business men. It has to deal in the Pacific problem not with a moribund Spain, but with two mighty nations moved by immeasurable ambitions. "Russia," said Pobedonosteff to Senator Beveridge, "Russia is no state; Russia is a world." In the opinion of numerous students of



A SILK-SPINNING FACTORY IN CHINA

Courtesy of the Philadelphia Commercial Museum

Asiatic conditions the question as to what nation is to be paramount in the far Pacific has already been answered. They are convinced that Japan has begun its career as master of that sea. They set forth many reasons why the commerce of Asia will be monopolized finally by Japan. It has coal fields, oil wells, and endless water power. Labor is cheap, abundant, and readily controlled. Japan has already begun to be a manufacturing nation, and aside from the fact that it can produce articles at less cost than other countries, its geographical position enables it to distance all other nations in the commercial race for the markets of China. Moreover, Japan is vigilantly at work now, securing the field and studying the wants of these awakening millions.

A glance at the statistical table of Japan's trade with China, in 1902, will reveal the tendency of this Pacific commerce. The Chinese official statistics show that in

1902 the exports to China from the United States amounted in value to \$19,000,000. The same report shows that the exports from Japan to China in that year aggregated in value \$22,265,000. In round numbers, therefore, Japan sold over three million, two hundred thousand dollars worth more goods to China in 1902 than the United States did.

It would appear that what was needed, in the solution of the problem of trade supremacy on Pacific waters, was not so much an awakening of Asia as an awakening of America.

"Beyond and above all considerations affecting the present or the future of American trade in Manchuria and in the eighteen provinces of China south of the Great Wall," said Mr. John Foord, recognized as an authority on Far-Eastern problems, "is the larger question of the position of the United States as one of the great powers of the Pacific, with a longer coast



Courtesy of the Philadelphia Commercial Museum

A CHINESE PEDDLER



QUEEN STREET, HONGKONG

Courtesy of the Philadelphia Commercial Museum

line on that ocean than any other country, and with an interest in the development of its commerce closer and more vital than that of any of the other industrial nations. That interest antedated our acquisition of the Philippine Islands; but, when the question of what we should do with these new possessions was under discussion, the argument for their retention was based mainly on the ground that they were the centre of a great trade area. We needed the Philippine Islands, it was said, to be in position to take advantage of the great trade development that would sooner or later occur in China. But if the continued possession of the Philippines is to be justified on the ground that they offer the most favorable position for taking a share in exploiting the trade of Asia, then it ought to be clear that, having adopted such a policy, we cannot afford to allow ourselves to be shut out from the Asiatic continent after we have succeeded in establishing ourselves, at an enormous cost, in this newly acquired and highly advantageous trade station."

The appearance of the United States upon the islands of the Pacific has had, as is well known, a marked effect upon the plans of rulers and the counsels of statesmen throughout the world. And now, as the result of an expedition under the direction of the United States Government, a geographical discovery has just been made in the Pacific, the value of which both commercially and strategically, in the ultimate contest of the nations for dominion in those waters, cannot be overestimated. In the opinion of naval experts, nothing in the explorations of the past hundred years equals it in importance.

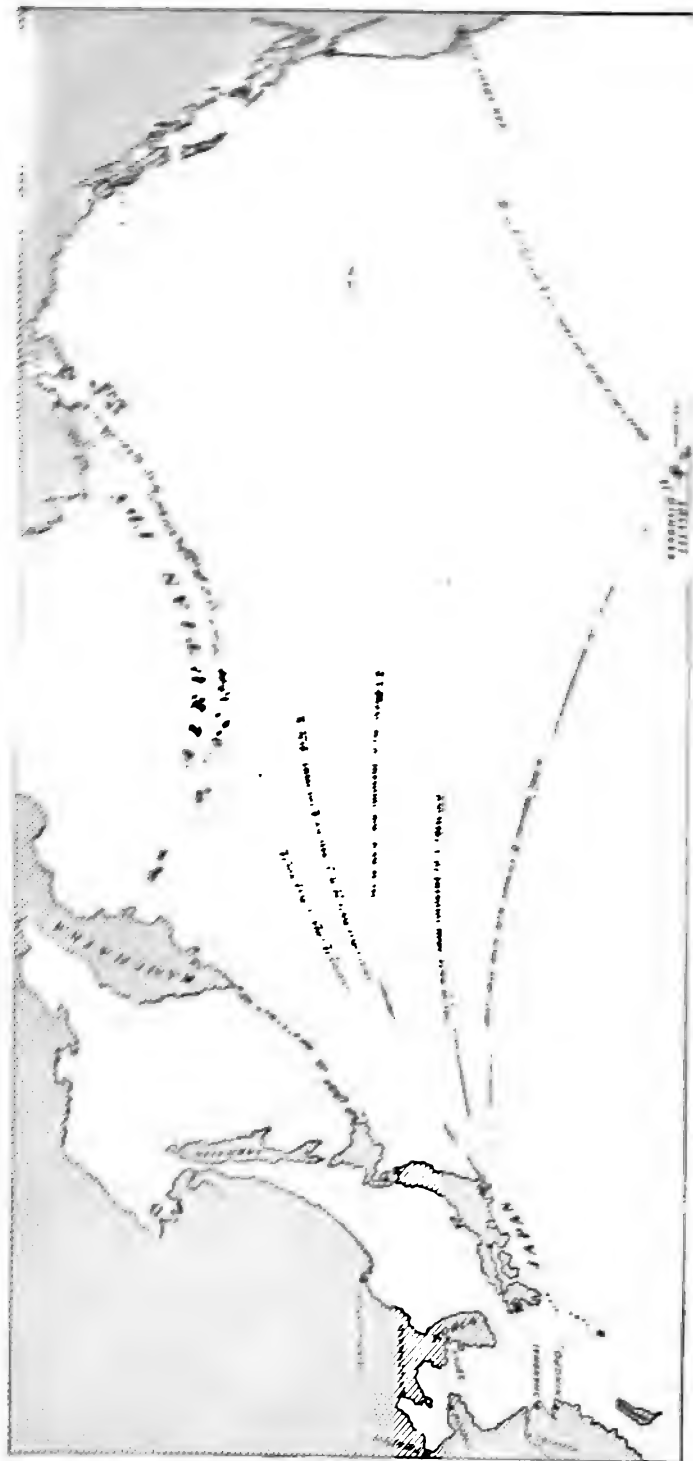
The discovery is that in the long chain of Aleutian Islands, stretching westward from the Alaskan mainland almost across the Pacific, there is a succession of harbors; that they are safe and open throughout the year; that they are unobstructed by rocks; and that the channel to some of them is so deep and commodious that half a dozen fleets could enter them simultaneously.

In the event of war, should a squadron flying the flag of the United States start for Chinese waters, it could stop every night in a safe American anchorage until it reached Attu Island, nearly four thousand miles west of Puget Sound. Steaming from that distant island-outpost of the United States our men-of-war could, within a short run, reach the centre of the contested seas of Asia. The ownership of an archipelago reaching far outward toward Asia, and indented with many convenient harbors, is a national asset of incalculable future value.

For many years there has been vague knowledge of the Aleutian chain. Harbors here and there were indicated, but formidable rocks were charted at their mouths; and as there has not been until recently any inducement to merchant vessels to venture into these uninviting ports, the mythical barriers remained on the maps.

It was in line with the general national policy of coöperation in the commercial evolution of the West that the revenue cutter service, under the direction of the Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, was invoked to explore the hitherto comparatively unknown Aleutian chain. It was believed that the expedition would result in the finding of many facts in regard to depths and shore lines, of value to nautical science; but that it would lead to a discovery of lasting international significance, and would mark the cruise as one of the great geographical undertakings of modern times, was undreamed of when the trip was planned.

This historic voyage, just completed, was made by the revenue cutter, *Manning*, under the command of Captain McLellan. As the result of a painstaking and scientific exploration of every section of the shore line of this remarkable series of islands, the entire archipelago is to be remapped. Some of the islands are now down in the wrong degrees of latitude. What were considered mere rockbound curvings of coast line were found to be entrances to perfect harbors. Imaginary rocks, that menaced mariners, will have to



THE ALEUTIAN ISLANDS: AMERICA'S STEPPING STONE TO ASIA

A group of about 150 islands stretching across Bering Sea, from Alaska to Kamchatka. They were discovered in 1741 by Bering, and were purchased, along with Alaska, from Russia in 1867. Hitherto these islands have been neglected as almost valueless; but, as Mr. Bolce points out, a recent survey by the U. S. revenue cutter, *Afanning*, has revealed the great strategic and commercial importance of the chain. The late explorations make it clear that they offer numerous safe and commodious harbors, and that they have a relatively mild climate, rich agricultural possibilities, and vast mineral deposits.

be omitted from the reconstructed charts. It is, in fact, a new bridge of islands the Treasury Department has given to the United States, and the rôle this far-reaching archipelago, with its mild climate and inviting harbors, is certain to play in the future maritime and naval history of the world will undoubtedly make it one of the most valuable possessions of the nation.

The Aleutian Islands are more west than north. Attu, the westernmost island, is in latitude only fifty-three degrees north, which is eight degrees south of the northern boundaries of the British Isles. The island of Attu is almost due west from the northern point of Maine. There is a distance of 7,500 miles between these two extremes of American territory. In fact, when the sun sets on Attu Island, the day begins to break in Maine. The island is fifty miles long, and has an excellent harbor. The land is fertile, and the natives already cultivate turnips, potatoes, and other vegetables. It is the theory of ethnologists that the Aleutian chain, in prehistoric times, was densely populated. Recently, in some of the caves of the islands, mummies have been found, and with these bodies were spears and other implements of a much more finished character than those employed by the present inhabitants. The supposition is that this forgotten race had arrived at a higher state of development than the survivors of today enjoy. This is interesting as an indication that the archipelago is fitted to support a far greater population than that now located on the islands.

Captain McLellan found the streams of Attu and of the other islands crowded with salmon. On Buldir Island, in fifty-two degrees and thirty minutes north, he found new fur-seal rookeries. That this discovery may prove to be of great financial value may be realized when it is considered that the revenue from the rookeries of the Pribilof Islands has amounted thus far to over \$50,000,000. On Umnak Island the revenue cutter steamed into a harbor two miles long and three-fourths of a mile wide.

So strongly convinced are some of the alert men of the northwest that the Aleutians are now destined to assume great importance in the affairs of the Pacific, that a company has been formed to colonize the archipelago. Wharves and storehouses are to be built, and trading-stations established. Stock raising is to be begun first on Akun Island. There, it is estimated, fifty thousand head of cattle can find abundant pasture the year through.

It is claimed that, on account of the mollifying influence of the Japan current, the Aleutian Islands have a more desirable climate than any part of the Atlantic seaboard north of Cape Hatteras. Aside from stock-raising, general agriculture is to be inaugurated. It is stated that copper, gold, oil, and coal are found on the islands, and that there is a great abundance of water power, as in Japan. One town, called Jarvis, has already been started in Lost Harbor. The problem of transportation will not have to be solved, as in the interior of Alaska, for steamers to and from the Orient, Siberia, St. Michael, and Nome now pass daily within a few miles of some of the best harbors in the archipelago.

Without consulting a globe, or following the ocean track of trans-Pacific steamers, it is difficult to comprehend the vast future importance of these rediscovered Aleutians. It is a shorter distance between Oriental and Pacific Coast points by way of the great north circle route, which skirts the southern shores of the Aleutian Islands, than it is straight across the Pacific. All the American, British, and Japanese vessels from Puget Sound to Yokohama, and some even from San Francisco, select the northern route. In fact, the few inhabitants of the Aleutian Islands, now harvesting the first fortunes from this archipelago, report that it is almost a daily occurrence to sight steamers moving between Japan and America.

Maps issued by the hydrographic office of the United States reveal that a straight line drawn from San Francisco to Yokohama measures 4,791 miles, while the circular path between the points running



THE BAY OF WATERFALLS, ALEUTIAN ISLANDS
REVENUE CUTTER "MANNING" IN THE HARBOR

just south of the Aleutian chain is only 4,536 miles in length. A straight line from Port Townsend to Yokohama is 4,575 miles long, while the way by the Aleutian circle is only 4,240 miles. Similarly the trip from San Francisco to Manila, by way of Midway Islands and Guam, is 6,578 miles, while the more northerly voyage under the Aleutian Islands is 6,241 miles.

It will thus be seen that this Aleutian archipelago is along the chosen path of Pacific commerce. The fact that, as fishermen point out, the future cod-fisheries of the world will be conducted along the Aleutian Islands would alone make them immensely valuable, and would insure their occupation and settlement by a hardy race of men.

These islands have a still further value. Concurrent with the shore line explorations conducted by Captain McLellan and his nautical experts in the revenue service, Professor Trevor Kincaid, of the University of Washington, an alert Western scientist, has been making a study of the

valleys and mountain slopes of the islands. He first became interested in Alaska at the time of the Harriman expedition. As a result of this voyage of scientific discovery he amazed the entomological world by the bewildering collection of insects he brought out of Alaska, thousands of them being species that depend for existence on the nectar of blossoms. It was a revelation not only of the presence of unnumbered flower-hunting hymenoptera, coleoptera, and lepidoptera in Alaska, but incidentally it called the attention of scientific men to the fact that Alaska, instead of being a wilderness of perpetual ice, was a vast, wild garden. Extending his investigations in subsequent trips to the Aleutian chain, Professor Kincaid has made the discovery that in the valleys and slopes of those islands a number of kinds of succulent forage grasses grow in luxurious abundance.

"I am convinced," said he, "that our beef cattle will ultimately come from this interesting archipelago."

It is pointed out by others who have begun to study the Aleutian Islands that



OFFICERS AND CREW U. S. REVENUE CUTTER "MANNING"



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AN ALEUTIAN BASKET MAKER

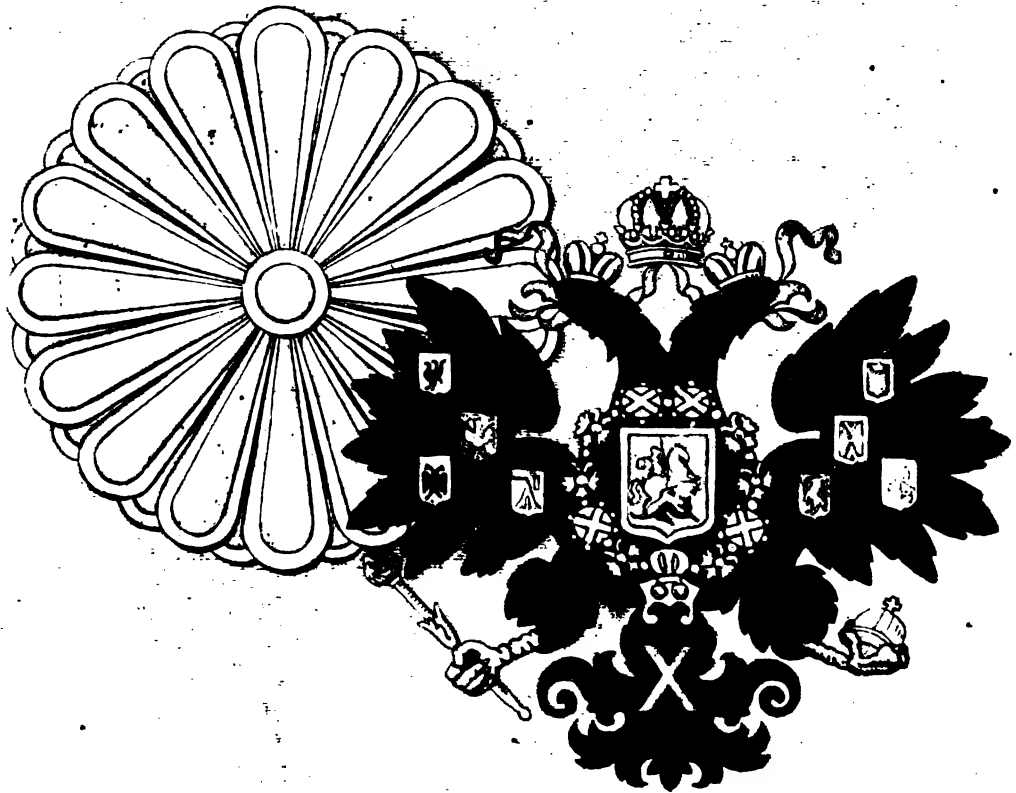
they are, in reality, an extension of the chain of which the islands of Japan form a part. It is believed that had the Aleutians belonged to Japan they would today be as densely populated and highly cultivated as the Sunrise Kingdom. It is true that there are precipitous mountains and some volcanoes on the Aleutian Islands. The same is true of Japan; in fact, there are now fifty active volcanoes in Japan. Dr. Hugh M. Smith, of Washington, D. C., who recently took a trip through that interesting country, visited one of the craters of Japan which is said to be the largest in the world, having a diameter of from ten to fourteen miles. Smoke issues from it constantly, and only ten years ago it disgorged lava and flame; yet, so pressed

is Japan for room, that the villages which have been built within this huge cone number no fewer than one hundred.

On Puget Sound one hears the confident prediction that a cosmopolitan shipping-centre, like Yokohama, will be developed in some one of the Aleutian harbors. At all events it requires no great credulity to accept the prophecy that from the Bay of Waterfalls, from Dutch Harbor, from Constantine Bay, from the Glory of Russia, Kiska Bay, Buldir Bay, Lost Harbor, and the Bay of Attu our merchant marine and our ironclads will ultimately descend upon the commerce of Asia.

Harold Coker

The BOOKLOVERS MAGAZINE



MAY 1904



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WHEN SLAV MEETS JAP
A MODEST JAPANESE PROPHECY

From a Japanese war lithograph

THE BOOKLOVERS MAGAZINE

VOL. III

MAY, 1904

NO. 5

THE TWO PACIFICS

by Harold Bolce

III—IF JAPAN SHOULD WIN

The war in the Far East may yet prove to be the greatest conflict in history. There is a wide-spread feeling that Japan is fighting the battle of civilization. It is a significant fact that, while the new movement in the Orient is toward the west, the star of empire has ceased to light the path of the Aryan and is now illumining the march of the yellow man. For the first time the advance of awakened thought and ambition toward the west is being conducted by a people who form no part of the phalanx of races that has carried civilization around the earth.

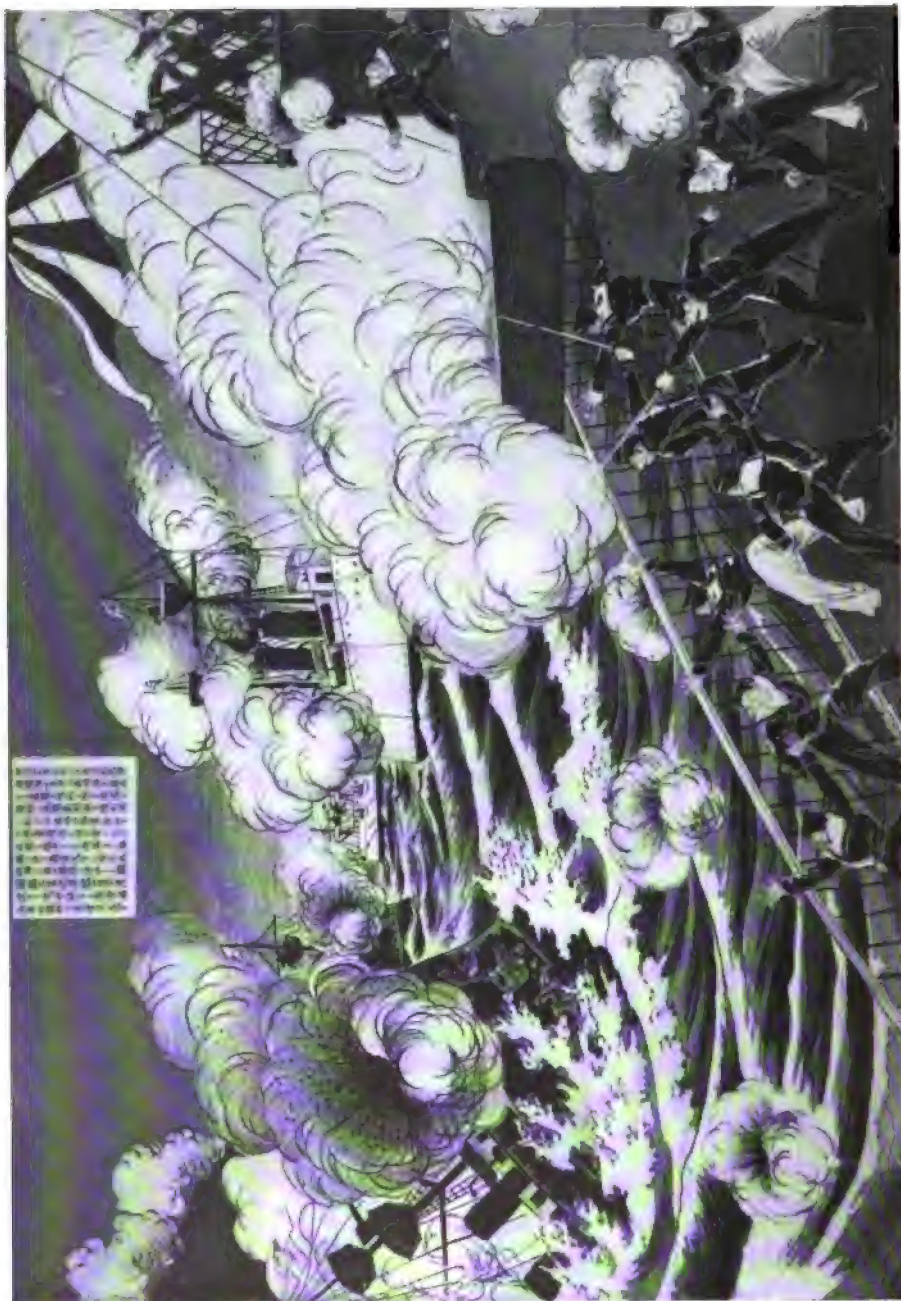
The Pilgrims took Aryan blood and vigor and Aryan ideals across the Atlantic. In the name of civilization their sons took possession of the American continent. Half a century ago an Aryan commodore crossed the Pacific and quickened a new race of men into being. Since then the Aryan advance has occupied a few islands in the Pacific. In the meantime the people whom Perry quickened into magical life have built themselves an empire,

modern at least in its outward activities and ambitions; and it is that race, and not the descendants of the races that have hitherto borne the brunt of battle and conquest and civilized development of new domain, that has planted the standards on the continent of Asia.

Is this the beginning of a new migration around the world? It is my belief that it is, and that it cannot be restrained, even if such suppression were desirable, and that it is the plain duty of Anglo-American enterprise to merge Western moral, commercial, and political ideals with the new movement of mankind.

Would either Americans or Britons be content to see the great Aryan impulse pause in the islands of the Pacific while Mongolians pressed forward from the East with a new gospel of civilization?

Throughout the Orient the intelligent comment is that, whatever the immediate outcome of the conflict with Russia, Japan's future is assured. The very fact that it had the resolution and daring to go



From a Japanese war lithograph

THE BATTLE AT PORT ARTHUR, FEBRUARY 9
SKETCHED FROM THE BATTLESHIP FUJI

to war with a great European power has added immeasurably to the prestige of Japan. Even those who foresee a Yellow Peril do not believe that it would contribute to the welfare of the world to have it checkmated by the advance of the Slav. China's four hundred millions cannot be eliminated from the problem of the world by any decrees of state. Triumphant Japan would exercise the influence of a pagan god in the Celestial Empire. Triumphant Russia would overawe the earth.

Whatever the result may be of the present war, a large part of the commercial world is convinced that it is to mark the beginning of the emergence of the Mongolian people, and that their advent into the arena of nations will compel a readjustment of the political and industrial affairs of mankind. Every steamer to the Orient carries adventurous and astute pioneers of trade. American railway magnates with letters of introduction to the grantors of concessions are now registered in the hotels of the Far East. A month ago an American mining engineer of the highest attainments arrived in China on a secret mission for an association of big syndicates. He has a staff with him and, while not free to divulge the scope of his operations, confesses his belief that within ten years capital in all the centres of America and Europe will be involved in the mineral exploitation of Eastern Asia. The advance guard of commercial leaders journeying to the Orient includes some of the shrewdest men in business life. Some American houses have sent their managers, and even members of the firm itself. "At the conclusion of this war," said one of the men, "it is my belief that China will be the scene of a tremendous business development." He added that while, in his judgment, that country would afford unprecedented opportunity for individual enterprise,

Japan was destined as a nation to get the supreme benefit out of the Oriental awakening.

A question which is uppermost in the minds of all is: What part will the United States play in the final settlement of the Far-Eastern struggle? With the conclusion of the struggle and the probable new demarkation of national boundaries and spheres of influence in Asia, there will be a rearrangement of commercial relations of supreme importance to all the Powers. No country can afford to be absent from the great convention which, it is believed, must ultimately be convoked to solve new international trade issues created by the war.

For the very reason that hitherto America has made no effort to secure footing on the mainland of Asia, its decisions would carry great weight in a con-



READING WAR BULLETINS, YOKOHAMA



From a Japanese lithograph

A JAPANESE ATTACK ON PORT ARTHUR

clave of nations. As the trade operations of a hemisphere would be involved, the council would be one of the most momentous ever assembled by the Powers. It would mark the turn of a tide in the commercial affairs of the world, and it is the hope of American residents in Asia that our ship of state will experience the good fortune to take voyage toward the Orient at the critical moment.

Although England, Germany, France, Russia, and now Japan, through covenant with Korea, are established on the mainland of Asia, none of them has more at stake than America in the upheaval of the Eastern continent. America alone possesses the power of introducing a pacific element into the desperate discord of nations in the Orient. The rise or fall of Eastern belligerents will not end the battle of races. Many possible solutions of the territorial conflict in the East are submitted by statesmen, but none of them which

omits America's participation gives assurance of a lasting peace.

No preoccupation over internal fortunes, however vast and promising they may be, should divert America from the opening opportunity in the Asiatic end of our Pacific destiny.

As every man on the Pacific coast of America is a statistician ready with optimistic columns of commercial futurities with the Orient, so every intelligent resident of the Far East is a prophet—with this difference, that the swirling confusion of empires in his larger horizon frequently imparts a saturnine element to his predictions. Correspondents from the four corners of the earth are following the fortunes of the war. While awaiting Japanese permission to go to the front they packed the hotels of Tokio. Like old residents of the Orient they, too, daily settled the destinies of nations.

"How long have you been in the Far

East?" asked John Fowler, American consul at Chefoo.

"Just a week," was the reply.

"You know more about it now," observed the consul, "than you ever will again, even if you remain eighteen years, as I have. The East is too big, too momentous, to be grasped by any mind."

If the world had annexed another planet with unheard of resources and peopled by millions of strange inhabitants possessed of unfathomed potentialities, and if all the nations of our own earth were contending for commercial advantage in this new terrestrial wonderland, the effect upon the imagination of mankind would be akin to the impression made by the awakening of China upon the minds of Europeans and Americans dwelling on the shores of the Far East. One must come within sound of the roar of the Oriental maelstrom to realize its elemental strength.

With the advance of the army of Japan the shadow of the Yellow Peril has dark-

ened Europe. The press of Japan is illumined with eloquent condemnation of French and German papers, the contention being that Gaul and Teuton are spreading the alarm in regard to the yellow race in order to give moral support and financial backing to European conquest of Asia. Even before Japan went to war against Russia, many diplomats and commercial leaders of America and Great Britain in the Orient insisted that the conflict in the Far East could never be settled right until it was settled by a commercial federation of the leading nations. That the permanent peace of the world would descend like a benediction upon either Japanese or Muscovite victory was regarded by many as too chimerical to be seriously considered. An annihilation of Russian squadrons, the capture of Russia's Pacific ports, and even the repulse of Cossack legions from Manchuria were not regarded by Anglo-Saxons in the Far East as likely to make for the political tranquility and commercial devel-



THE RUSSIAN NAVAL DOCK, PORT ARTHUR



MOTOMACHI. A TYPICAL YOKOHAMA STREET

opment of Asia. For two centuries Russia has planned its progress to the Pacific. It was unbelievable that it could be driven from its trans-continental holdings by the Lilliputian empire of Japan. Beaten back beyond the Amur imperial Russia would re-emerge to rebuild its highways to the sea. What Mongolian wall could be erected high enough along the boundaries of China to retard the Slav migration pushed steadily forward by the imperial decrees of St. Petersburg?

For Japan to maintain such a barrier would mean a vast Japanese army patrolling forever the north and west frontier of the Chinese Empire. Those who foresee a yellow conquest say that such an array of Japanese forces would have to be maintained in China if the final settlement of the Oriental problem were delegated by the Powers to Japan alone; and a militant Japan, camped along the confines of the Celestial Kingdom, would argue an Asiatic dominion of formidable menace to the peace and unrestricted commerce of the world. Treaties, unless they bore the imprint of powers greater than Japan, would not hold the Russians back.

Thus it was plain to those in the Far East that if Japan, unsupported, should force Russia from the Pacific, that triumph of arms would mark the beginning of a sullen conflict that might not be settled for centuries. It likewise seemed obvious to those who watched from Asiatic vantage ground the initiation of this war that the nations would not permit the indefinite prolongation of a struggle which, because of Russia's vast continental intrenchment, would mean the unending demoralization of the world's trade. The Powers could not afford to let Japan dominate China, and if the Sunrise Kingdom insisted on such control without the consent of nations, the rest of civilized mankind in both hemispheres would rise against the long-predicted Yellow Peril.

This belief was prompted in many instances by no animus against Japan. On the contrary, that country's intrepidity awakened the admiration even of the

China	Japan
473,000,000	
Europe	United States
472,000,000	

A COMPARISON OF POPULATIONS
IS THERE A YELLOW PERIL?

prophets who believed they could see in Japanese triumph an interminable disturbance of the affairs of Asia and, through that, the retardation of the commerce of all the great nations. With Russia retreated to Irkutsk and Lake Baikal, and a Japanese strategic occupation and industrial development of intervening Manchuria and Korea, a sort of peace might temporarily prevail. Out of such counterfeit of international truce the Yellow Peril would arise again to fill the fear of the world.

Disguised as it is by euphemistic legislation the western world actually feels deeply the menace of Asia's yellow millions. Even in America, the home of almost scornful virility and independence, a great Chinese wall has been built along every mile of our border. Legislation patrolling that rampart resorts to minute and, from the Oriental standpoint, undignified expedients to deport the few Mongolians who venture to enter the gates. The testimony of capital from the Mississippi to the Pasig River is that Chinamen are needed. The yellow man is diligent in business and sober in his hours of relaxation, and he does not fail to turn up with pagan punctuality for the duties of the following day. He sticks to the job. He lives up to his contract.

"I employ three agents," said a big contractor traveling toward the Pacific coast. "I keep one in Duluth, one in St. Paul, and the third in Seattle. We need on an average about five thousand men, and although we pay good wages, our constant great difficulty is to get competent and sober gangs who will stay with the work. It would mean a wonderful stride in Western development if we could import contract labor from China, but



A TOKIO NEWSBOY WITH WAR EXTRAS

the mere mention of such a necessity would bring down upon us the weight of federated unions."

"I do not fear the Yellow Peril," said another employer, a timber king of Puget Sound. "A Mongolian invasion of America would not crowd us out. It would crowd us up. The Anglo-Saxon will, at least for the next thousand years, be able to buy or boss the hordes of Asia. The more labor there is about him, the more factors the Anglo-Saxon is able to manipulate, and his activities expand with the multiplication of available hands. The intelligent American laborer, if he kept sober, would not have to compete with the millions from Asia. In the increase of industries the white man would take his proper place as the directing head of crews of Chinamen. A vast influx of Mongolian workingmen would solve the problem of labor and capital."

That is one point of view. The very fact that a Mongolian immigration into America would solve the labor problem by annihilating unionism is in itself a sufficient menace to arouse the alert and

unanimous opposition of the federated trades. The influence of these organizations has prevailed at Washington, and it has been a comparatively easy matter to force upon inept, indifferent, stoical, somnolent China, treaties that have made her citizens pariahs in a land dedicated to freedom.

In the arguments against the Chinaman *per se* there is little to commend itself to impartial judgment. Appraised by standards of sobriety, industry, and commercial rectitude, the average Chinaman takes high rank in the general community of races. In Asia the Chinese merchant and banker enjoy the exceptional confidence of foreign residents. When

you pay your bill in the leading hotel of Yokohama you pay it to a Chinese cashier. A proprietor desirous of giving thorough satisfaction to his guests has their accounts rendered by a Chinese clerk. No one questions a Celestial's mathematics or his punctilious honesty. When you present your letter of credit in the leading banks of Yokohama, managed by Japanese or Europeans, you discover that the teller who counts the money handed out is a Chinaman. Not only is the Chinaman reliable, but he is remarkably adept in all matters pertaining to finance.

All of this will have an important bearing at the conclusion of the war between Russia and Japan. Let some virile, modern power direct China's political destinies, and it will rapidly become a great commercial nation. Many of the former treaties, forced upon China during the long period of its stoic unconcern, would have to be revised. What China has lacked is a strong centralizing government, capable of managing its innumerable masses. Railways and telegraphs, with a

modern cabinet at Peking, may accomplish wonders in that ancient empire. Should either Japan or Russia emerge as the dominant power in shaping the destinies of China, and in that rôle succeed in re-creating the celestial kingdom, would America be able to maintain its exclusive wall?

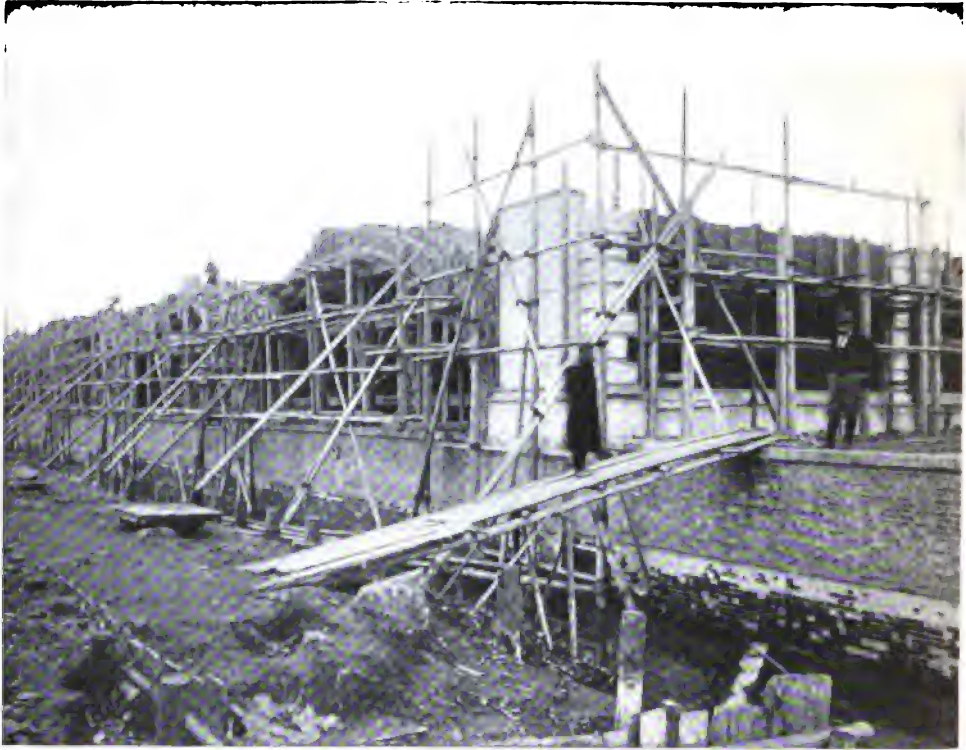
America has not been able to deal with Japan as it has with China. In California, for example, where State contracts cannot be awarded to Mongolians, the courts have decided that a Japanese is not of that race, thus settling a question which has puzzled the profoundest ethnologists. Nationally, in America, the Japanese is welcome while the Chinese is proscribed. The Japanese fleet of men-of-war has backed up the international status of the citizen of Japan. With that fleet pledged to the exploitation of China, citizenship in that empire would assume a new meaning.

Would that readjustment, carrying with it inevitable demands of a new interna-

tional covenant, constitute a menace to the industrial life of the United States? The cited opinions of the contractor and timber magnate are not like those familiarly heard in those American sections where the Chinaman has made his presence felt. It is true that the intelligence, frugality, temperance, trustworthiness, fidelity, and perseverance of the Chinaman are conceded, even by many of his most uncompromising enemies. There are, however, manifold arguments against him, but the same arguments apply to other races whose thousands pass with little hindrance through American ports. Back of the racial antipathy, and deeper than the most adroit indictment, is the apprehension, conscious or unconscious, of the possible pressure of the incredible millions of the Mongolian people. Had the Chinese numbered but a few millions no exclusion law would have been framed against them. In the committee-rooms



DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE AND COMMERCE, TOKIO



BUILDING AN ELEVATED RAILROAD THROUGH TOKIO

of all anti-Asiatic legislation stalks the phantom of the Yellow Peril.

That sentiment may not be voiced but it is none the less the premonitory impulse directing the one-sided treaties between Washington and Peking. Standing alone, China was regarded as a teeming, overwhelming, multiplying menace to American labor. With a triumphant Japan wielding a diplomatic hand in China's treaty stipulations, the former fear of the Celestial menace would increase greatly.

A new phase of the Yellow Peril argument is furnished by American firms in the shipping business in the treaty ports of Japan. "Just as we have had to retreat before the Russian advance," said a representative of one of the largest American establishments in the Orient, "so our branch offices are slowly but surely being forced out by the Japanese, aided, we fear, by favoritism in high places. As is known by

all shippers, we have to depend largely on Japanese vessels both in importing from America and in consigning cargoes home, as there are comparatively few American ships in commission on the Pacific. We have in Japan some Japanese firms competing with us. We are convinced, although we cannot prove it, that these establishments obtain rebates from the Japanese lines for all goods shipped both ways. Inasmuch as we make our money in commissions, we cannot successfully compete with firms enjoying preferential rates with steamship lines. Of course, we have no way of proving this, nor could we remedy the situation if we could find out the facts. It is true, however, that we have had to abandon some lines of trade. Nearly every American and other foreign shipper will tell you that the business methods of the people of this empire give abundant evidence that the whole scheme

of operations is on the principle, 'Japan for the Japanese.' The only secret of our ability to remain in business at all in Japanese ports is that these people have not yet, for the most part, learned the value of integrity as a business asset. With a few notable exceptions, Japanese houses cannot do a direct business with American firms. The average Japanese merchant considers it reputable cunning to give short weight or scant measure. The first one or two orders will be faithfully filled, and when the confiding customer gives a big list of commodities desired, he is incontinently victimized. Such practices, as any shipper will tell you, have given to the Japanese a questionable commercial reputation in all the markets of the world. As I said, however, there are a few notable exceptions, and these legitimate Japanese establishments are officered in the main by distinguished men, some of them members of the nobility, and all inheriting chivalrous ideals of honor. Gradually, of course, the hundreds of smaller shippers will learn the secret of how to succeed honestly, and once having established a reputation for reliability in the delivery of orders, they will deal directly with importers abroad. Then all American and other foreign interests in Japan will be forced out of business."

As this sentiment was reiterated by many of the very highest foreign residents in Japan, the subject was taken up with a Japanese manufacturer and exporter at Osaka. His travel and general education made it possible to submit the delicate topic to him without giving offense.

"There is much in what you foreigners say in regard to the unreliability of the Japanese," he replied. "The foreigner, however, usually fails to realize that it was but a few years ago that mer-

chants in Japan were regarded as the lowest possible class. The poorest and most ignorant day-laborer was their superior. So designated, the merchant naturally developed a code of questionable ethics. The educated Japanese dealer today is trying hard to lift all business out of this quagmire. It takes time to work a reform of this sweeping character."

Every piece or package of Japanese goods purchased for export has to be critically examined by foreign firms before shipment out of Japan. In the case of Japanese paper, for example, not every ream but every separate sheet has to be inspected. Inasmuch as labor is very cheap, girls being employed for the work at an average wage of sixteen sen (eight cents) a day; it is possible to carry on business, handicapped as it is by the ordinary manufacturer's inability to regard honesty as a necessary part of a stock in trade. The average Japanese merchant, his critics insist, shares with the rickshaw servitor the idea that he must get all he can out of the man of the hour, as he may never have the chance again. The favorite temples of Japan are dedicated to the fox!



A TEMPLE OF THE FOX

The part these traits are to play in the future of Asia is gravely pondered by Anglo-Saxons in the Orient who predict a future Mongolian menace to occidental interests. They believe that, unless some powerful check is invoked, the migration that has started with the advent of Japanese troops on the Asiatic mainland is the beginning of one of the great movements of history, and destined to make its influence felt around the world. Believing that nothing can prevent the expansion of Japan, these observers set forth that while the Japanese mind stands for poetry and color and refined philosophy, there is an element of adroit evasiveness in the character of the people that would make a Japanese domination of Asia a serious barrier to the civilized advance of the rest of the world, even if such domination did not prepare for a future Mongolian invasion of Europe.

These critics, while admiring all that is picturesque both in the people and the art of Japan, cite numerous other circumstances to show that Japanese standards of business are not favorable to the development of American trade. Among these acts is one which an American consul has called to the attention of the United States Government. It is the wholesale appropriation on the part of citizens in Japan of American trade-marks. Enterprising American manufacturers have for several years been building up a trade in Japan. Bicycles, typewriters, safes, engines, telephones, watches, guns, scientific instruments, and hundreds of other articles were being introduced. But now a snag has been encountered which nullifies much of the pioneer commercial activities of American shippers and manufacturers. The Japanese, being incomparably clever in imitation, engaged in the manufacture of the same kind of goods. So long as they confined themselves to competition it was simply a contest in price and workmanship. But the Japanese have not stopped there. They have secured in the patent office at Tokio registration for themselves of the actual trade-marks of American

and other foreign articles, and are now manufacturing these goods in Japan, name and all.

Furthermore, they have gone into the courts and obtained judgment for damages from American firms for selling American commodities bearing Japanese trade-marks! In other words, they have stolen the good name of American articles and are now invoking Japanese law to prosecute the victim. It is not surprising that the reputable dealers who have suffered from this Asiatic outrage upon commerce foresee in the Japanese advance a possible menace to the trade expansion of the rest of the world.

An American dealer, who was in addition the actual inventor of the article he handled, succeeded in building up a trade in Japan. After he had advertised his commodity extensively, a citizen of Japan registered the trade-mark in Tokio. A few days later papers were served upon the American in a suit for damages for infringement upon a trade-mark controlled by a Japanese.

"There is some mistake," said the American. "I have infringed no man's right. These are my goods. I invented the article, and I designed the trade-mark myself, and coined the name."

He was finally made to understand that invention of the article, creation of the trade-mark, and ownership of the goods were minor details. The Japanese complainant who owned no goods, who had invented nothing, and had designed no trade name or mark, had been sufficiently alert to register the trade-mark, and was therefore entitled to the business. There was nothing for the inventor to do but to retire from the field, which he promptly did, leaving his invention and the field his advertising and enterprise had opened to the commercial brigand who had a working knowledge of Asiatic law.

The trade-marks appropriated by Japan include commercial names and designations recognized in all the marts of the world. American firms will now be compelled in Japan to change the name of their own goods, while Japanese manufac-

turers will reap the rewards of American advertising in the Orient. In the future foreign firms will protect themselves in regard to new commodities by authorizing someone in Japan to secure registration of trade-marks in the name of the firm. In the meantime, however, the American trade in the empire has been very seriously hampered.

"Moreover," said an American importer in Japan, "we may be sure that Oriental adroitness will find additional ways of beat-

devote half as much time to the commercial centres of Japan as he does to gazing at stone and wooden gods in temple grounds will hear anti-Japanese comment far less indirect and far less printable than the observation quoted.

I submitted the trade-mark grievance to American and native officials in Japan. They both, in answer to the complaint, said that the Japanese law was plain and just. It recognized any man's right to file application for the registration. It



THE MIKADO'S BODY-GUARD

ing us. The Yankee is shrewd enough, and it is not wise to go to sleep while transacting business with him. But should he catch you napping, he will not pick your pocket; or if he did go so far as that, at least his nation would not uphold him, not to speak of lending him the machinery of the law to prosecute the man he robbed."

That is a scathing judgment to apply to a people just now evoking the admiration of nations. But any traveler who will

was not a part of the government's duty to inquire into whether the applicant owned or controlled the article for whose trade name he sought protection. The American firms could have registered their trade-marks. The fact that they did not know the law on the subject was, of course, unfortunate for their interests, but that is not Japan's fault. In that country, as in America, the citizen or foreigner doing business is presumed to know the law. His ignorance of its provisions is his



A TOKIO MACARONI STORE

THE OLD TIME LANTERN IS SUPPLEMENTED BY THE MODERN ELECTRIC LIGHT

own loss. The government of Japan realized that some of the citizens had craftily taken possession of American activities by securing registration of American trade-marks, but as these applicants had in no wise violated the law, but had, in fact, alone complied with its provisions, the only thing the government could do was to recognize them.

That it was a conspiracy against foreigners was denied. An American official cited a suit brought in the Japanese courts by an Englishman who controls a mineral spring in Japan. The trade name of his goods means "sparkling water." An enterprising Japanese, owning a similar spring, appropriated the title, prefixing to it the name of his locality. His contention in court was that the term "sparkling water" was not sufficiently specific to exclude other men from employing it. But as the Englishman had taken the precaution to get the word registered, the Japanese had to pay damages and change the name of his article of trade.

"I do not believe that any charge of dissimulation can be brought successfully against the courts and government of Japan," said an American consul in the Orient. "Although I am not stationed in that country I have had many dealings with Japan. Japan is as honest as China is corrupt; but while the merchant of China is absolutely to be trusted, the merchant of Japan is the embodiment of guile. It is a curious contrast of conditions and men."

"Of course," said a prominent American in Japan, "we do not accuse the Japanese government of connivance in such matters. True, there is a growing sentiment against foreigners in Japan, but I cannot believe that this would prejudice the courts. Imaginative though the Oriental is, he is an unilluminated literalist in interpretations of law. The man who holds and owns the original package has no standing in Japan with the man who can show that he has secured the red tape. The goods are turned over to him."

"With such business standards," he

added, "Japan is not yet entitled to undertake the modernization of Asia. In the probability that Japan will gain the power to demoralize the growing commerce of this awakening continent in the East, lies, I believe, the grave significance of the Yellow Peril."

Japanese influence is already great in China, due not only to the presence, in large numbers, of Japanese teachers in Chinese schools and colleges, but also to the far-reaching Japanese secret-service established throughout the Chinese empire. Those Japanese who have adopted Chinese clothes, who wear cues and speak the Chinese language, and are regarded even by the people of China as their countrymen, are doing a great deal to spread Japanese political thought in the Celestial Empire.

Russia may succeed in repelling the military advance of Japan, but probably the Muscovite power can never rid China of the actual Japanese dominance, for armament cannot reach the intellectual movement which has started westward from Japan. This aggression of alert Japanese thought may, in its action upon Chinese subtlety and far-seeing commercial genius, produce mighty results in Asia superior to any achievements that Russian dictation could bring about.

While there are some foreign business firms in the Orient that predict disaster to commerce with China should Japan become the controlling power in the Far East, the fact is set forth by Japan's friends that, at the conclusion of the war with China, Japan secured a covenant with that empire which was of benefit to the commerce of the whole world. This treaty of Shimonoseki stipulates that there shall be unrestricted opportunities for all nations to buy and sell in the Empire of China, that distributing warehouses may be constructed and conducted without being compelled to yield a special tribute, that modern machinery may be imported, and that at the thirty treaty ports of China foreigners may engage unrestrictedly in manufacturing. "In exacting these treaty provisions,"

said a pro-Japanese American in Yokohama, "Japan placed all the nations of the world in its debt. It should be remembered, however," he added, "that Japan is a mercurial nation, and that what it did in 1894 is no guide to what it would do tomorrow, and still less what it might attempt a half century hence when it may be the England of the Orient."

An analysis of some of the world-wide

increase of one hundred per cent. in the array of steam vessels in the harbors of China due to the falling off of deep-sea sailing crafts. On the contrary, two thousand more sailing vessels found their way to the great Asiatic empire in 1902 than ventured thither in 1893. In the year before the war of the Mongol empires the total tonnage of vessels entering Chinese ports was 29,318,811. In 1902 it had



PREPARING THE ROAD-BED FOR AN ELECTRIC RAILWAY IN TOKIO

benefits growing out of the treaty of Shimonoseki shows how difficult it is to reconcile the commercial double-dealing of the Japanese, as reported by the foreign business firms transacting operations with them, with the broad and just stipulations exacted by the Japanese nation in its dealings with China.

The year before the Chinese-Japanese war, 29,761 steamers entered and cleared Chinese ports. In 1902 the number was nearly double, being 58,086. Nor was this

increased to 53,990,002 tons.

All nations, even including non-treaty powers, have shared in this awakened commerce. Japan, itself, has not failed to profit greatly by the opportunities secured through battle and diplomacy. In 1897 it sent only 653 ships laden with goods to China. Five years later it dispatched a splendid merchant fleet of nearly 7000 vessels to the commercial ports of the Chinese Empire.

Germany has been equally alert. In 1897

it sent 1858 ships to China; in 1902, the number was 6046, while the tonnage had increased from one to seven millions. The ships of England in numbers and tonnage, and the great cargoes they bear to and from China, make all the flotillas of other nations seem Lilliputian in comparison. Take all the steamships and sailing vessels of Germany, Russia, Japan, France, Norway and Sweden, Australia, and America,

manufacturing nation, there has been an increase in our Chinese shipping. Seven years ago 333 American vessels entered Chinese ports, aggregating a tonnage of 269,780; while in 1902 the number of vessels floating the Stars and Stripes entering and clearing Chinese ports increased to 1295 with a tonnage of 499,831. Compared with the other merchant fleets in the Chinese trade—the Japanese for example,



IN FRONT OF A YOKOHAMA GROCERY SHOP

and of every other nation trading in Chinese waters, add to this mighty squadron 5000 new vessels, and then the whole commercial armada would barely equal the formidable fleet of merchantmen that England sends every year to the harbors of the Celestial Empire. In 1897 over 21,000 vessels flying the British flag entered the ports of China.

While America's representation in the converging of the world's merchantmen towards the seas and bays of China is grotesquely below its status as the supreme

with more than seven millions, or the British with nearly twenty-seven millions of tonnage—the few thousand tons of American shipping in the commerce with China are scarcely entitled to sober inclusion in the statistical returns of the activities of the Pacific. It is not mere patriotic desire to see the American flag mingling with the international array of banners, floating from topmasts on the Hwang-ho or the estuary of the Yangtze, that calls attention to the conspicuous disparity between the



A PRIMITIVE JAPANESE RICE MILL

magnificent fleets of rival commercial nations and the ghost of America's once imposing merchant marine. What the commercial world of the United States would urge upon Congress is not a move simply to add our picturesque national individuality to the Pacific, or to splendor foreign harbors with meaningless yards of our tri-colored bunting. The business men of America and their representatives in Asia realize that without American ships American commerce cannot take its proper place in the intense and growing competition for the trade of the Pacific. The treaty of Shimonoseki thus far has meant more to the other nations of the earth than it has to the United States.

Prediction is of dubious value in regard to things Japanese. The events of their national career have taken place with ironical disregard for prophecies repeatedly made. Kipling carved a deft inscription over the fool "that tried to hustle the East." And yet here is the Orient displaying an alertness and precision of military movement that gave a staggering blow to the unprepared West. Contradictions on every hand confront the traveler in Japan. Known as "The Land of Lots of Time," it is not uncommon to see a mass of men and women scrambling on their wooden getas to catch an electric car, when by walking they could board another car immediately following, and bound for the same destination. This is conspicuous at Shinagawa, a station a few miles south of Tokio. By alighting from the railway at Shinagawa, and there continuing the journey by electric cars to the capital, through passengers from Yokohama save a few sen; and as economy is a ruling Japanese virtue, the streams of humanity from the station at that town to the suburban line are constant. The Japanese are fond of travel. Tokio street cars which carry passengers seven miles for 3 sen (1½ cents) are crowded all day long. Cars succeed one another in virtually one long procession. Despite that fact and the national reputation for indifference to time, especially among the classes that form the bulk of

those who change at Shinagawa to save a few pennies, there is scarcely a man, woman, or child making for these cars who does not start on a grotesque run, half stumble and half gallop, their clogs, undesigned for speed, making a clattering chorus of noises, as if a vast lumber yard had suddenly become endowed with life and was rushing headlong to a saw mill.

It is a mistake to believe that Japan is civilized, as Anglo-Saxons understand that condition of society. Japan has railroads, telephones, electric cars, and other modern accessories. But Japan has not been modernized by the people. A handful of statesmen dominate Japan. The traveler throughout the little empire would believe, if he did not have the fortune to carry letters to the few elect, that he had arrived in a whole nation of coolies. The very fact that these masses, seemingly a thousand years behind the times, are enthusiastically supporting the civilized aggression of their leaders makes Japan's metamorphosis all the more remarkable.

Americans and Europeans who are inclined to view with unconcern the possibilities of a Mongolian mastery of the East may well reflect upon the myriad revelations disclosed in the evolution of the complex Japanese character. Out of Christian markets Japan imports corrugated iron for the roofs of its new places of worship, yet these are being steadfastly dedicated to the Shinto and Buddhist faith. The most Americanized Japanese takes off his shoes when he returns home and, like his ancestors, eats and sleeps on the floor. Leaving my shoes at the threshold, I was received in stocking feet in the library of one of Japan's most intelligent officials. He had been educated in Europe and America.

"I must apologize for an utter absence of things European in my home," said he, "and invite you to have a seat on the floor." He explained that a few of his colleagues had one or two rooms in their houses equipped with chairs and tables, but that it was considered very bad form in Japanese society to use such furniture

except under the compulsion of state occasions when foreign diplomats were to be entertained. Nor is this concession always made even in these formal functions. A room full of guests all attired in conventional evening dress, but with nothing on their feet save their stockings, and everybody kneeling or sitting on the floor, is a common spectacle in the high-class homes of Japan. In a kimono a man does not look hopelessly comic on the floor, but sprawl him in a dress suit and let him flounder through a ceremonious function, with constant and dangerous strain on suspender buttons, and you have the raw material for a poster picture grotesquely in keeping with Japan's incongruous advance.

"Would you not prefer to sit up and take nourishment like a European?" I asked my amiable host.

"Yes, yes," he said, "but you see I do not dare. No Japanese dares do that. That, from the standpoint of my people, would be considered loud and ostentatious. We have chairs and tables in our public offices, but to permit these things, which to the Japanese mind symbolize inartistic haste, to invade the sanctity of our homes would be regarded as a profanation."

It would, of course, be an absurdly narrow view that would criticise a people for sitting and living on the floor, or even for bumping dignified and thoughtful foreheads on the mat by way of salutation. This Japanese home-life prostration, along the level of their uncivilized ancestors, is cited simply to illustrate the statement that modern Japan is a mass of contradictions. Here is a people still asquat on their rice-straw mats, sending forth an army in the full panoply of modern warfare, equipped to sink ships and slaughter regiments by the most approved methods of Christian conquest.

At the outset of the war Tokio disavowed all intention of empire grabbing. To preserve the integrity of Japan Russia must be kept from descending into Korea, and as that country was powerless to preserve itself, Japan would send a quarter of

a million of modern soldiers and an up-to-date fleet to "fight the battle for civilization in the East." It is doubtless true that Japan had no large continental ambitions when it went to war. Neither had the Thirteen Colonies when they fought at Bunker Hill and Yorktown. The love of land is the ruling passion of progressive nations, and no power has advanced as rapidly, or is in such desperate need of additional domain, as Japan.

It was understood at Tokio that it was the intention, should Japan drive Russia from Manchuria, to restore that province to the Chinese Empire, and then to withdraw. Should Russia return to take Manchuria, it was predicted that the European powers and even America would take a hand in an effective protest.

Within twenty days from the firing of the first Japanese shell at Russian gunboats Korea was virtually annexed to Japan. It is called an Oriental alliance. Article I provides that the Government of Korea "shall place full confidence in the Imperial Government of Japan, and adopt the advice of the latter in regard to improvements in administration." A country that agrees to take all the advice another nation gives it might just as well call itself a colony. Korea may never be annexed to Japan. That would be a national performance of supererogation.

Of course any kind of association with progressive Japan is a god-send to a country so utterly bereft of power that wandering tigers, in search of supper, not infrequently change the census of Seoul, the capital. Yet this alliance is equally auspicious for Japan. The intrepid sons of the Samurai, shouting their stirring shibboleth "Banzai!" (ten thousand years) have set a quarter of a million pairs of feet on the Asiatic mainland. The Sunrise Kingdom is moving with the sun. It is doubtless building greater than it realises—for Japan, for Asia, and for the world.



Yokohama, Japan

JAPANESE CARICATURE

AN IMPORTED NATIONAL HUMOR

Imitation is the mother of art, and in no land is this more evident today than in strenuous, prophetic Japan. The comic illustrators of the Sunrise Kingdom, no less than their more serious artistic brethren, are doing some notable work which must at length result in a modern national school of no small excellence. Today it is still imitative, as is nearly every other form of activity in this kaleidoscopic period of Japan's brilliant modern career; but her artists are compassing such mastery of technical difficulties that tomorrow we may look for the appearance of genuine creative work. The several series of comic drawings which are presented herewith exhibit, even in reproduction, a sureness of touch, a deftness of handling, and a lightness of line that are altogether admirable.

We need but examine the choice of subjects for the comic drawings here presented to find evidence of the imitative quality of Japanese pictorial humor. The obligation to foreign models is sufficiently plain. Nor is such the case merely in the present series, but practically every modern Japanese attempt at comic drawing exhibits the same characteristic. The humorous ideas and ideals are plainly imported, along with much else that is of present-day interest. Occasionally oriental subjects and atmosphere are attempted by the Japanese "funny man," but the result is then certain to revert to the long-drawn-out style of two decades gone by; and twenty, or even thirty, drawings are required to perpetrate a joke of which Oppen, Howarth, or "Bunny" would scarcely be guilty at all, and then never at

a greater length than four or five exhibits. For example, we have the story of two travelers, evidently Englishmen, who, accompanied by a native guide, camp for the night, and, startled by the diapason of the guide's snores, open fire incontinently on the thin air and keep it up till daybreak, when they, of course, discover their error. It takes twenty-eight pictures to present this humorous happening, and it requires no little skill to discover that the pictures are intended to be progressive. Of course this is an extreme instance.

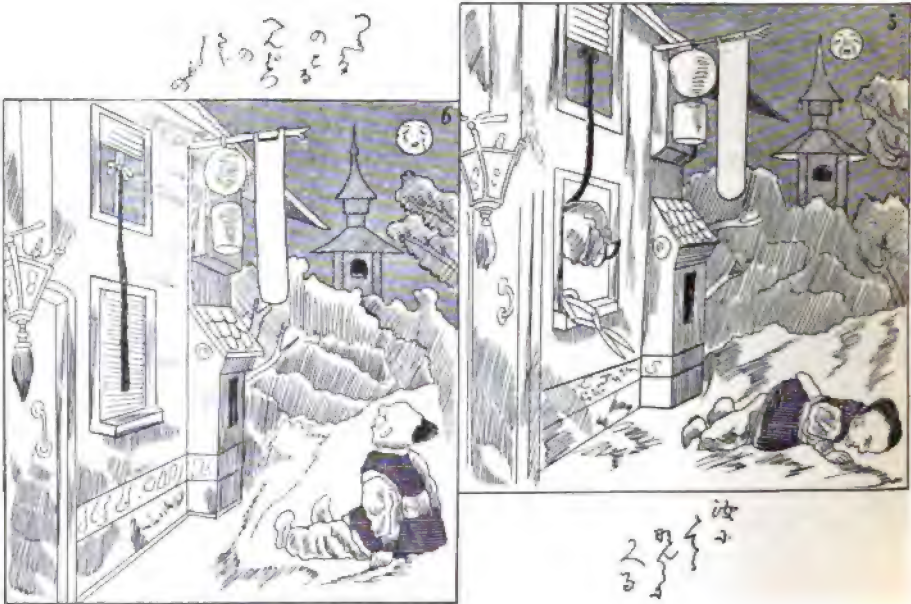
Fair examples of how national characteristics assert themselves may be seen in the accompanying specimens of comic drawing. Even when foreign models are followed, the tendency to bend imitative work to a national type is shown in using more drawings than an English or an American artist would deem necessary, as well as in a funny mimicry of American and English styles of drawing. We see in the Italian fruit peddler not merely the typical East-side New York vender, but a Japanized Italian-American. The debonair duellist, who folds his slender arms across his spare ribs, is a Frenchified Jap; his rotund opponent is semi-Teutonic, by every mark; while the Bad Cowboy need not be labeled at all. The sad story of the ingenious swain whose means of elopement and hope are alike cut off by the traditional "irate father" is so evidently Chinese, as are all the pictorial accessories, that the series might have been drawn by a Chinese illustrator, were it not for the evidence of Anglo-Saxon methods of draftsmanship. We need only transpose the

しやあうい



三才
地獄の

いふこと



あうい

A CURTAILED ELOPEMENT



口心
 三つあひの
 今
 いふ
 まこと
 三つあひの
 寺の
 りく
 はな



signaling Tommy Atkins and his coadjutor to the pages of *Punch* to have a series of cartoons distinctly English. Still, all carry a distinct suggestion of the Japanese as well.

Furthermore, the Japanese fondness for the minute is allowed to modify the type imitated. This is even more evident in the originals than in the reproductions. The significance of each line is valued properly, and even when the draftsman runs counter to our technical rules he imparts an air of intention that could never be mistaken for a bungling slip of the pen.

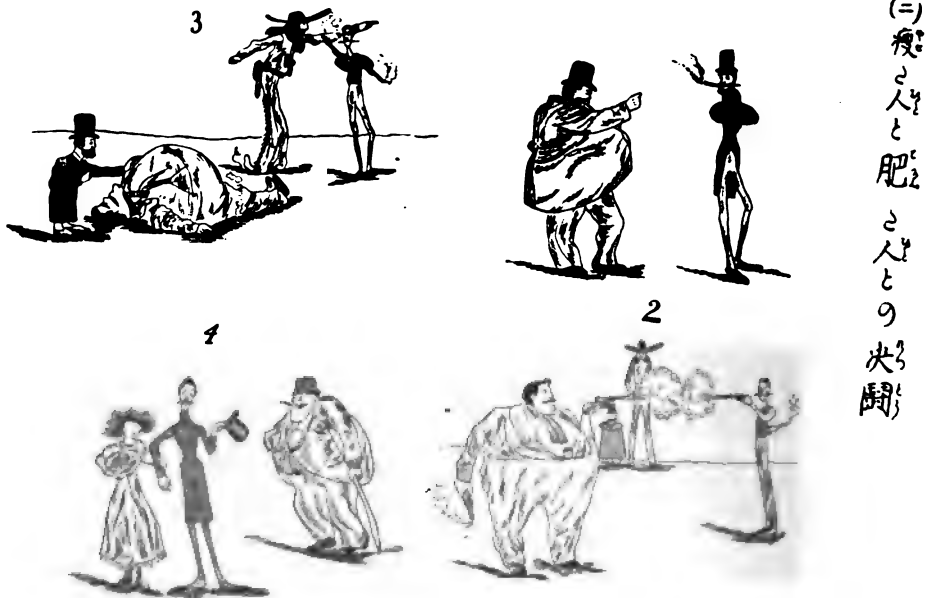
These instances of comic illustrations, enforced by others which cannot here be noticed, may serve to demonstrate how the national spirit of art is slowly changing in Japan. And what is true of art is true of humor in general, as well as of humorous art in particular. Critics have not, it is true, always agreed as to what a national spirit of humor really is. When William Dean Howells finds a flavor of distinctively American humor in the naïve comment of the Swiss peasant upon the lateness of the spring—"The winter seems to have come to spend the summer with us"—he raises a nice question of discrimination. For not only are most of us at a loss to discern in what wise such a bull differs from Irish or German humor, but we also suspect that essays to point out definitively the lines of demarcation between the characteristic humor of one nation and that of another have not always been satisfying. Indeed, there are not wanting those—probably extremists—who insist that there is no such thing as a peculiarly national humor except as it arises from the unfamiliar aspect of foreign eccentricities of language, costumes, habits, and social relations. In a word, they maintain that national humor consists not in a distinctive spirit, but only in the unfamiliar view-point of the onlooker.

It is probable that the truth lies in the middle ground, and that we must look for the marks of national humor in ourselves as onlookers as well as in the language-forms, the costumes, and the customs of more or less unknown peoples—that is, it

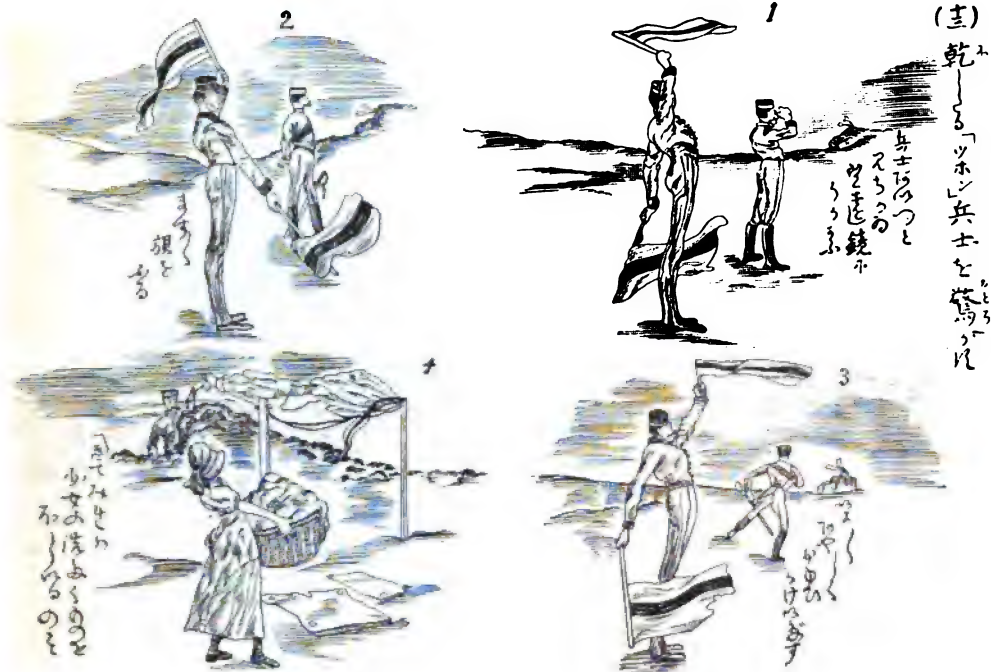
is both subjective and objective. It might, then, be not wide of the mark to say that national humor is that which arises not alone from the sources common to all humor, but particularly from national habits of looking at men, things, and events. For instance, anyone can appreciate the humor of the German who says things deliciously hind-foremost, of the Irishman who asserts a palpable contradiction, of the Frenchman whose cleverness does not acquaint him with his own absurdity, or of the American whose keenness over-reaches its possessor. Yet none of these would be examples of national humor, but only presentments of the way these droll national foibles appear to foreigners. When, however, we can lay finger upon the particular nerve whose excitation is guaranteed to make a Frenchman smile, or upon the ganglion which is certain to start the guffaws of the Yankee, we have fixed upon distinctive types of national humor, indigenous and, in their entirety, untranslatable.

By this criterion the volume of national humor is not large, and little of it can be appreciated by those not familiar with the language and the people in question. Most of us—wedded as we are to our own conceptions of dignity, grace, and propriety in personal bearing and conduct—rather take it for granted that in the grotesque figures which abound in Japanese pictures the artist intended a pictorial extravaganza; for we are near of kin to the obliging young woman who felt it her duty to giggle all through Mark Twain's reading of Browning. Contrariwise, we business-pursuing Westerners find nothing to inspire merriment in the ancient puns seriously introduced into medieval Japanese poetry. The fault in both instances lies in our inability to adopt a foreign point of view.

Japan is both an ancient and a modern nation, or, to be more precise, neither the one nor the other. It follows that she has no recognized typical humor that is not touched, as are all things in this period in her career, by somewhat of the old and of



THE ADVANTAGE OF SLENDERNESS



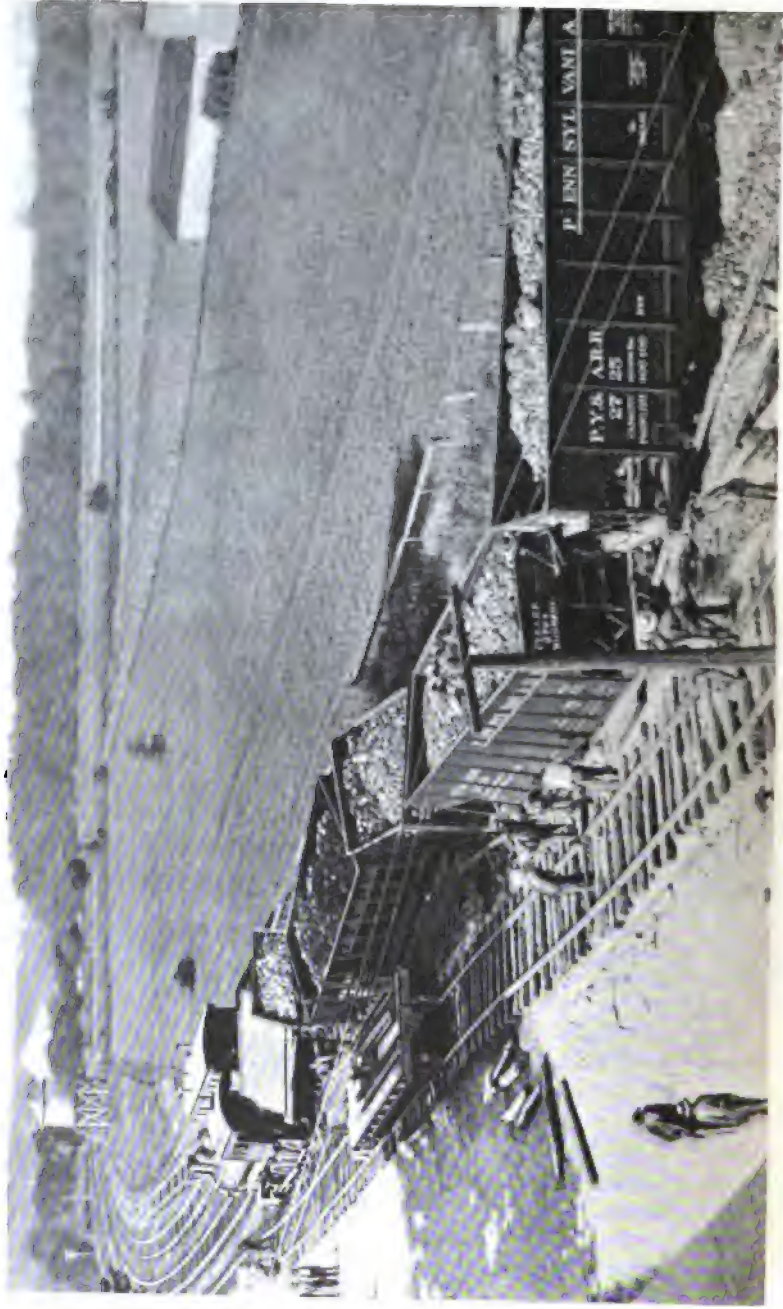
A SURPRISE FOR THE SIGNAL CORPS

the new. Without seeking to trace the development of a national humorous art among the Japanese, it will be enough to note in passing that, the Japanese spirit being neither characteristically original nor daring, the tone and temper of their literature is reflective, and that, as a consequence, their best humor is literary rather than pictorial. In spirit it is mild and dainty, almost pathetic. It laughs with you, not at you; for there is an almost total absence of the broad German farce, the pungent wit of the French, and the tart irony of the English. Keenly alive to the attractions of the minute and of the delicate, sensitive to every foreign influence, courteous almost to the extreme of absurdity, the Japanese mind is taking on a variety of tones which are neither altogether admirable nor wholly harmonious. These characteristics are already beginning to be reflected in her civilization; and first

of all in her pictorial humor, as eventually in her fine art, these heterogeneous forces must appear as the foes of that great fundamental of all that is great and good in art—unity. It is committed to Japan to fuse all the elements now seething in the alembic of her national life into the pure gold of unity.

The Japanese people have too decidedly as well as too lately parted company with their old ideals for them to have exclusive recourse, upon the one hand, to old methods of humorous illustration, or, upon the other, to have developed as yet a style of cartoon in any respect national. That period is, with so much besides, still in the marvelous future which this acute, persistent, adroit, and "Yankee" people is so rapidly realizing into a dramatic present.

J. Berg Esenwein



STRAIGHTENING OUT A TANGLE

MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE.

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No. 3.

THE REAL YELLOW PERIL.

BY FRITZ CUNLIFFE-OWEN.

A FORMER MEMBER OF THE DIPLOMATIC SERVICE PROPOUNDS THE VIEW THAT JAPANESE SUCCESS IN THE WAR WITH RUSSIA MEANS DANGER OF AN ORIENTAL UPRISING AGAINST WESTERN INFLUENCE AND OF THE WHOLESALE EXPULSION OF THE WHITE MAN FROM ASIA.



A CHINESE WAR GOD.

THE western nations—particularly Great Britain, the United States, France, Germany, and the Netherlands, which have dependencies in Asia—have more to fear from the victory of Japan than from her defeat in her present war with Russia. Such, at any rate, is the belief of most white men who have resided for any length of time in the Far East, and who have acquired experience of oriental conditions and above all of the oriental character. Real knowledge of these things can never be obtained from printed matter, supplemented by intercourse in America and Europe with yellow or dusky visitors, who are careful to present themselves only in their best light.

It is an extremely significant fact that whereas the rulers of the Christian nations—even of England, which has a treaty of alli-

ance with Japan—have been cordial in their professions of sympathy and good-will to the Czar, not a single attention of this kind has been shown to the Mikado by any of his fellow monarchs since the commencement of hostilities. It may be said, indeed, that while popular sentiment in America and in Europe—even in France—is in favor of the Japanese, there is a very pronounced disposition to regard their victories with alarm on the part of those who have lived in the orient, as well as by the princes and statesmen who shape the policy of the western powers.

This apprehension is attributable to a belief in the existence of the "yellow peril"—though not in the ordinarily accepted sense of that phrase, which

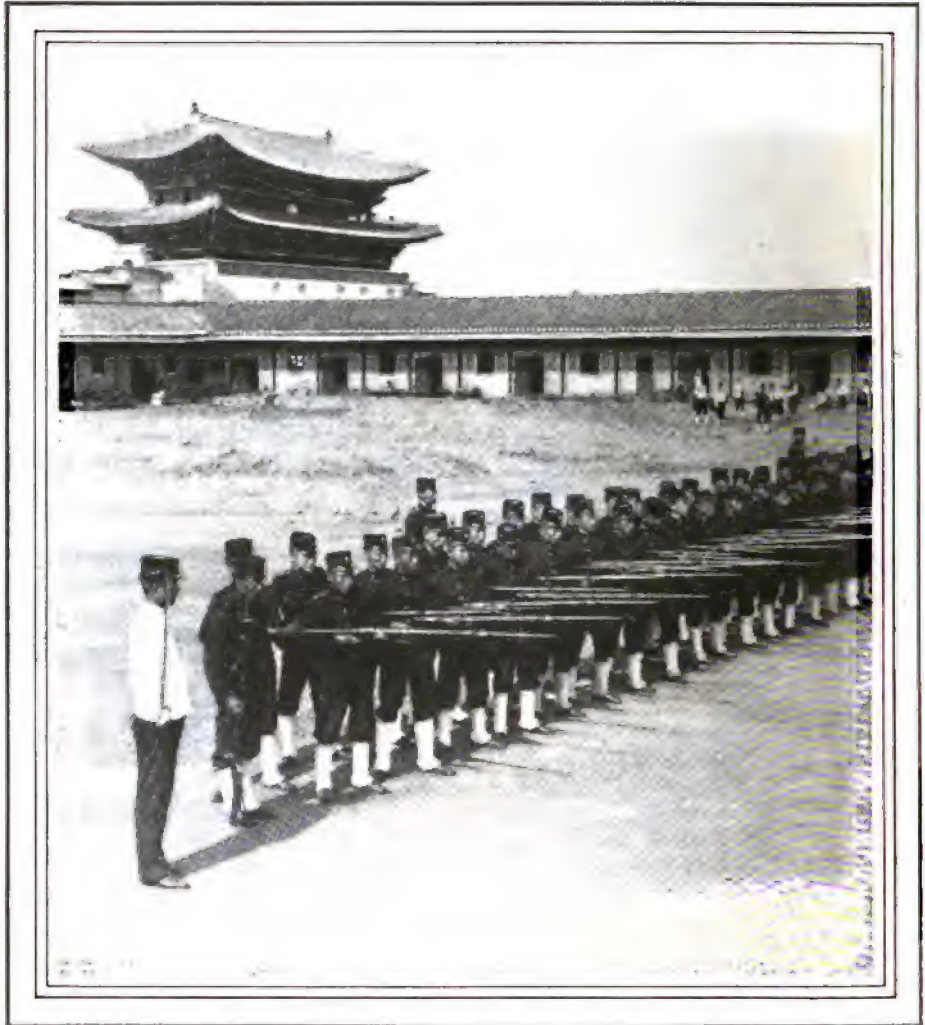


A TYPICAL CHINESE SOLDIER, ONE OF THE MILLIONS THAT THE FLOWERY KINGDOM MIGHT PUT INTO THE FIELD.

From a copyrighted stereograph by Underwood & Underwood, New York.

is usually construed as the possibility of another Asiatic invasion of the occident, like those that swept over Europe in the earlier centuries of the Christian era. The "yellow peril" which there is real reason to fear is a different one.

Russia, if she carries the day in her conflict with Japan, would be content, at any rate for a considerable time to come, with monopolizing the trade of Manchuria. Possibly she may not even demand as much as that; for, exhausted



KOREAN SOLDIERS DRILLING IN FRONT OF THE EMPEROR'S PALACE AT SEOUL—KOREA'S ARMY NOW CONSISTS OF ABOUT TWENTY THOUSAND MEN, AND MAY BE INCREASED UNDER JAPANESE AUSPICES.

From a copyrighted stereograph by Underwood & Underwood, New York.

It is the realization of the dream of "Asia for the Asiatics," which, first conceived in the land of the Rising Sun, has now fired the imagination of every oriental mind, and aims at the expulsion of the white man's domination—nay, even of his presence—from Asia.

by the conflict, she will be disposed to show herself amenable to suggestions, and unwilling to make further trouble. On the other hand, if Japan is successful, she will not repeat the mistake which she made at the conclusion of her war with China, when she permit-



FIELD-MARSHAL THE MARQUIS YAMAGATA, THE GREAT STRATEGIST AND MILITARY ORGANIZER
WHO HAS BEEN CALLED THE MOLTKE OF JAPAN.

ted the European powers to rob her of the fruits of her victory. She may be trusted to take advantage of the popular sentiment in her behalf throughout Asia to carry matters with a high hand.

THE RESULTS OF JAPANESE VICTORY.

To recoup herself for the staggering expenditures of the present campaign, she will be forced in any event to adopt a protective tariff so high as to be well-nigh prohibitive. If she vanquished Russia, she would assuredly extend this not merely to Korea and Manchuria, but to the whole of China.

True, at the outset of the war, when she was anxious for the moral backing of the United States and of Europe, she proclaimed herself the champion of the "open door," and promised that Korea, Manchuria, and the remainder of China should remain entirely free to the trade of America and of the Old World. But experience of the Asiatic character is not conducive to dependence upon such pledges. The morality of the Japanese merchant in the matter of his obligations when dealing with foreigners has long been a by-word throughout the orient, and has repeatedly been de-



GENERAL PRINCE MIN-YUN-HUAN, COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF THE KOREAN ARMY.

From a copyrighted stereograph by Underwood & Underwood, New York.

nounced in consular reports and in books of travel. It would be too much to expect from the Japanese government any loftier regard for the sanctity of a promise.

It is extremely doubtful if the western powers would be in a position to enforce their demands upon Japan for the maintenance of the "open door" in China, or to offer any effectual resistance to her attempt to exclude the white man's trade from Chinese markets, in the event of her obtaining the upper hand in her war with Russia. Already, for several years past, the government and people of China have displayed a disposition to confide in the

Japanese, their fellow orientals and fellow heathen, rather than in the Christian foreigner. The possession of common creeds, classics, arts, traditions, customs, ideals, and prejudices has led to the establishment of an understanding between the two yellow empires which no white man could hope to rival. The successes already obtained by Japan in the present conflict have greatly increased her influence and her prestige throughout China, and the latter would submit entirely to her guidance were Russia to prove the loser in the war now raging. Such a result will undoubtedly lead to the further organization of the Chinese millions, under Japanese direction, into a military entity whose power, once aroused and mobilized, would dwarf into insignificance any horde of conquerors that the world has ever seen.

Yesterday Japan was ready to defer, in a measure, to the counsels of the United States, of Great Britain, and of other western powers. To-morrow, if victorious, with all China at her back, and with the knowledge that she has the sympathy and the good-will of all Asia, she will be more inclined to dictate than to defer.

Nor would the occident, in that event, be in a position to resent her attitude. The foreign nations which have the largest interests in China—Great Britain, the United States, Germany, and France—would be obliged to strain every nerve to retain possession of their Asiatic dependencies. Russia's defeat by an oriental power would mean grave danger of a native revolt against the white man's rule in India, in Cochin China, in the Philippines, in the Dutch Indies, and in Germany's colony of Kiaochau. Throughout the length and breadth of Hindustan, the native newspapers are now extolling the successes obtained by the Japanese over the Russians. Should victory ultimately rest with Japan, the prestige of the western powers—that prestige upon which the entire system of their rule in Asia is based—would be broken and disappear.

It is prestige alone that enables Great Britain, with a white army of about sixty thousand men, to keep under subjection a fanatic population of three

hundred millions; that permits France to control the twenty-five million turbulent inhabitants of her Indo-Chinese possessions with a handful of fifteen thousand white troops; that allows the United States, with about half that number of soldiers, to maintain order among the eight million Filipinos, who during the centuries of Spanish rule

were in a continual state of insurrection. Once that prestige gone, once the Asiatic convinced that even a small oriental power, such as Japan, can not merely hold its own, but even defeat so mighty a western empire as Russia, and the Asiatic will feel that a new era has dawned. He will believe that the oppression of the white man is about to



THE MARQUIS ITO, THE BISMARCK OF JAPAN, FORMERLY PRIME MINISTER AND NOW PRESIDENT OF THE ELDER STATESMEN, OR PRIVY COUNCIL OF THE EMPIRE.

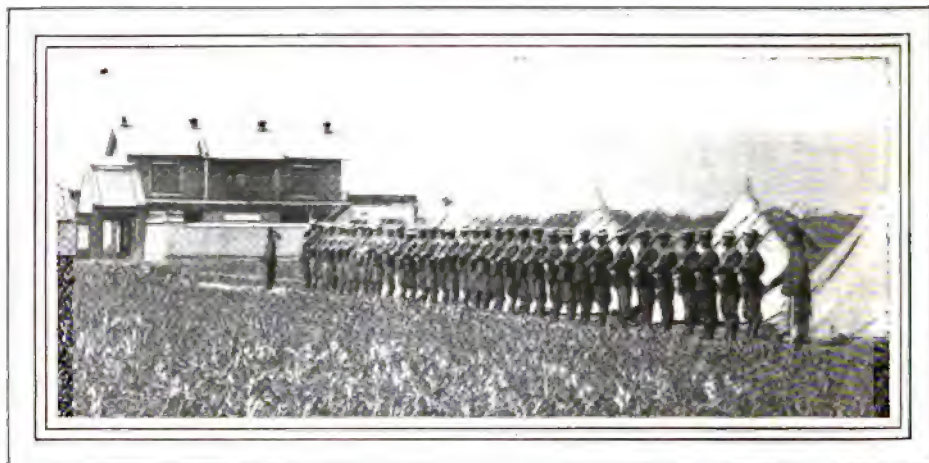
From a photograph by Downey, London.

be destroyed at last, and all the smoldering enmity with which the native regards his foreign master will burst into flames.

THE GULF BETWEEN WEST AND EAST.

For let there be no mistake, try as we may to win the affection of the Asiatic, we can never succeed. It may suit his

most important factor in the present situation. So astute and clever a people as the Japanese are sure to take full advantage of it. They may use it either to bring the war to a more speedy close, or to counteract any attempt on the part of the European powers to rob the Mikado of the fruits of his victories once more, as in 1895. Confronted by



A COMPANY OF CHINESE SOLDIERS, THE GUARD OF GOVERNOR YUAN, PROTECTING THE HOUSE OF AN AMERICAN MISSIONARY DURING THE BOXER TROUBLES.

purposes for a time to affect friendship and loyalty; but at heart he loathes us with an intensity which can be appreciated only by those who have lived long in the east. I refer to such authorities as Sir Robert Hart, for nearly half a century chief of the imperial customs service of China; Sir Ernest Satow, the erudite British envoy at Peking; Captain Brinkley, who has spent his whole life in Japan; and Baron von Brandt, whose long diplomatic career was passed as the representative of Germany in China and at Tokio. These men, and others equally experienced, have been forced time and again to affirm that the longer they remain in the orient, the more profoundly do they become convinced of their inability to fathom the character of the native, and to win his sympathy or friendship in any true sense of the words.

This more or less latent hatred of the oriental for the white man—an animosity which has, until now, been kept under control by belief in the military superiority of the western powers—is a

the danger of native risings fomented by the Japanese in India, Indo-China, the Philippines, and Shantung, Great Britain, France, the United States, and Germany will hesitate either to intervene in behalf of Russia, or to attempt to dictate to the government of Dai Nippon—Great Japan.

Indeed, their chief preoccupation will be to preserve their present holdings. The program of "Asia for the Asiatics" means not merely the closing of China to western trade, but the exclusion of England from Hindustan, the Malay Peninsula, Hongkong, and Thibet; of America, from the Philippines; of France, from Indo-China; of Germany, from Shantung; and of Russia, from Siberia and all her central Asian dependencies.

The great issue involved in the present war is not the control of Korea and Manchuria, nor even of China, but the question whether the white man is to dominate Asia as heretofore, or submit to the native. It is an issue of an importance so vast as to be without par-



"NATIONS OF EUROPE, GUARD YOUR MOST PRECIOUS POSSESSIONS!"—THE GERMAN KAISER'S CARTOON ON THE YELLOW PERIL, REPRESENTING THE ARCHANGEL MICHAEL WARNING THE WESTERN POWERS AGAINST THE THREATENED ORIENTAL INVASION, TYPIFYING BY THE IMAGE OF BUDDHA.



A TYPE OF JAPAN'S SEA POWER—THE MIKASA, HER HEAVIEST BATTLESHIP, A VESSEL OF 15,200 TONS, 16,000 HORSEPOWER, AND CARRYING FOUR TWELVE-INCH GUNS, WITH A BROADSIDE FIRE OF 4.225 POUNDS.

allel in modern history. It must be a subject for regret that this fact is not more generally appreciated by press and people on both sides of the Atlantic. There would be less satisfaction displayed over every Japanese success, were it to be realized that each victory for the Mikado's forces is another nail in the coffin of foreign commercial and political influence in the orient.

THREE GREAT MEN OF JAPAN.

The three most commanding figures in the recent history of the island empire are those of Ito, the Bismarck of Japan, of Field-Marshal Yamagata, who may be described as her Moltke, and of the Mikado himself, who by the manner in which he has chosen, trusted, and supported these two men presents many points of resemblance to the old Emperor William.

During the twelve years preceding the long-projected war with France, which was to unite Germany into a powerful empire, Bismarck spent much time in Paris, London, and other capitals, in order to obtain the correct measure of foreign statesmen and conditions in so far as they could affect the projects which he had in view. Similarly, during the last decade, the Marquis Ito has visited England, Rus-

sia, Germany, France, and the United States, making himself acquainted with the rulers and political leaders of the western countries, and impressing them all with a sense of his extraordinary shrewdness and strength of character, the while denying that he was entrusted with any mission.

Again, just as Bismarck sounded the hour for the inauguration of the conflict with France in 1870, so is Ito credited with having notified the Mikado that the time had at length arrived for throwing down the gauntlet to Russia. At any rate, it was immediately after a long interview between the emperor and Ito that the despatch breaking off diplomatic relations was sent. And when the moment for action came, Field-Marshal Yamagata, like Moltke thirty-four years ago, had everything in readiness. A wave of the hand, a signature to a paper, and within an hour the mobilization was under way.

Yamagata is a strange-looking man, resembling Moltke not only in character but even in appearance, being much bewrinkled, haggard to the point of emaciation, silent, grave, and tireless. The Japanese army of to-day is his creation and his handiwork. The perfection of its organization and equipment, the facility with which

troops and supplies commenced pouring into Korea within a few days after the commencement of hostilities, and particularly the amazing knowledge of abroad that rendered Bismarck so powerful, and Yamagata, judged by experts in Europe to be the equal of any modern strategist—belong to the



MUTSUHITO, MIKADO OF JAPAN, THE EMPEROR UNDER WHOSE EXTRAORDINARILY ABLE RULE THE ISLAND EMPIRE HAS RISEN TO A PLACE AMONG THE MILITARY AND NAVAL POWERS OF THE WORLD—THIS IS THE ACCEPTED PORTRAIT OF THE MIKADO, BUT IT IS SAID TO BEAR LITTLE RESEMBLANCE TO HIS PRESENT APPEARANCE.

Russia's forces in eastern Asia displayed by the Japanese staff—all these things serve to enforce the analogy between the oriental Moltke and his German prototype.

These two men—Ito possessed of the statecraft, the force of character, and the knowledge of men and conditions

yellow trinity of which the most impressive figure is the Japanese emperor.

It is quite possible that the appearance which Mutsuhito, Mikado of Japan, presents to American and European eyes may not be majestic or imposing. Indeed, to superficial observers he may seem lamentably lacking in that in-

tellectual quickness and alertness of mind for which his subjects are so distinguished. Yet he is in every sense of the word the most remarkable man in his empire, perhaps in all Asia. He has been the power that has enabled his people to assimilate the best fruits of our two thousand years of progressive Christian civilization. At the same time, he has known how to direct matters so that not even the most advanced teachings of American and European universities have succeeded in impairing the belief of their Japanese graduates in his supernatural attributes.

In conclusion, and in confirmation of

what has been said about the natural animosity of Asiatics toward the white races, I may mention a late piece of news from Japan. I am advised that many of the foreign residents there are so much alarmed by the symptoms of hostility displayed by the natives since the outbreak of the present war that they have taken steps to send their families to Hongkong, Australia, or Europe. As not only cable despatches, but even the private letters of newspaper correspondents are subject to a strict censorship, it is easy to understand why this significant fact has received no mention in the press.

JAPAN'S NAVAL HEROES.

BY SAMUEL EMERSON.

VICE-ADMIRAL TOGO, WHO STRUCK THE FIRST GREAT BLOW AT THE RUSSIAN FLEET OFF PORT ARTHUR ON THE NIGHT OF FEBRUARY 8, AND REAR-ADMIRAL URIU, WHO SANK THE VARIAG AT CHEMULPO ON FEBRUARY 9.

NOT many names are more familiar to-day than those of the two Japanese admirals, Togo and Uriu, though a very short time ago few Americans had ever heard of the former, and still fewer of the latter. And of Uriu, at any rate, it is not strange that the world knew nothing, for even in Japan he had not caught the public eye. Before his fight at Chemulpo on February 9 he had never smelled powder; for during the stirring events of the war with China he was stationed in Paris as an attaché of the Japanese legation.

Rear-Admiral Sotokichi Uriu is now forty-seven—that is, young enough to brave perils which might make an older officer pause, and experienced enough not to risk his ships and his men needlessly. In appearance he is more European than oriental. His personality, the

turn of his mustache, his way of wearing his hair, all betoken the American rather than the Japanese. When he speaks English, he talks with scarcely a trace of foreign intonation.

THE CAREER OF ADMIRAL URIU.

Of the man Uriu there is not much to record. Of his ancestry volumes could be written. If blood ever did tell, it has told in the victor of Chemulpo. He is descended from a fighting race, his progenitors being *samurai* (soldiers) of the fief of Daishoji, a scion of the great Kaga.

As a boy, he attracted attention at the Japanese Naval College by his general brightness and by his special proficiency in English. It was his gift for languages that earned for him, when he was eighteen, the distinction of being

EDITOR'S NOTE.—In this number of MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE we print three articles bearing on the war in the East—"The Real Yellow Peril," "Japan's Naval Heroes," and "The Long Feud of Britain and Russia," which last begins on page 375. Mr. Cunliffe-Owen's paper presents one view of a very interesting and important problem—that of the possible results of Japanese success in the present struggle. There is much to be said on both sides of the question, and another article on the subject will appear in a later issue of this magazine.



VICE-ADMIRAL TOGO, COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF THE JAPANESE FLEET IN THE YELLOW SEA.

From a photograph by Maruki, Tokio.

sent to Annapolis. The years he spent at the United States Naval Academy, where he graduated in 1881, fourteenth in a class of a hundred and thirty-six cadets, made him, in some ways, more American than Japanese. Later, he studied for a time at the Royal Naval College, Greenwich, one of the British training-schools.

In the Mikado's navy his promotion has been exceptionally rapid. After commanding the cruiser Matsushima and the battleship Yashima, he became a rear-admiral in May, 1900, and was appointed chief of the Japanese naval intelligence bureau. In April of last year he was put in charge of a new squadron to cruise in Chinese and Korean waters. Later, when the Japanese government quietly began to perfect its arrangements for the inevitable conflict with Russia, he was selected to command the so-called Fourth Squadron, a fleet of five fine cruisers. To him was assigned the task of convoying the vanguard of the army ordered to invade Korea; and thus it happened that on the memorable 9th of February, off Chemulpo, he fought one of the two initial engagements of the war. His was the first victory of which news reached home.

Uriu's private life is that of a gentleman in every sense of the word. A man of quiet tastes, he enjoys the sweetness of an ideal home atmosphere when ashore—an atmosphere to which his wife and five children lend a charm that every visitor to his house has had occasion to remark.

In 1864 the Japanese government sent to America three little girls of high rank to receive an education of a very different sort from that enjoyed by most Japanese women. The children did not return until they were girls of twenty. All of them are exceptionally brilliant women. The one is Miss Tsuda; another has become the Marchioness Oyama; the third is now Mrs. Uriu.

Mrs. Uriu, whose maiden name was Miss Nagai, lived for several years in the family of the late John Abbott. She studied music at the Boston Conservatory, and graduated at Vassar. When she came home, she could not

speak a word of Japanese. She and her husband still talk English to each other. At the Uriu home—a picturesque Japanese dwelling in the outskirts of Tokio—foreigners are agreeably surprised to meet servants who understand our language. The house, however, gives no indication of the Americanized tastes of its occupants. Mrs. Uriu wears the *kimono* and *obi*—which, after all, is the most becoming of all costumes to the women of Japan.

Miss Tsuda and Mrs. Uriu have devoted themselves to advance the cause of education among Japanese girls. For many years the latter lady taught the piano in the Tokio Conservatory. Even now she teaches a class in the Girls' Normal School.

THE PERSONALITY OF ADMIRAL TOGO.

Unlike Uriu, Vice-Admiral Togo is a man whose achievements have long ago made him a popular idol in Japan. The simplicity and kindness of his character, the charm of his easy manner, have made him one of the most beloved commanders in the Mikado's navy. On shipboard his presence is almost unfelt. He talks little, and in so low a voice that only those who stand very near him can understand his words. But with all his modesty and his silence he is renowned as a man of quick and decisive action. He was one of the fighters to whom all eyes turned when the war clouds were seen to be brewing.

Togo is now a little more than fifty years of age. He comes of the Satsuma clan, and his ancestry, like that of Uriu, is distinguished in the annals of his country for brave deeds. As a boy, he spent a year or two on an English naval training-ship; then, at sixteen, he became a midshipman on the *Kasuga*, one of the little gunboats that formed the first Japanese fleet, and a namesake of the powerful cruiser that recently arrived in Japan from Genoa. He has been in battle more than once. He fought his way through the fierce fight with Enomoto's rebellious squadron in the Restoration War, and attracted the attention of the commander of his vessel, who is now Admiral Inouye of the Yokosuka Admiralty.

He played a prominent part in the



REAR-ADMIRAL SOTOKICHI URIU, COMMANDING THE FOURTH SQUADRON OF THE JAPANESE FLEET
IN THE YELLOW SEA.

From a photograph by Maruki, Tokio.

conflict with China. It was he who struck the first blow of the war. Having sighted the Chinese transport Kowshing off Phungdo, while others were hesitating what to do he opened fire and sank the ship, which was loaded with soldiers bound for Korea. He had instantly determined to shoulder all the consequences of an action that might be considered a breach of international law. It was like the pathetic resolve of an old *samurai* to commit *harakiri* if he could thereby serve his country. Later, his ship, the Naniwa, did good service in the brief campaign that gave Japan control of the Yellow Sea.

Many a Japanese seaman has expressed the wish to die under the command of Togo—the veteran sailor who still stands as a representative of the vanished *samurai*, the fighting men of old Japan.

THE FIRST MOVES OF THE WAR.

It has been said, in disparagement of the victories won by Togo and Uriu on the 8th and 9th of February, that they were easy triumphs, scored against an unprepared enemy and an inferior fighting force. The criticism is not wholly untrue, but it is nevertheless unjust. If the Russians were caught off their guard, it was their own fault, for in Japan's announcement of the rupture of diplomatic relations they had had ample warning. If the Japanese brought stronger squadrons to bear upon the enemy's divided forces, they deserve all credit for their superior strategy. That, indeed, is the essence of good strategy—"to git thar fustest with the mostest," as Forrest, the brilliant but ungrammatical Southern cavalryman, is said to have phrased it.

Look more closely at the movements of the two Japanese admirals in those eventful February days in which Russian prestige suffered the most damaging blows that it has received in modern times. It will be seen that the work set them to do called for the highest qualities of seamanship, for cool calculation and swift and daring action.

The task that fell to Togo, as commander-in-chief, was first, to convoy an invading force to Korea; and second,

to secure its line of communications with Japan, not merely for the time, but if possible permanently. These two things should naturally have come in reverse order, the troops not being moved until the way was cleared for them; but that was not Togo's business.

Now the admiral's obvious course, or at least his obviously safe course, would have been to mass his whole fleet to protect the transports, and then, after escorting the troop-ships to Chemulpo, to go in search of the enemy. But in order to make the line of communication permanently secure, it was necessary to strike a disabling blow at the enemy; and in order to strike such a blow, swift and sudden action was necessary. If he went to Chemulpo, he would lose time—for that port, as a glance at the map will show, lies off the direct route from Japan to Port Arthur—and his movements would be reported to the Russians. He determined, therefore, to detach a squadron to Chemulpo with the transports, while with his main fleet he moved straight upon the Muscovite stronghold.

On the morning of February 6, Togo assembled his officers on his flagship, the Mikasa, in the Japanese harbor of Saseho, and gave them their sailing orders. At noon on the 7th the entire fleet was rendezvoused off Mokpo, at the southwestern extremity of Korea. There they met the cruiser Akashi, returning from vedette duty. She reported that two of the enemy's ships—the fine American-built cruiser Variag and the gunboat Koriets—were at Chemulpo, the main Russian naval force at Port Arthur.

Upon this news, Togo detached the five cruisers of Uriu's squadron, and some torpedo-boats, to Chemulpo with the transports, while he himself headed directly for Port Arthur. From Mokpo, Chemulpo lies almost due north, nearly two hundred miles away; Port Arthur lies to the northwest at fully twice that distance. Hence if the Russians should have wind of what was afoot, and should advance in force from Port Arthur, they might meet Uriu and the troop-ships and inflict a crushing disaster upon the expedition.

That night and the following day

(February 8) were an anxious time for Togo. The weather was heavy and the sea high. He could not use searchlights at night, nor let his torpedo-boats patrol far afield by day, lest his movement should be discovered. At sunset on the 8th he found himself within sixty miles of Port Arthur. Then he set this signal to his torpedo flotilla:

"Go in and sink the enemy's squadron. Success to you all!"

THE NIGHT ATTACK ON THE RUSSIAN FLEET.

There are few more dangerous tasks than to attack a fleet of armored ships with these egg-shell boats; but the sailors of no navy could undertake it more eagerly than the Japanese. The torpedo vessels steamed forward in two lines, eight of them heading for Talienwan Bay, where it was thought some of the Russians might be found, ten for the entrance to Port Arthur.

As these latter neared the harbor mouth, where Admiral Stark's big ships could now be dimly discerned, they encountered a vessel which was probably on guard duty. It seems that one of the Japanese commanders was on the point of torpedoing her—which would probably have been fatal to any chance of inflicting further damage. Instead of such a betrayal, however, the Russian lookout's hail received a Russian answer, and the assailants held their course uninterrupted.

At about six hundred yards from the enemy the column broke in two, five boats turning to the right and five to the left, so as to form a line before the Muscovite fleet. Another hundred yards, and each launched two Whitehead torpedoes. In another moment all was uproar and confusion. Searchlights flashed, big cannon boomed on shore, and rapid-fire guns rained a shower of shells from Stark's vessels. The Japanese had struck their blow; to attempt further attack was to court destruction, and they wheeled about and slipped away into the darkness.

In the morning (February 9), Togo came up and engaged the Russians with his battleships and cruisers, going in as close as he dared approach their heavily armed land batteries. He had received

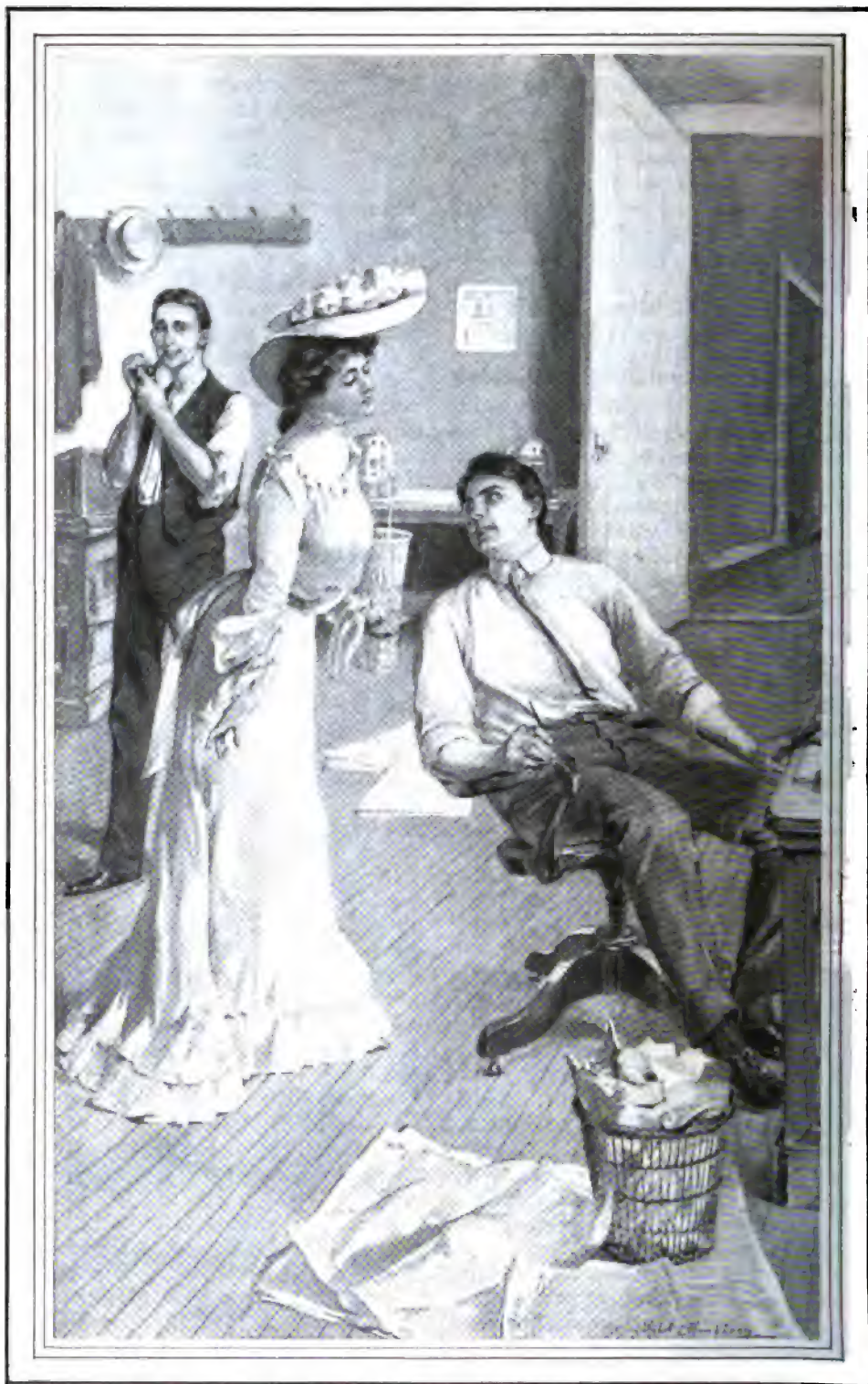
no report from his torpedo flotilla, but he saw manifest signs of its destructive work. Indeed, at the time of writing this it is still impossible to tell precisely what damage the Russians suffered in the two attacks. It seems certain that their most powerful vessel, the big *Czarevitch*, the flagship of Admiral Stark, was damaged beyond repair; that another of their battleships, the American-built *Retvizan*, was also permanently put out of action; that several other vessels were seriously injured, and that the general result of the day's work was to give Japan a practically complete control of the sea and to go far toward determining the result of the war.

The damage suffered by the Japanese was insignificant, and Togo reported to his government, after the action, that "the fighting strength of the squadron is unimpaired." His officers are reported to have said that the engagement was much more one-sided than the battle of the *Yalu*, in which they destroyed the Chinese fleet in 1895.

THE FIGHT OFF CHEMULPO.

What happened at Chemulpo is more fully known. On the afternoon of the 8th *Uriu* entered the harbor, where he found the two Russian ships lying in amazing ignorance of their peril. The commanders of the *Variag* and the *Korietz* had to choose between fight and surrender. A dash for escape during the night might possibly have saved one of them; for the *Variag* was swifter than any of *Uriu's* cruisers, besides being better armed than four of the five. But the Russians did not attempt it. The *Korietz* made a futile trip out of the port on the evening of the 8th, and fired the first shot of the war at the Japanese ships, which lay in waiting outside; then she put back.

On the morning of the 9th the two trapped vessels went out to destruction. Their crews were plucky enough, but their gunnery was so far inferior to that of *Uriu's* men that they were driven back without inflicting any damage. The *Variag*, disabled and on fire, crept into the harbor to sink, and the *Korietz* was blown up to save her from inevitable capture.



SHE MIGHT TELL THE MEMBERS THAT HE SYMPATHIZED WITH THEM IN THIS MOST WORTHY EFFORT.
(See story, "By Authority of the Commissioners.")

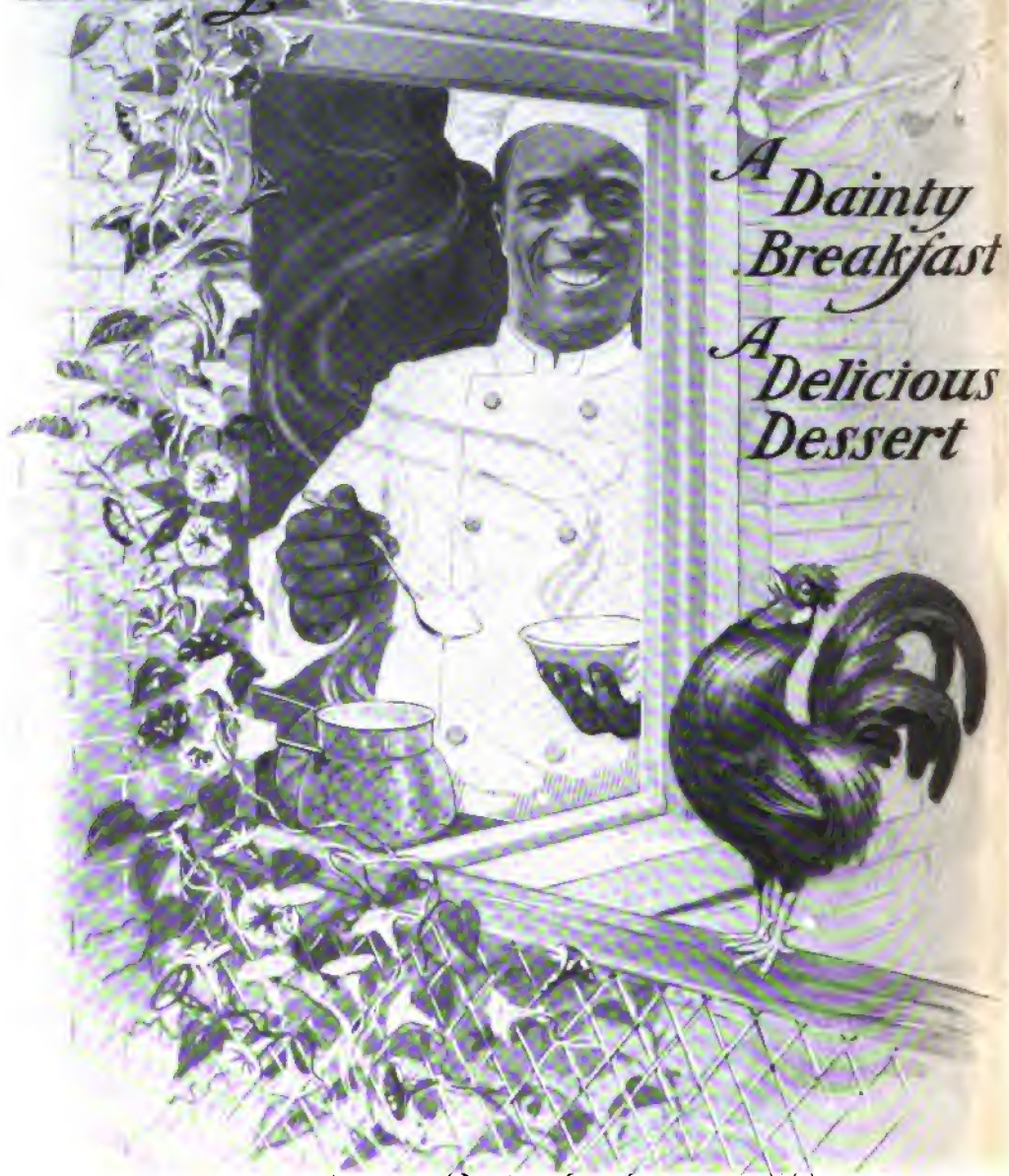
The BOOKLOVERS MAGAZINE



JUNE 1904

Cream of Wheat

"In the good old Summer Time"



AT ALL GROCERS



RICE PLANTING IN JAPAN

AN ACRE IS A PLANTATION: BY COPIOUS FERTILIZATION THREE CROPS A YEAR ARE RAISED

THE BOOKLOVERS MAGAZINE

VOL. III

JUNE, 1904

NO. 6

THE TWO PACIFICS

by Harold Bolce

IV-JAPAN'S NEW GOSPEL OF CIVILIZATION

The Western world has gazed so long on Japanese posters, postal souvenirs, and panels that it has grown color-blind to the real Japan. Tourists moving in continuous pilgrimage to tea-house and temple, or climbing Fuji-yama to survey Japan, get no revelation of the empire that now is. Strangers who dream in plum and cherry groves, admiring the populace, from coolies to college men, fastening cotton strips of spring poetry to the blossoming branches, are not studying the genuine Japan. It is a pretty spectacle—this annual revelry of estheticism—but the festival of petals and poems gives no hint of the mighty force that is shaking the foundations of empire in the East.

Nor can we trust to the appraisements of that fallible multitude which, arranging its itinerary on the principle that art is long and tourist-tickets limited, lays up indiscriminate treasures in those shops where curios—some of them

manufactured in Paterson, New Jersey—are sold in multiplying quantity. The tales brought back—of color, incense, and temple gongs, of geisha girls and amiable men, of a nation transformed in the twinkling of an eye, and of heroes of the old samurai glorified at Shinto shrines—splendor the mind of the untraveled like dreams of a Promised Land.

To establish the truth of the picture there are displayed trophies of satsuma, cloisonné, and lacquer; carvings, fans, and painted silks; and ancient oaks and cryptomerias, dwarfed to inches and thriving in the area of a pot. All these things serve to keep alive the legend of a land of patient daintiness and artistic unconcern for the gross utilitarianism of the West.

Nor are many of the accepted writers on Japan more trustworthy than the tourists. There is too much lotus eating among the literati sojourning in the land of lanterns. To attempt, for ex-



A YOKOHAMA LETTER-CARRIER
IN WINTER UNIFORM

ample, to get a faithful glimpse of Japan through the lenses of Lafcadio Hearn is like trying to understand England with *Alice in Wonderland* as a guide. Pen-craft that can make engaging reading out of the details of death by cholera has little difficulty in painting the apotheosis of an empire. It cannot be denied that a glory gilds the pages of this gifted writer, but it is the genius of Hearn, not the Spirit of Japan, that illumines.

In this critical hour in the destinies of the Far East, the writings of these brilliant dreamers have a decidedly serious import, for it is the fanciful Japan of their creation, not the ambitious empire which actually exists, that has filled the imagination and evoked the applause of Western powers. To understand why commercial leaders in America and their representatives in the

Orient fear the ascendancy of Japan in the affairs of Asia, one must first forget the radiant unrealities fashioned by Far Eastern poets, and disregard the highly-colored chronicles of the tourist.

The Occident does not understand Japan. Screened by the smoke of ten thousand factories, it is carrying on world activities. Through imperial coöperation its ships are crowding the ports of the world. A navy, already able to dispute sea-sovereignty with great powers, is preparing to patrol the circuit of its merchant marine. Authoritative announcement has been made at Tokio that at the conclusion of the conflict with Russia, one of the first steps will be a demand that the United States revise its navigation laws and permit the ships of Japan to traffic between the Philippines, Hawaii, and the American mainland.

A realization that Japan believes itself to be the twentieth century teacher of mankind may prepare the West to understand why the Mikado's subjects, despite their reassuring smiles, ceremonial phrases, and prostrations, are inspired by a pride which in reality scorns even a comparison with races of the West. It is extremely difficult for people who have not entered into commercial relations with Japan to understand this uncompromising conviction of superiority which Asiatics, and particularly the Japanese, entertain. The people of Japan point out that the Jew, as the chosen of God, had his day. The Anglo-Saxon—the "blonde beast" of modern conquest—has been having his unbridled career of dominion. It is now the turn of the finer-grained Oriental, who, having developed an enlightened cosmopolitanism purged of every taint of provincial prejudice, and owing its inspiration to a Mikado who traces his lineage to a god, is to march forth with a message not only to the Eastern continent but to all mankind.

Practical men engaged in large enterprises in the Far East—some of which

are suffering slow, unmistakable contraction, due to polite but pertinacious Oriental boycott—insist that in peace, no less than in war, Japan has become a formidable power. European houses in the Orient concur with significant unanimity in the fear of American commercial leaders that Western nations are in danger of losing in the Far East the most alluring opportunity that ever opened to international trade. England, even before the armed emergence of the Japanese, was losing ground in the Orient. America, gaining trade in some commodities, was suffering decline in others, and in no field of Oriental enterprise was securing more than a fractional part of its share as a great producing nation, ambitious to be the traffic manager of the world.

Meanwhile Japan was building business in territory which Great Britain, the greatest of all trading nations, was reluctantly relinquishing. Moreover, the Sunrise Kingdom was out-maneuvering America in the initial contest for the commercial supremacy of the Far Pacific. Japan announces that, if victorious, it will dedicate the Orient to the trade of the world; but British and American houses in the Far East contend that Japanese triumph will, in reality, give no assurance of an expansion of Anglo-American commerce.

That trade would suffer under Russian dominion in the Far East has been long realized by the Western business world; complete conquest on the part of the Japanese would result in a similar check to the Oriental trade and political ambitions of Western nations. These convictions are based on more than a quarter of a century of ambitious trading in the treaty ports of the Orient. The dream of adroit and diplomatic Japan is for Asiatic dominion, politically, territorially, intellectually, and in trade.

Today in Tokio significant speeches and editorials are brilliant with predictions that Japan has embarked on an



AN OLD SALT—JAPANESE VARIETY

auspicious world career. Its place in the commerce of the Pacific is to be supreme. Its intrenchment on the continent of Asia is to be permanent—secure against even a confederation of alien jealousies—while its rôle as the educator of Asia is to make Japan a conspicuous leader in the coming advancement of civilization. On the sixteenth of March of this year, there was held in the city of Tokio an important and enthusiastic convention of the Progressive Party, of which Count Okuma is the political leader. This statesman and scholar, who founded the University of Waseda in the Japanese capital, stands for the most enlightened thought in the empire, and the party which he dominates is pledged to the expansion of Japan. At this gathering at Tokio a manifesto was issued proclaiming the purposes of the war with



MILLING RICE IN TOKIO

WITHIN SOUND OF THE ELECTRIC STREET CARS THIS
PRIMITIVE METHOD OF MILLING IS STILL IN USE

Russia. Among other things, it set forth the following:

"The object of this contest must be nothing short of the occupation by Japan of the Amur and Littoral Provinces, a part of Siberia, and the inclusion of the Kinchow peninsula in a Japanese sphere of influence."

Two million children throughout the empire sing daily, with unmistakable elation, martial airs surcharged not only with spirited antagonism toward the Slav but with imperial hope in the annexation of new territorial domain. One of these militant anthems urges the army to break the ramparts of Port Arthur, to pull down the walls of Harbin, and pressing forward, to plant the banner of the Sun on the peaks of the Urals. Thence, the regiments of conquering Japan are adjured to proceed still westward, until the once dominant Slav shall be confined to the ancient stronghold of Moscow.

The Japanese, from the samurai to the coolies, do not underestimate themselves, or the rôle they are to fill in the conquest of Asia. For those who might feel inclined to question Japan's ability to march her armies across that continent, mobilizing Korean and Chinese legions on the way, historians of the Imperial University at Tokio are ready with significant citation of the daring career of Hideyoshi, the Napoleon Bonaparte of Japan. Just one hundred years after Columbus set sail from Genoa, Hideyoshi carried out a successful invasion of Korea. Whereupon, marshaling a still mightier army, he planned the conquest of the whole Celestial Empire. His death on the eve of embarkation changed the destiny of Asia and probably of the entire world. Ten years ago, and three centuries after the death of that Japanese Napoleon, the armed descendants of the hordes he trained for war defeated the Mongolian Empire and emerged from the conflict with a title to a coveted peninsula in Eastern Asia. That

title the powers, at the instance of superior Russian statesmanship, forced Japan to surrender.

No previous act so poignantly stung the sensitive pride of the people of that little empire. Upon receipt of the unwelcome intelligence at Tokio forty officers in the imperial army unhesitatingly committed suicide. It was the first thing in the history of the empire that bore the semblance of defeat. Japan had conquered a foe infinitely greater in population and domain. Forty millions had put four hundred millions to flight; and yet the Sunrise Kingdom, though trailing clouds of glory, had to abandon every inch of mainland it had gained, and retire to its ancient islands. Thereupon there entered into the designs of Japanese statesmanship a determination to build for a larger future, wherein Japan would be enabled not only to regain what had been lost, but to rise to such a military ascendancy in Asia that, instead of accepting terms, it could dictate them.

Had Russian diplomats given half as much study to the unconquerable and desperate determination in the Japanese temperament as they have to meeting and mastering the idiosyncracies of less inscrutable and far less ambitious races, they would have warned the Czar and his ministers that beneath the polite reticence of the seemingly acquiescent Japanese, and despite their engaging genuflections, there lurked a determination to have revenge, volcanic in the intensity and certainty of its ultimate outburst.

No nation ever went forth to battle with a deeper determination to succeed, or with a more consuming patriotism. Peasants have stopped smoking, that their mites may help to reinforce the sinews of war. The Japanese women have stopped buying obis, that they may contribute to the great cause. Wives in Japan are divorcing their husbands starting for the front, lest their heroes, during the hardships of

campaigns and the realities of carnage, should sigh for the safety of home and for the diversions around the domestic hibachi. In the martial code of Japan it is greater honor to die in battle than to survive a conflict. The names of the living members of the rank and file are unknown; the names of those who die on the field of action are posted on the walls of the Imperial Palace. It is there announced that they gave their lives for their Mikado, and thenceforth their families glory in special honors conferred. Japanese citizens whose application to enlist is denied or deferred often make public exhibition of their sincerity by committing suicide. Fathers, receiving tidings from the front of the death of sons, invite friends to celebrate the glorious sacrifice in generous and patriotic libations of sake or champagne.

The initial naval victories of the

Japanese at Port Arthur and Chemulpo greatly stimulated national feeling. In impressive silence the empire had gone to war. There was deep anger, but it was coolly calculating. Then came the news of victory, the first outcome of the long-prophesied conflict of the East with the West. Asia had triumphed over Europe, and Japan went mad. The populace, customarily stoical to the point of incredible stolidity, crowded the streets and howled with tumultuous exultation. At night long lantern processions flashed a finale to the extraordinary expression of Oriental feeling.

Thereafter though patriotism, as displayed in the grimmer tests of parting and renunciation, burned with increasing flame, there was little outward sign of it. Thousands of troops were starting daily from Tokio; but the time they were to take the train was not announced,

and the destination of these regiments was unknown even to the men themselves. "Certain troops started yesterday to certain points" was the uncommunicative character of the only news that could pass the vigilant censor. So far as the Japanese press was concerned, however, there was little inclination, even if there had been opportunity, to publish the details of military movements in these opening days of the war. Every native inhabitant of Japan regards himself as part of either the offensive or defensive strength of the army. The fact that the Mikado enjoined secrecy was a sufficient censorship without drastic enforcement to produce silence throughout the empire. But for the presence in Tokio of a hundred or more war correspondents from abroad,



A TYPE-SETTING MACHINE IN JAPAN



ADVERTISING IN JAPAN

THIS METHOD OF STREET ADVERTISING BY BANNER, BAND, AND "BARKER" IS COMMON IN JAPANESE CITIES

roaring protest in a hotel, or temporarily appeasing martial impatience by responding to polite summons to conciliatory banquets spread by Japanese noblemen and diplomats, there was little to indicate that the great army and navy of Japan was on the firing line, and that the populace, as well as statesmen, realized that the war was the most momentous crisis in the history of the empire.

No one in Japan, not even the war correspondent impatiently sniffing the battle from afar, was disposed to criticize the masterly silence which attended the movement of regiments to the front. For some of these militant journalists, hurrying across the American continent, Pacific liners had been held at San Francisco. The influence that could alter the hour of sailing from our Western metropolis could not force the slightest favor from Tokio.

Not for a moment did the Japanese cease to be consummately polite; but after two months of courteous and soft-spoken assurances of esteem on the part of the Japanese authorities, embattled journalism was still raging and imagining

vain things in Japan's capital, a thousand miles from the nearest skirmish line of war. There were no correspondents at the front. The news that flamed into unsubstantial sensation from treaty ports was founded on strange tales that floated thither on Chinese junks and sampans. The actual history of the first months of conflict has not been penned. Many foreigners in the Orient believe that the story of the Russo-Japanese war will never be accurately told.

Japan's quiet determination to conduct its campaigns without the slightest capitulation to the powerful press of Europe and America evoked much admiration among foreigners. Even the correspondents, unwillingly detained in the paths of peace, could not help standing amazed at the unscalable wall which Asiatic alertness had suddenly erected around the entire field of its vast military operations. The journalists were free enough to venture toward Korea, to haunt the country in the wake of moving armies, or to swarm in the treaty ports. But nothing of actual information could be cabled, and even



WHY JAPAN SEEKS EXPANSION

THE SCARCITY OF FERTILE LAND IN JAPAN COMPELS HIGHLY INTENSIVE CULTIVATION : IN CERTAIN DISTRICTS THE AVERAGE IS SEVENTEEN WORKERS TO THE ACRE

correspondence mailed from Japanese or Korean points was forwarded by way of Tokio for official inspection. The Japanese Government would not guarantee protection to any correspondent who pushed toward forbidden zones. Military experts from abroad, coming as the accredited students of strategy from the war departments of the leading powers, were similarly denied the privilege of accompanying the army of Japan.

The foreign business world in the Far East, looking to the larger future, contends that this non-committal military program is simply a dramatic counterpart of that long-standing and comprehensive secrecy which has been laying the foundation for Japan's commercial and political dominion in the Eastern continent.

Foreigners recall that, at the outbreak of the Chinese-Japanese War, Japanese business clubs in the trading centres of China turned out to be not clubs at all, but headquarters of the powerful, superbly organized secret-service system of Japan. These "clubs" were closed, ostensibly, during the war; but upon the restoration of peace were reopened, and have been remarkably active during the ensuing decade. Thousands of military men have been assigned during that time to secret-service in China. In Tokio a secret society of Asiatic scholars has been busily at work, under the direction of the Japanese Government, translating into Chinese books calculated to awaken in the minds of the masses of the Celestial Empire a love of scientific learning, a conception of Western methods, and above all a profound respect for the Mikado and his people as the appointed leaders of the Orient.

These translated volumes have been circulated freely throughout the Celestial Empire. The labor has not been exerted without reward. China is already looking to Japan as its deliverer. The thousands of Japanese teachers in

China, and the thousands of Chinese students in Japan, are bringing about an intercommunication of thought, an international merging of standards, and ambitions fraught with great possibilities to the future of both empires. It is obvious to the business men in the Orient that the right hand of Japan, reaching out for the friendship of the Occident, is not letting Western nations know the great things its left hand is doing.

One of the outspoken purposes of the present conflict is, as quoted, the inclusion of the Kinchow peninsula in a Japanese sphere of influence, and the permanent occupation by Japan of a large part of eastern Asia. Commercial men in the East who have had occasion to study the Mikado's far-seeing subjects, point out that it is not in the temperament of this race nor in keeping with the traditions of Japanese diplomacy to give expression, at the outset of war or negotiations, to anything but a fractional part of what the country purposes in the end to demand.

Opportunity has been offered me in Japan of bringing this business apprehension to the attention of a British diplomat who is a deep student of commercial and political relations between the Orient and the West, and who, because of peculiarly intimate relations with Marquis Ito and other Japanese statesmen, has an inside view of the ambitions of the Sunrise Kingdom. He consented to discuss the situation because he believed the Anglo-American world should be informed as to the supreme issues involved, but for official reasons stipulated that his name be withheld.

"These trading houses," he observed, "are not only right, but are extremely conservative in their fears. Japan is not only carefully planning a complete commercial mastery of the Orient, but has already made a start toward that achievement. To what extent Japanese shrewdness will outwit competition

is a matter for the future to decide. The dominating trade of many foreign firms contesting with Japanese alertness may be some augury of things to come. Certain it is that in the making of trade treaties thus far Japanese astuteness has outwitted Western statesmanship, so that instead of these covenants safeguarding Western investments and enterprises in Japanese treaty ports, there have grown out of these unsatisfactory stipulations so many vexatious problems that various foreign firms, such as fire and life insurance for example, are being forced out of business, and questions of taxation and other matters have now been carried to the tribunal of the Hague for international arbitration. An open-door policy is of little avail," he continued, "if the power that opens that door fixes hidden traps at the threshold."

Japan's avowed intention, he argued,

to open up the ports of Asia would still further foster the favorable sentiment that has been evoked by Japanese daring and victory. That gratitude, disarming opposition, would tend to further Japanese ambition to dictate Asiatic policy. If Japan, either through recognized political ascendancy or through a tacit understanding with China, succeeded in controlling or influencing the fiscal policy of the Celestial Empire, the same exasperating subtleties and not infrequent instances of official evasion that now characterize customs and other administration in Japan may gravely hamper the commerce of the world with eastern Asia.

Japan, until it became very powerful and rich, would not, he felt certain, take any step to arouse the opposition of other powers. The Japanese policy, which was a national expression of the individual Japanese character, was the



THE GROWING DEMAND FOR AMERICAN FLOUR

THE PHOTOGRAPHER HAS POSED THE CHILDREN EATING BUNS MADE FROM WHEAT FLOUR



A FISHER-GIRL FROM THE NORTH

antipodes of the Russian. Russia has gloried in the spell and shadow it has cast over the world. Japan, on the other hand, has courted sympathy and coöperative cheers, all the while in its secret councils planning a far-reaching campaign designed to make the nation paramount in the East.

This diplomat was convinced that great assistance had been given Japan in its career of expansion by Secretary Hay's note of February 10, asking that

hostilities be confined within as small an area as possible and that the neutrality and administrative entity of China be respected. He argued that, if at the close of the war, a victorious Japan found an undismembered China at its side, the ascendancy of Japanese influence and civilization in Asia would not be long delayed. What Japan wanted, he said, was a "stand pat" policy among the powers. Unimpeded, the Japanese themselves would accomplish



JAPAN'S RISING GENERATION—A COUNTRY SCHOOL

all necessary results in China—at least all the reformation required to establish the commercial triumph of New Japan.

Nor did this statesman believe that a descent of ambitious nations upon Asia would defeat Japan's purpose. Before a new Europe could be installed in Eastern Asia and aggressive boundaries permanently outlined and agreed upon, Japan's secret influence in China would be supreme. Secretary Hay's note made the progress toward that dominion far easier than it could otherwise be. The Japanese leadership of Asia was, in his opinion, an inevitable destiny. He called attention to facts which intellectual Japan continually delights to recite, viz., that Chinese students, many of them sons of influential mandarins, are diligently studying in the Imperial University of Japan, in the Higher Commercial College of Tokio—also a government institution—and at the University of Waseda in the suburbs of the Japanese capital. Within another generation, he said, many of these young Chinamen, now imbibing their political and commercial ideas from Japanese instructors, and forming intimate ties with Japan, would be holding the reins of government in the Celestial Empire. He also reiterated the fact that Japanese teachers are taking an important part in the educational system of China, that Japanese patriots are at work incognito among the Chinese masses, and that Japanese officers are drilling the regiments of that empire. And he predicted that, although it would come slowly, Japanese ascendancy in China would finally be complete.

I asked him if he did not foresee that the trade ambitions of America, when finally aroused, would stay the advance of Japan in Asia, however cunningly planned that scheme of commercial dominion might be.

"Not at all," he replied. "America has developed a firm and commendable treaty policy as regards Asia, and up to this time, and perhaps for some time to

come, the powers will give heed. But America lacks the navy to enforce her demands, should a great war grow out of this conflict. Japan, as well as the other powers, knows this. Japanese statesmen have talked to me about America's unreadiness for war. Any conflict with the superior fleets of European powers would keep the United States so busy in Atlantic waters that Japan would have an undisputed right of way in the Far East, so far as the United States was concerned. In my opinion, and in the opinion of many statesmen with whom I have discussed the situation, America needs at least forty-five or fifty first-class battleships to maintain peace for the large international commerce she is ambitious to control."

Thinking that perhaps this opinion of America's present inability was the traditional British under-estimate of American strength, I asked this influential Englishman if Great Britain, despite its alliance with Japan, would not, in the event of evidence of Japanese commercial usurpation of the rich spoils of China, take such a firm stand that the Mikado's kingdom would be sufficiently curbed to permit the continued and regular expansion of international trade interests in Asia.

"Great Britain unaided, despite her great naval strength," he said, "could not succeed in establishing a permanent peace in the Far East. She would stir up the deepest antagonism of the whole world. England's historic policy of annexing all available domain awaiting civilized exploitation would naturally arouse all competing powers to the most intense counter-activity, should we attempt to solve by force the grave trade and political problems of the Orient."

Asked if he could foresee any possible permanent settlement of the complicated issue of Asia which should result not only in the appearances of peace, but which could check the clandestine Oriental diplomacy which—as generally



WESTERNIZING JAPANESE ARCHITECTURE
BUILDING A BANK IN YOKOHAMA, 1904

believed by all foreigners in that section of the earth—is laying the foundation for the greatest commercial dominion the world has witnessed, he replied that, in his opinion, there is but one solution of this problem—a confederation of the two great English-speaking nations.

Sentiment in favor of an Anglo-American alliance prevails throughout the Far East among American and British business houses. There, where the readjustments of a world are taking place and the foundations of new imperial ambitions are being laid, it is imperative that the powers which are ambitious to maintain their prestige in the fellowship of nations should secure a foothold which neither the movements of organized empires nor the possible uprising of irresponsible millions can ever dislodge. And in the opinion of

the civilized East, there is but one power that can, in the great future, prevail against awakening Asia, and that is an Anglo-American federation.

In the early part of March rumor reached Tokio that a secret commercial treaty had been concluded between the United States and Great Britain. The tidings created jubilant comment. "If this is true," said one leading importer, "it is the greatest thing that has taken place in the interests of the development of the Orient since Perry anchored his flotilla in the Bay of Yeddo and dispatched the American ultimatum to the shoguns of Japan."

While Americans and Britons are exchanging ambitious speculations regarding Anglo-Saxon possibilities in the Orient, Japan is dealing with the realities of the situation. The Japanese

ambassador had scarcely checked his baggage from St. Petersburg before Russian war-ships were sent to the bottom of the Yellow Sea. While the world shouted itself hoarse over that victory, Japan floated the banner of the Sun over the capital of Korea. Before the Western nations had realized the significance of the Korean Emperor's agreement to follow for all time the political dictation of the Mikado and his councilors, Marquis Ito, "the Bismarck of the East," started for Seoul. It is the talk of Tokio that the doings of the Hermit Emperor will hardly rise above the dignity of foot-notes in the history yet to be written of the Mongolian movement.

Ito is old, but his spirit permeates the kingdom. The passion for empire-building has been awakened, inspiring

the army and navy on the firing line, as well as the council chambers of far-seeing statesmen in the capital of Japan, and flaming in the defiant columns of the press of that empire.

The Western nations do not dream of the imperial ambitions of this awakened Eastern empire. Hitherto carefully reticent in regard to her great projects, Japan has now since its triumphal issue with Russian ironclads given voice, through its statesmen and inspired press, to its determination to exercise a controlling influence in shaping the destinies of Asia.

The Japanese *War News*, published in English, at Tokio, said, in its issue of March 5, 1904:

"There is no doubt whatever that when Japan emerges victorious out of the great struggle she has entered upon, her position in the estimation of the outside world will greatly rise. None will deny the fact that we easily beat China in the war of 1894-5, took the world by surprise, and the Western nations, which up to that time regarded

Japan as a semi-civilized country, began to take her seriously. It was chiefly due to the brilliant achievement of our arms that our Government was able to secure the treaty revision, to which the Western nations had formerly presented an obstinate opposition. Still the real strength of our country was not recognized by them, it being their mistaken conclusion that our success was due to China's hopeless weakness rather than to our substantial strength. Japan continued to remain in their estimation a power which was merely strong and progressive as an Asiatic nation, but which was no equal of a European power. In other words, they still thought that when met by a country of the white race she would suffer a crushing defeat.

"This delusion will be entirely shattered if Japan defeats Russia, a country which has been regarded as one of the mightiest powers, if not the mightiest, in the world. In that case Japan will begin to be treated with real respect, and the advantage she will be able to



A CHARCOAL STORE

CHARCOAL, HERE SHOWN WRAPPED IN RICE STRAW BUNDLES, IS THE UNIVERSAL DOMESTIC FUEL IN JAPAN



WHERE OUR JAPANESE SCREENS COME FROM

AN EMBROIDERY FACTORY, TOKIO

reap out of it politically, economically, and socially, will be incomparably great.

"Another moral effect, of perhaps still greater importance, of Japan's victory, will be the awakening of whole Asia. It has been erroneously and grievously believed by all the Oriental peoples that the yellow race is by nature an inferior of the white race. In fact it has been their foregone conclusion that they could never become an equal of a Western nation in whatever activity of human life. This idea was fatal to their intellectual and moral development and was primarily the cause of their resignation to the position of slavish dependency, in which they are at present.

"Let Japan defeat Russia and show to them that an Oriental nation can become an equal, nay even a superior, of an Occidental nation, and then the entire Oriental nations will be inspired with new hope and courage by Japan's example, awake from their long stupor and endeavor to develop themselves. China will resuscitate, India will revive, Korea, Siam, and the Philippines will rise up. In fact the rejuvenation of whole Asia is possible."

What gives peculiar significance to Japan's self-imposed rôle as the awakener of Asia is its unique claim that Oriental character and standards are superior to those of the West, and should prevail in all Asia. This attitude cannot but give Japan unrivaled prestige in the Celestial Empire whose people, having for centuries held aloof from the "barbarians" of the West, will gladly welcome a racial ally having dash and plausibility, and above all the armament to maintain an argument in support of the assumption that the West is inferior to the East.

People in America and England make a serious mistake in imagining Japan to be sitting modestly at the feet of Western learning. Within the last decade there has been a decided reaction in Japan. While still eagerly ambitious to avail itself of every Western utility that

will contribute to the national advancement of the empire, there is a deeply rooted conviction that Japan's fundamental standards are far superior to Occidental ideals, and that it is the duty of the Sunrise Kingdom to see to it that all Asia be preserved against the wholesale introduction of Western institutions. Foreigners in the employ of Japan are rapidly being dispensed with. Recently there has arisen a wide-spread protest against the movement toward the Romanization of the literature of the country. Roman characters on silver and copper coins have been replaced by ancient Mongolian ideographs. In the upper house of the Imperial Diet the introduction into the empire of the metric system was opposed, not long ago, on the ground that to admit the need of such an innovation would reflect discredit on the mathematical ability and commercial standards of the nation. There has been a marked reversion to the Japanese dress, a revival of Japanese games, a glorification of Japanese antiquities, and, still more significant, an outspoken conviction that while the West has mechanics and science to give to the East, there is little in its essential civilization that the Japanese want or would accept.

"Our empire has salted all the seas that have flowed into it," said a Japanese university professor to me. "The West cannot hope to Christianize Japan when our ambition is to Japanize Christianity, and to carry the new doctrines, the gospel of rational ethics, to the millions of Asia and, in time, to all the world. We shall go to China—in fact we are already there—with a harmonious blending of the best precepts in Buddhism, Confucianism, Bushido, Brahminism, Herbert Spencer, Christianity, and other systems of thought, and we shall, I think, have little trouble in awakening the naturally agnostic mind of the Chinese to the enlightenment of modern free thought. What the Far East needs is a religion as



GOVERNMENT RAILWAY FREIGHT SHEDS, TOKIO

modern as machinery. We have had more gods than were good for us. We believe that a cosmopolitan gospel, tolerating the existence, but minimizing the potency of prayers, offerings, shrines, temples, churches, litanies, and gods, and dwelling more on the time that now is and the relation of man to man, will create a wonderful reformation in Asia. We confidently believe that it has been assigned to Japan to lead the world in this new intellectual era in the progress of mankind."

Commercial America would have little occasion to consider this phase of Japanese expansion but for the fact that it promises to obtain for that empire a footing and domination in the Confucian Kingdom, which will pave the way for a trade conquest more comprehensive than even a military invasion could secure.

The belief that Japan is to be the intellectual leader of Asia is not confined to the educated classes in Japan. An exalted opinion of the rôle their country is to fill animates even the least literate peasant in the Sunrise Kingdom.

And the conviction that Fate's imperative mandate to Japan is to carry modern rationalism into Asia gains additional inspiration through the realization that, by so doing, not only will that continent be emancipated from superstition, but will be saved from coming under intellectual subjugation to Western powers.

Although Japan is building temples and shrines and sustaining ancient ceremonies, they are more an expression of estheticism than religion. Pilgrimages to altars, instead of assuming the gloom of funereal fanaticism, take on the merriment of holiday affairs. It is a pious festival which bears all the visible delights of a successful picnic.

Religious intolerance is not one of the demerits of Japan. A Buddhist devotee is perfectly content to pause and pay devotions at a Shinto shrine. Christianity is rejected, the Japanese contend, not because it conflicts with the ancient creeds of Asia, but because it is itself a faith—Oriental in origin—which the Orient has finally outgrown.

Believing, therefore, that Japan has

developed philosophically far beyond Christian powers, and that it is that country's duty to bring rational salvation to the Celestial Empire, the Japanese people contend that ultimately they will be justified in establishing their sway in Asia.

These are the facts: (1) that China is disposed to heed, and is, in reality, already accepting the teachings of her island neighbor; and (2) that Japan regards it as a mandate of duty to impart this instruction; and (3) that these lessons which China is to receive include astutely-presented reasoning that Oriental standards of life, and indeed Oriental intellect and character, are superior to anything the West can give. And these facts are of the gravest importance to the Occidental world, since they are opening the highway for the Japanese commercial invasion of Asia which alert traders and manufacturers of Japan sanguinely predict.

This belief in Japan's mission to carry the gospel of rationality to the whole

yellow race, and finally to the world, forms a large part of the conviction that the military movement of Japan toward the West is the genesis of an advance which shall make Japan the most conspicuously progressive nation among the powers. Japan's most diplomatic statesmen cannot conceal this conviction that the propaganda of agnosticism, with which Japan confidently expects to rejuvenate Asia, is vastly superior to anything that has come out of the West. Marquis Ito stated that religion of any kind is a form of superstition and "therefore a possible source of weakness to a nation"; and so he welcomed the tendency to free thought and atheism, "now almost universal in Japan," as an evidence of that superior progress which was to be expected of the alert Japanese mind.

The American business world may well take into consideration the idea now proclaimed by the leaders of Japan that, just as all the great religions in the world originated in the Orient and



MADE IN GERMANY

ENGLISH AND AMERICAN LOCOMOTIVES ARE WIDELY USED IN JAPAN, BUT THE GERMAN ENGINES ARE MOST COMMON

swept westward, so there has now started in the Far East a new wave of thought which is destined finally to reform the world, and primarily to amalgamate the yellow millions. Their minds once unfettered, they will, the Japanese believe, recognize both their rights and their power, and will demand of the nations revision of the commercial and political covenants that have held them in virtual subjection. In this awakening Japan denies the possibility

rejecting all that was spurious in these lands as well as in her own, would ultimately result in benefit to the very countries from whom Japan had borrowed. It was his country's ambition, he said, not only to protect a tottering empire from falling, but to become the patron and teacher of the whole civilized world.

This spirit now dominates the army, recruited almost entirely from descendants of the old chivalric samurai, and



A TYPICAL COUNTRY VILLAGE

of a Yellow Peril. "The Yellow Renaissance," said an educated Japanese in Tokio, "will imperil the injustice and outworn creeds of the West, not its civilization."

Count Okuma, while admitting that in learning, arts, education, politics, military system, and all other public administration Japan had assimilated the best that America, England, France, and Germany could offer, said that his country's adoption of this civilization,

readily carried away with enthusiasm for a great cause. They are fighting for that Greater Japan, which, as they enthusiastically sing:

"shall last
Till a million years have passed,"

and which shall take her place in history as the enlightened teacher of mankind.

Harold Boker

A QUESTION OF STAYING POWER

THE COMPARATIVE RESOURCES OF RUSSIA AND JAPAN

BY N. T. BACON

So far the war in the Far East has shown no developments outside of the broad lines supposed to mark the probabilities before hostilities began. The Japanese have the advantage on sea, but this was expected; and they were also expected to win the first successes on land. The Russians have announced that they believe the war will last two years, and the Japanese that they are prepared for a six years' struggle. So that the question bids fair to become one of endurance, which will tell on all the hidden weaknesses of either side. An examination of the resources of both therefore becomes of interest.

For a long time money has been known as the sinews of war, though latterly its place has been taken largely by credit. A national debt seems to be almost the *sine qua non* of an independent nation. In fact Bolivia and Siam appear to be the only civilized or semi-civilized countries not provided with one. To pay for her modern luxuries, such as an army, a navy, shipyards and railroads, and also for the expense of her war with China, Japan has had to draw heavily on the future. Ever since 1895 the Japanese have foreseen that war with Russia was inevitable sooner or later, and have been making expensive preparations for it. Their indebtedness is estimated to have been raised by such expenditures to about \$550,000,000 at the outbreak of the war. Though Japan is reckoned a poor country, more than four-fifths of this debt is supposed

to be owned at home, so that the burden of interest to go abroad—the real criterion in time of war—is probably not over \$5,000,000 a year to meet government borrowings; and the policy of the government for many years has been so steadily to discourage foreign enterprises in Japan that there is little to add to this for private indebtedness. A large loan, recently offered to defray war expenses, was over-subscribed several times in Japan, so that it is plain that the government still has important resources at home, and will not need foreign loans at once.

On the other hand, an estimate published in the *Yale Review* for August, 1903, indicated the total indebtedness of the Russian government as more than \$4,200,000,000, mainly owned abroad; and that investments of all kinds in Russia by foreigners would probably raise the annual burden of tribute from Russia to other lands—principally to France—to the enormous total of \$135,000,000, making a yearly charge to foreigners of about one dollar per head of population versus ten cents for Japan—and probably Russia is the poorer of the two countries. Its borrowings have been squandered in large measure, while Japan's have been most economically used. For several years, moreover, apparently Russia has had to borrow on the average \$60,000,000 a year to meet her foreign interest. Here is an important advantage for the smaller country, especially if war is to be long

drawn out; but after all one that is apt to be over-estimated, as it was in January by a French economist of standing, who showed, as he thought conclusively, that Japan would not go to war with Russia because Japan had tried in vain to place a loan in London, and had not sufficient funds.

It has been said that no nation that was really anxious to go to war was ever held back by its poverty. Two nations more thoroughly bankrupt than Greece and Turkey would be hard to find, and yet they managed to secure the means for a sharp campaign a few years ago. Venezuela and Colombia, also, maintain a pretty constant series of revolutions. In fact, Russia seems likely to argue with her creditors that they cannot afford to see Russia defeated, and that therefore it is to their interest to lend her more money at this crisis. Many of them will doubtless hesitate before sending good money after bad, but probably the argument will be effective with some. There is little doubt in my mind that, unless it results in a Russian triumph, this war will be made an excuse for deferring interest on Russian bonds, or for paying it in paper. Russia has in bank vaults at home or abroad something like \$400,000,000 in gold as a guarantee-fund for a larger amount of paper money in circulation, and of course this is available for immediate necessities in the way of ammunition and other requisites. Seven years ago, after years of depreciation, Russian paper money was put on a gold basis by an arbitrary reduction of the gold ruble to two-thirds of its former weight, and since then it has been maintained at par by keeping a gold reserve equivalent. The Russians have learned to prefer paper to gold, just as we do; and the government profits by this to the extent of saving the wear on the coinage, and by a small amount of interest allowed by the foreign bankers with whom much of the reserve is deposited, and again by about

\$150,000,000 which are only half covered by gold deposits. But it seems probable that failure of the attempt to place abroad a loan for \$200,000,000 at four per cent.—which Russia asked for in vain a few weeks before the war broke out, and is now asking for again at five per cent.—will be followed by secret inroads on the gold reserve or unprotected issues of paper money, which will ruin their credit. In the last few days we have reports that the Czar has turned over to the treasury, to abate immediate distress, \$100,000,000 from his private fortune. Probably this is a great exaggeration, but, even without reference to foreign interest bills, this sum will only cover the cost of modern warfare for a few weeks. One million dollars a day is a small allowance where 500,000 men are to be maintained in the field five thousand miles from the main source of supplies. To be sure, everything in Russia is nominally at the disposal of the Czar, and the railroads belong mainly to the State, so that little compensation has to be paid to them; but supplies must be had to take the place of those used up. As it is, a majority of the Russian people are accustomed to a lack of sufficient food in winter. Generally they have enough to support life, but scarcely a year passes without reports of actual famine somewhere in the empire, as last year in Finland, and the year before on the lower Volga. The crops of 1902 were the best Russia has ever known, and those of 1903 were nearly as good in European Russia, and it is possible that there may be less distress in consequence; but the needs of the government had forced the export of so much grain that probably there will not be much difference. Probably there is great distress at present in Siberia. The Trans-Siberian railroad had enabled western Siberia to build up a great trade—exporting butter to England. Two years ago they were exporting one million dollars' worth a month, but the closing of the railroad to

private business must have cut this off entirely, leaving the dairy farms without any market. Two years ago the Czar was warned that the limit of taxation had been reached. Plainly the war will require great sacrifices, and it is a question to what extent the people will tolerate being deprived of the necessities of life.

This brings us to consider what after all, in a long struggle, is the most fundamental point—namely, the character of the people. Numerous articles about the Japanese have appeared of late. Although there are among them distinct remains of aboriginal races, still on the whole probably no population in the world of similar size is as homogeneous. Except for the thinly populated island of Saghalin, seized by Russia thirty years ago—for which Russia gave to Japan as a nominal equivalent the barren Kurile Islands—and for the Island of Formosa, taken from China in 1895, the territory of Japan has been the same for a thousand years. The island empire is densely populated by a frugal and industrious race, whose religion consists in the idealized patriotism known as Shintoism, or the doctrine of self-sacrifice, which is the essence of Buddhism, each teaching the laying down of property and life for friend or country as the highest act of devotion possible. Alone among outside nations they have succeeded in grasping European civilization in one generation without being demoralized by it; and the individual adaptability which they show is surprising.

On the other hand, the Russian population is perhaps the most mixed of all nations, and is made up in large measure of conquered peoples who still remember their overthrow with bitterness. Probably not far from one-third of the whole—from forty to fifty millions—are true Muscovites. These are centrally located, and are much more numerous than any one of the disaffected elements, so serving to maintain the

arbitrary rule of the Czar's ministers, each of whom is practically supreme in his own department. This independent supremacy of the different ministers is one of the main causes of Russian bad faith. Almost always some intrigue is on foot, of one group against another, as when recently the Minister of the Interior forced Minister Witte to resign the portfolio of finance. Not long before Witte had said that he could be Minister of the Interior if he wanted to, but that he had a better job. The Minister of Foreign Affairs is unable to fulfil his promises on this account, and even the Czar is practically powerless before ministerial opposition. He has no means of keeping himself informed as to whether his instructions are carried out, in a land where all the newspapers are under the censorship of the Interior Department. This opposition is sometimes so open that he is said to have arisen recently in a rage at the council of ministers, demanding: "Am I Czar, or am I not?"

Around the central Muscovites are grouped Lapps, Finns, Germans, Lithuanians, Poles, Little Russians, Ruthenians, Roumanians, Greeks, Georgians, and Tartars, with Jews and Gipsies scattered through the South and West. These are all in European Russia, and this is nothing to the medley in Asiatic Russia, where there is an almost endless variety of races. Each of the races mentioned speaks a different tongue, and there are at least six different religions among them, without counting sectaries, such as the Dukhobors. Over all these the Russian Church has been exercising a steady pressure, more or less galling according to circumstances, to bring them into what is known as the Orthodox Fold, though with small results other than mutual exasperation. Bitter political hatred of Russia burns fiercely among the Finns, Poles, and Armenians; while symptoms of active revolt are reported among Georgians and Turcomans along the Asiatic fron-

tier. If all the elements in the Russian empire which hate its tyranny could be brought to work together, the empire would crumble in a month; but many of these hate their neighbors even more than they do the Russians. Besides hatred for the Russians, few of them have any common interests, except in some cases the same religion, so that there is little chance of their acting together. The Pole oppresses the hated Jew, while the Lutheran German despises the Catholic Pole, and the Finn hates all the Slavonic races, Ruthenians and Little Russians as well as Poles and Muscovites. Nowhere, except possibly in the Turkish Empire and in Austria, can such racial antipathies be found under the same rule. A slight feeling of cohesion does draw the Slavonic races together, based on the idea of a union which should make them the arbiters of the world. This is known as Pan-Slavism, and the only possibility for it lies in Russian supremacy. The Pole hates the Russian less than either Prussian or Austrian, and for decades Russian intrigue has been trying to turn this to account, as well as the hatred of the Turk which animates the Slavs of the Balkans. Hatred between neighbors of different races has been Russia's most useful means for extending her sway; but many of the peoples absorbed into the empire would be glad to return to the old tyranny, from which they thought they were escaping. Conspicuous among these are the Christian Armenians, who now seem as anxious to get back under Turkish rule as thirty years ago they were to be taken into Russia. Russia has confiscated their church fund, said to amount to over \$10,000,000, on the ground that it was being used for nationalist purposes, and that Russia could tolerate no *imperium in imperio*. She has also forbidden them to emigrate, but nevertheless they are sifting through the mountain passes without passports, or with forged ones—forger of passports is a widely spread

industry in Russia—and the government is at a loss to prevent it.

Two years ago the Mohammedan Tartars likewise started to emigrate to Turkey, but they lived further from the frontier, and the movement was stopped by refusing passports. In theory no one in Russia is allowed to spend the night thirty miles from home without a passport, but in practice it is difficult generally to distinguish a forged one from the genuine, and an army of tramps manages to keep moving—sometimes in the guise of pilgrims, who are held in high estimation. The pilgrimages to Jerusalem and to Kieff are really a serious drain on the country.

Such an atmosphere of hatred is not a good one in which to ask for self-denial among the people, but it is astounding to what abuse Russians will submit without a murmur. A cook asked leave of absence over Easter. His master refused it, saying that he was going to have company over Easter and wanted extra work instead. The cook then said he would leave at once, and asked for his pay, as he was entitled to under Russian law. He was told to go to the courtyard and wait until his master came. In the yard he was seized by two grooms, and tied up and whipped till he agreed to stay over Easter. I asked why he did not complain, and was laughed at. Who would pay any attention to the complaint of a servant against his master? From 1767 to 1861 it was against the law for a servant to make such a complaint. If he had been a factory hand it might have been otherwise. The government is now bent on pampering factory hands, but this was only a house servant. Both Russian servants and Russian workmen are so bad that when one knows them one has some sympathy for the employer, too. It generally requires from five to ten men in a Russian factory to do the work done by one in this country, and they will not work at all unless there is a gilded

picture of some saint—known as an ikon—with a lamp burning in front of it. A friend who had sold a lot of machines to a Russian factory received a complaint that they were not doing well. He went over to investigate. In this country one boy tends four of those machines, but he found two men watching each one of them, and they were suffering for lack of a little attention.

With rare exceptions the Russian peasants are lacking in education, sobriety, industry, energy, and honesty. They have the characteristics of a race of slaves; and my own observation leads me to class them on the whole as on a lower stage than the negroes in our Southern States. They are so suspicious of anyone asking questions that frequently they will lie when it is to their interest to tell the truth, and they will use the greatest ingenuity in stealing and covering their tracks; but they so totally lack perseverance, as a rule, that it is difficult to turn their cunning to account. Some of these characteristics extend high up. At the time that the *Retvisan* and *Variag* were being built at the Cramps', another vessel was being built for the Japanese navy, and naval officers were here from both countries to supervise the work. An engineer who was detailed by the Cramps to look after the foreign officers told me that the Russians did little but drink, and seldom went near their vessels, while the Japanese watched every piece that went into construction and knew just what it was meant to accomplish. It is only such intimate knowledge that allows an intricate machine like a warship to be utilized to its full capacity.

The Russian is brave in the sense that he dreads death little more than the Japanese does. Ten years ago most of the people in several villages had themselves buried alive because they were in haste to escape to heaven from the misery they felt on earth, and suicide was a crime forfeiting heaven.

But this carelessness of life and passivity, which made Napoleon I consider the Russian an admirable soldier, does not suffice today when the chief duty of the soldier is to keep himself effective. Nowadays more and more responsibility falls on the individual, and for all this his training under an ultra-paternal government unfits him. The Russians lack self-reliance, so that scarcely a salesman in Russia will venture to make change without calculating the amount on a set of beads strung on parallel wires, known as an abacus, such as we sometimes see in Chinese laundries. On one of the rare occasions when one did it for me he gave me five rubles too much. Every book-keeper has one, also, to help him foot his columns.

Love of ostentation is the one motive which can generally be counted on to stir a Russian. This goes so far that when the head of a firm leaves for lunch he has to go around the office and formally shake hands with every one. If the office boy were omitted he would mope all the rest of the day. A curious thing about this is that in Russia hand-shaking is a comparatively recent development of the Anglo-mania, which has taken root where the English have been looked upon as arch-enemies for more than a century.

It should be said that the Cossacks are different from the mass of Russians. They are the descendants of several hordes of nomadic borderers who, for their services in repelling the Tartars, were allowed to remain in a kind of feudal independence, when the rest of the Russian peasants were reduced to servitude, on condition of rendering military service without pay, and furnishing their own arms and horses. As the result of receiving no pay they have become the most expert plunderers known. They are of almost pure Russian stock, but have become a kind of Bedouin, extremely expert on horseback, but not under much discipline, though of late years they have lost

many of their privileges and have been reduced to something more like order. They are not apt to make friends for Russia where they go.

No man can foresee what would be the result of a Russian overthrow, but probably it would be the signal for risings in many parts of the Empire, and therefore the Russian authorities do not dare make peace without the semblance of a victory.

If the rapid movement now supposed to be under way does not succeed, it looks as if the Japanese could only definitely overcome the Russians by help of the immense dead weight of the Chinese, who now show symptoms of wanting to move under Japanese guidance against the hated foreigner; but this is dreaded by so many besides the Russians that immense pressure is being brought to bear at Peking to prevent it. Failing this, it looks as if the war might drag on its weary length for months, and even years, with gradually increasing exhaustion and misery for both sides, until some kind of a compromise can be arranged, by which very likely Russia would keep Manchuria, and Japan Korea. If such a thing existed as an international bankruptcy court it is probable that the end would come soon through the financial failure of Russia; but failure to pay its obligations, for which the war would offer plausible excuse as a temporary expedient, would give so much relief to the overburdened empire as to go far towards offsetting the war. If any such measure is adopted, it will probably be a long time before payments in full are resumed.

At this date (April 22) Russian four per cent. bonds stand materially higher on the London market than Japanese fours, but for this two special reasons appear. The first is that at all the principal centres of Europe the Russian Ministry of Finance maintains highly paid agents, whose main duty is to puff the value of Russian securities at all times, and in particular to support the

market by buying in a few bonds whenever there threatens to be a break in their value. These agents are supposed to be independent of the department of foreign affairs. Russia has one in this country also. This has served to give the market price of Russian bonds a steadiness in extraordinary conditions—creating a fictitious value—and the prestige of it is still felt, though it has been impossible to sustain the bonds recently. The other reason is that the amount of Russian securities owned in Western Europe is so vast that a panic would necessarily follow any sudden break in their selling price, so that all the principal financiers in Europe are interested in trying to prevent a sudden collapse in their nominal value.

The Japanese government has never tried to place its loans abroad, unless very recently, and therefore has never resorted to artificial means to build up its credit. At the first outbreak of war the audacity of Japan in defying Russia took the holders of Japanese bonds by surprise, and the price of their securities fell much more rapidly than Russian bonds; but now the tendency of Japanese bonds is upward, while Russian bonds are falling. It will be interesting to watch the course of this index of their respective credits.

Though the scum of the cities—which have in all not ten per cent. of the population of Russia—is clamoring for vengeance, probably the bulk of the people know little and care less about the progress of the war. Very few of them can read, and there are probably great numbers of villages where a newspaper is never seen. On the whole, the advantage does not seem to be much in favor of Russia, in spite of the weight of numbers; and many think that it lies the other way.

N. J. Bacon



SORTING ORANGES BY MACHINERY

number of furrows are plowed between the rows of trees, the first one being a few feet distant from the trunk, and through these the water flows until the ground is thoroughly saturated. It is necessary to keep the ground under cultivation to prevent the growth of weeds, and also that the soil may freely admit the water. The development of orange culture through the process of irrigation is a triumph of modern horticulture.

The fruit is gathered by persons standing on the ground and on ladders. As a rule, trees are rarely stripped at once; the fruit is usually gathered as it ripens. It is necessary to handle oranges with the utmost care to avoid bruising, and this makes the packing for shipment one of the fine arts of the business. The oranges are assorted by machinery, and those of the same size are packed together. So carefully and compactly is this done that there is very little risk of their becoming bruised

in transmission from grower to consumer. This work gives employment to many hundreds; and, with the exception of seeing the vast orchards transformed into living beauty by their snowy blossoms or luscious fruitage, nothing is more interesting than witnessing a busy hive of humanity preparing the oranges for shipment.

There are many perplexing problems which the orange grower has to face: whether to plant early or late, to prune high or low, what fertilizer to use, what method of irrigation to follow, and how to guard against frost and heat, insects, and natural diseases of the trees. Orange culture pays, but it pays at the expense of the most careful, painstaking attention and unremitting labor. Even in sun-kissed California man's brain is needed to assist Nature in making her supreme effort.

Allan Sutherland

WAR PICTURES FROM THE FORBIDDEN ZONE

Our representative in the Far East succeeded in getting two photographers to the front with the Japanese army, one with the First Division and the other with the Second. This was a difficult achievement, as the Mikado's ukase, making all the fields of military preparation and operation forbidden zones, has been enforced most rigidly by the authorities. The photographs here reproduced are the first fruits of the enterprise. They give a glimpse of the actual advance of Japanese regiments. The photograph showing the alighting of troops at Seoul from the cars of the Chemulpo and Seoul railway, and the one depicting the march through the main street of the Korean capital are especially notable. When it is realized that these soldiers were moved through Japan at night in box cars, and that absolute secrecy in regard to their advance was enjoined and maintained, the significance of authoritative pictures of the arrival of troops in Korea and their march toward the Yalu becomes apparent.



IN THE AOYAMA DRILL GROUND
LAST DRILL BEFORE LEAVING FOR THE FRONT



AT THE RAILROAD'S END



DETRAINING CAVALRY NEAR SEOUL



THE JAPANESE TROOPS ENTERING SEOUL



MARCHING THROUGH KOREAN SNOWS



ON A SPECIAL FROM CHEMULPO



A CAVALRY BIVOUAC



A HALT ON THE MARCH TO WJU



ENCAMPED NEAR YANG-JU



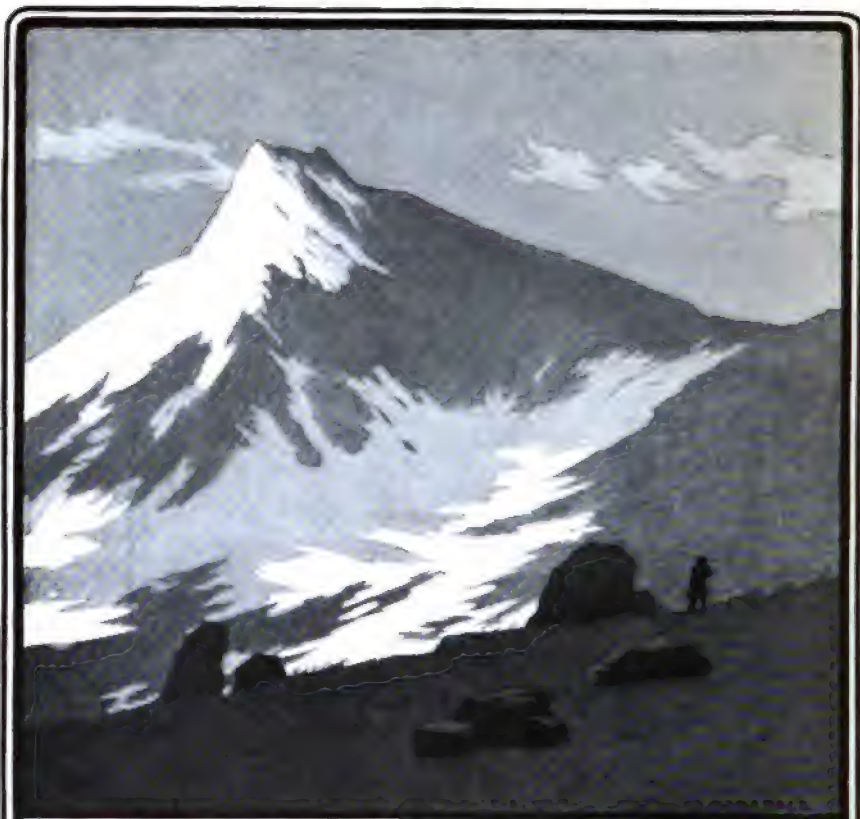
ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF THE KOREAN CAPITAL



REVIEWING THE GARRISON AT SEOUL



A SKIRMISH LINE



THE MOUNTAINS

BY ALBERT W. BARKER

Death holds eternal league about their peaks
And sets his crafty ambush here and there,
By seeming harmless ways that steeply fare
Past gorge and meadow and the icy creeks.
But not the fatal chance and fear alone
Defends their silence in the virgin air,
Or these would yield to him who dared to dare,
Their timeless might by courage overthrown.

Mortality doth look on death, and smile,
But to the peaks where hope and thought may leap,
The aching feet a flinty way must keep,
Step after step, and mile on bitter mile ;
And the first crest that costs a weary while
Is but one step toward where the summits sleep.

M. Junon

The Long Feud of Britain and Russia.

BY DOUGLAS STORY.

RUSSIA'S AGE-LONG AMBITION TO REACH THE OPEN SEA, AND HOW ENGLAND HAS BARRED HER PATH—THE HOSTILE RELATIONS OF THESE TWO GREAT WORLD-POWERS MAY BE PROFOUNDLY AFFECTED BY THE ISSUE OF THE PRESENT WAR IN THE FAR EAST.

FOUR years ago, when the British troops in South Africa had suffered serious reverses, and continental critics were predicting still more serious disasters for them, there was open rejoicing in Russia. To-day, Britain is jubilant at the telling blows that Japan has dealt against the Muscovite power and prestige.

A leading St. Petersburg paper, the *Grashdanin*, owned by Prince Mesther-sky, and regarded as an exponent of the ideas held by the most influential class of Russian society, recently published the following passage:

All the impudent and vile acts which England has perpetrated during the past months against Russia are too manifest to every one of Russia's many millions of people to need recording in any blue book, and Russians of all ages, even children, and of all conditions, are permeated with hatred against the English and with the thirst of revenge. Voices have long since made themselves heard in Moscow, crying:

"We are giving millions for the war against the Japanese, but we will give whole milliards for a war against England, if only the Czar will say the word."

And these words are repeated by the entire Russian Empire, by every city, every hamlet, every soldier, every Russian man. Animated with this sentiment, let the whole Russian Press speak out, and then, perhaps, our diplomatists will be inspired to talk with the English ministers in the language of English cynicism, of English impudence, and at every sound of such language all Russia will stand up breast to breast as one man for our adored monarch, and will not recoil from any sacrifice when the struggle longed for by all Russia has begun against her one secular enemy.

What is the reason for this intense and ominous bitterness between two great nations? It is a long story.

ENGLAND'S FIRST CONTACT WITH RUSSIA.

In the days when Edward VI was the Boy King of England, an expedition was fitted out to seek a way to China and India round the North Cape and along

the arctic shores of Russia. It was but a tiny fleet of three ships, and its captains, Willoughby and Chancellor, knew as little of their destination and of the route thither as did Columbus when he crossed the bar of Palos sixty-one years before.

Poor Willoughby and the crews of two of his vessels were frozen to death ere they had well crossed the threshold of the Arctic Ocean. Chancellor was more fortunate, and succeeded in making the White Sea. From its shores he journeyed to the court of the Czar, and was favorably received by Ivan the Terrible, the reigning emperor. This was in 1553, and it was the first intercourse between England and Russia.

Ivan was at war with the Swedes, and was in much fear of his own subjects, so that he welcomed the self-appointed ambassador of the English. To Chancellor he granted great trading privileges, and invited the English to come to his dominions and there to build factories and to establish markets. The English, ever expansive, took him at his word, and much of Russia's commerce passed under the control of the men of the Thames and the Tyne.

Ivan, some few years later, sought to secure from Queen Elizabeth some return for his generosity, and wrote to her suggesting that "the queen's majesty and he might be to all their enemies joyned as one, and that England and Russland might be in all manners as one." But the wary sovereign was well content with her commercial privileges in Russia, and had no ambition to assume the responsibilities of Ivan's quarrelings. Her reply was diplomatic and non-committal.

Three years later, Ivan, being in one

of his fits of madness, wrote an abject letter to Elizabeth, begging that she would accord him a safe retreat should he be driven out from his empire.

It was in one of these desperate attempts to secure an alliance with England that Ivan instructed his envoy to secure for him an English wife. His seventh had just died, and, like Henry VIII of England, he was always lonely without a consort. The young and beautiful daughter of the Earl of Huntingdon offered herself as a prospective Czarina. The ambassador sent his imperial master glowing reports of her eligibility, and Ivan the Terrible despatched his royal offer of marriage. Unfortunately, gossip had traveled from Moscow to London, and the youthful Lady of Huntingdon shrank from the matrimonial extravagances of her suitor. She declined the proposal to be his eighth wife, and the possibility of a permanent alliance faded out of practical politics.

THE EASTWARD EXPANSION OF RUSSIA.

Not only were the prospective politics of Ivan's reign of interest to Englishmen, but the actualities were of grave moment to Great Britain. Ivan cast off forever the Mongol yoke; conquered Novgorod, putting sixty thousand of its people to death; added Livonia, Esthonia, and Astrakhan to his empire; and, with the aid of the Cossack freebooter Ermak, secured western Siberia. England had then no footing in India, or she might have striven harder to benefit by the overtures she received from this strenuous prince.

In the next reign—that of the feeble Feodor—Boris Godounof laid a firm hand on the new Siberian provinces, built Tobolsk in 1587, and founded Russia's Asiatic empire. A year later, the Spanish Armada dashed itself to pieces on the rocky shores of Scotland and Ireland; and England, for the first time, took rank as the leading maritime power of Europe.

The Cossacks found the Siberias a vast vacuum, desolate, bare. In fifty years they penetrated, without once encountering a formidable foe, to the icy shores of the northernmost Pacific. Early in the seventeenth century they

had established themselves upon the Amur, the great river that forms the northern boundary of Manchuria, and there they abode until the Manchu emperors expelled them in 1688. All this Russia accomplished without serious opposition. And England as yet had no Indian Empire.

In 1600 Queen Elizabeth granted a concession to certain London merchants, securing to them the monopoly of trade between the Cape of Good Hope and Cape Horn for fifteen years. In this way the East India Company gained control of the commerce of the Indian and Pacific Oceans—a control it retained, in modified form, until the outbreak of the Indian mutiny in 1857.

In 1662 Charles II of England gave the company permission to "make war and peace with the native princes." By the close of the seventeenth century the East India Company had stations at Madras, Calcutta, and Bombay. Other nations possessing footholds in India were the Venetians, the Genoese, the Portuguese, the Dutch, and, a little later, the French. So that, until the end of the eighteenth century, England owned but an inconsiderable part of India. Even then her sovereignty was but that of a trading company, up to the time of the Sepoy rebellion in 1858. It was not until the other day—on January 1, 1877—that India became an empire dependent upon Great Britain, and Queen Victoria was proclaimed Kaiser-i-Hind.

RUSSIA'S MARCH TOWARD THE SEA.

Already, centuries ago, Russia had set out on her great march to the sea. Peter, afterward called the Great, became ruler of Russia in 1689. His country had never fully recovered from the effects of the Mongol invasion four hundred years before. It had lost whatever of culture it might boast in the pre-Mongolian days, and it was centuries behind contemporary states in civilization. Such industries and manufactures as it had were exploited by Englishmen and other aliens. Peter realized the necessity of seeking open ports, of bursting a way to the sea, of dispersing the darkness of his land-bound empire.

A man of originality and enterprise, Peter chose a novel and an energetic method of raising his countrymen to the western standard. He encouraged his younger nobles to visit Holland and Italy, to study ship-building, to gain western polish, and to disconnect themselves from the old traditions of Russia. Eager himself to take part in the great reform, he journeyed, in the guise of an inferior officer of an embassy, to the three Baltic provinces, to Prussia, to Hanover, and to Amsterdam. At Amsterdam and at Saardam he worked as a shipwright, gulping down information concerning everything he saw around him. On the invitation of William III he next traveled to London, and in the yards of Deptford wrought once more as a ship-building journeyman.

From England he returned to Russia in April, 1698, carrying with him more than five hundred English engineers, mechanics, surgeons, artisans, and artillerymen. His commander-in-chief was Patrick Gordon, a Scotsman of Aberdeenshire, a soldier of fortune who had served under Alexis and Feodor, Peter's father and elder brother.

All this time British and Russian interests had never clashed. Russia's enemies were the powers that stood between her and the open sea. In the Baltic, Sweden and Poland interposed themselves—and the Sweden of 1690 possessed Finland, Ingria, in which St. Petersburg now stands, and the Baltic provinces. On the Black Sea, Turkey owned all of the northern, western, and southern shores. The Caspian Sea was commanded by Persia. Peter had the White Sea, with its summer opening to the Arctic Ocean, as his only gateway to the world, and Archangel as his only port.

His first war, then, was against Turkey, with a view to securing the passage of the Black Sea. From the Sublime Porte he wrested the city of Azov, at the mouth of the Don, in 1696. In 1700 he entered into alliances with Poland and Denmark, and sought to tear from the infant Charles XII of Sweden his provinces of Ingria and Carelia. But the hardy Swedes routed his raw levies at Narva, and Peter was tempo-

rarily balked of his design to secure an opening to the Baltic.

Three years later, however, when Charles was busy making kings in Poland, Peter seized a portion of Ingria and at once founded there his capital, St. Petersburg. On July 8, 1709, at Pultowa, he wiped out the disgrace of Narva, defeated Charles, and added the whole of the Baltic provinces and part of Finland to his empire. In 1722 he went to war with Persia, and gained from the Shah his three Caspian provinces, with the towns of Derbend and Baku. All the policy of this strongest Czar of Russia was to force pathways to the sea.

RUSSIA'S FIRST MOVE TOWARD INDIA.

Meanwhile, Peter was not ignorant of the prodigious wealth of India. In 1713, Hodja Nefes, a Turcoman chief, came to him in St. Petersburg with a tale of a great river of gold that once had flowed direct from the Pamirs to the Caspian Sea. According to Hodja Nefes, this river had been turned out of its original bed by the Khivans, and diverted into the Aral Sea, south of the Kirghiz steppes. Peter, ever alive to the value of navigable waters, determined to test the truth of this traveler's tale, to send a mission to the Khan of Khiva, to survey the old and the new beds of the river, and to investigate how far it might be practicable to penetrate to India by water.

Peter entrusted the expedition to Prince Bekovitch Cherkaski, of his body-guard. In a preliminary reconnaissance Prince Bekovitch found that the wonderful river was the Oxus, and he succeeded in mapping a portion of its ancient course where it had fallen into the Caspian Sea at Krasnovodsk. With Prince Bekovitch marched four thousand regular infantry, two thousand Cossacks, and a hundred dragoons—as escort to his peaceful mission!

The prince was instructed, after he had secured the submission of the Khan of Khiva, to despatch two trade caravans—one to the Khan of Bokhara, the other to the great Mogul of India. The envoy to the Mogul received his instructions direct from Peter, and they are interesting enough to justify quotation:

You will go, when the brigadier, Prince Cherkaski, shall be able to dispense with you, by water as far up the Amu-Daria (Oxus) as possible, or by such other streams as may fall into it, to India, in the guise of a merchant, the real business being the discovery of a waterway to India. You will inquire secretly about the river, in case progress by water be forbidden. You will return, if possible, by the same route, unless it be ascertained that there is another and more convenient way by water; the waterway, as well as the land route, to be carefully observed and described in writing, and to be mapped. You will notice the merchandise, particularly aromatic herbs and other articles that are exported from India. You will examine into and write an account of all other matters which, though not mentioned here, may concern the interests of the empire.

In addition to its six thousand troops, the expedition carried two hundred sailors with boats and all the necessary paraphernalia for the ascent of the Oxus and the crossing of such rivers as it might meet in its way.

Bekovitch hurried his men across the burning steppes as best he might until, on August 15, 1717, he halted within a hundred miles of Khiva. There the Khivans, dubious of his assurances of friendship, attacked him. The Russians easily drove off the enemy, and the Khan once more became blind to the military aspects of the case. He invited Prince Bekovitch to meet him at a point outside Khiva, entertained him at dinner—the meal being “enlivened by the strains of the Russian military band”—and proffered eternal friendship. Prince Bekovitch, eager to secure his entry to Khiva and to reach the point at which he should seize the Khan and his capital, accepted these overtures with joy.

The next day the Khan, with the prince and his principal officers, marched, a harmonious company, to Khiva. The Khan regretted the inability of his capital to quarter so many troops, and begged Prince Bekovitch to divide his army into small companies for entertainment at the surrounding villages. The prince consented, the Russian force was broken up, and the Khan's diplomacy was successful. He killed Bekovitch, and forwarded his head as a gift to the Khan of Bokhara; he massacred the scattered bodies of Russians; he stripped the officers naked and hacked them leisurely to pieces; and then he rode in triumph into Khiva,

preceded by the hay-stuffed heads of two Russian princes belonging to Prince Bekovitch's escort.

So ended Russia's first attempt to penetrate to India. It gave the Muscovite peasant a new saying—“to perish like Bekovitch”—but it brought the empire nothing more material than a wholesome respect for the strategy of the Turcoman in his native wilds.

BRITAIN STANDS IN RUSSIA'S PATH.

In view of later expeditions, it is necessary to observe that Russia was as anxious to break through to India at a time when Britain was but one of many proprietors as she has been—or has been supposed to be—since the whole Hindustan peninsula has become part of the British Empire. Russia desires free seaboard and an outlet to markets. All her policy can be read in the light of these two national aspirations. That Great Britain should find herself opposed to both propositions is as much an accident of geography as that Germany should rub shoulders with Russia from Memel to the Carpathians. The consequent antagonism is identical in both cases.

Russia might reach the Mediterranean through the Bosphorus and the Dardanelles; but to secure that exit she must dispossess Turkey. She might break out to the Indian and Pacific Oceans through the Persian Gulf; but to attain that she must hold Persia. She can run her goods from St. Petersburg to the Yellow Sea; but to preserve that route she must own Manchuria.

Britain, on the other hand, has always been feverishly anxious to maintain—both in the old days of the overland passage and in the present times of the Suez Canal—her road across the Isthmus of Suez to the Red Sea and the Indian Ocean. To permit the Czar to hold Constantinople and the free passage of the Dardanelles were to let Russia command her own gate to the east, and to force her to reach India only after rounding the Cape of Good Hope. To grant Russia a road to the sea through Persia were to destroy the buffer state that most effectively protects India. As to Manchuria, Lord Salisbury has said:

"Her British majesty's government has never entertained any objection to the existence of an outlet for Russian commerce upon the open waters of the China seas, by agreement, of course, with China."

Count Muravieff recently observed that "British and Russian interests cannot be seriously antagonistic in China." Nevertheless, Britain's sympathy is with Japan and against the Muscovites, and her material interests lie on the same side of the quarrel.

Therein lie the causes of Anglo-Russian enmity. The antagonism of the two nations has been a matter of slow growth, the result of the geographical expansion of both. In the reign of Peter the Great there was no rivalry. England had not then dreamed of an Indian Empire, and Russia was well content with her newly acquired sea-ports on the Baltic. In her wars with Poland, Britain took no part. In the bloody Seven Years' War, it is true, Britain found herself allied with Prussia against Russia, Austria, and France; but the combinations on both sides were artificial. Pitt was forced to fight in defense of Hanover, threatened by France. The Czarina Catharine II withdrew her army from the war, and in her expeditions against Turkey, Sweden, and Poland many British tars lent her navy efficient aid.

THE CZAR PAUL'S ANTI-BRITISH POLICY.

It was not until Paul became Czar, in 1796, that the opposition of Russia to Great Britain became a settled policy. At first Paul joined with the Austrians and British against France. A weak and flighty monarch, he was easily induced by Pitt to seize the opportunity for an introduction into the politics of Europe. Defeated in Switzerland, he withdrew from the coalition in disgust. To him came Napoleon, who, understanding the man, played upon his vanity, and he declared war on Britain. Lord Nelson was on his way to engage the Russian fleet when news reached him of the assassination of Paul. Peace with the new Czar, Alexander I, was speedily concluded.

Paul was the first Russian emperor who projected an attack upon India

solely because it belonged to Britain. Formerly, Russian expeditions in that direction had been attracted merely by the possibility of trade. Paul invited Napoleon to cooperate with him, and the alliance might have been effected but for affairs in Egypt which tied Napoleon's hands. As it was, Paul instructed General Orloff to march from Orenburg with twenty-two thousand Cossacks, forty-four thousand horses, and two companies of horse artillery, against the English settlements on the Indus. His instructions were both definite and comprehensive:

The English are preparing to attack me and my allies, the Swedes and Danes, by sea and by land. I am ready to receive them. But it is necessary also to attack them where the blow will be most felt and where it is least expected. You will therefore proceed to India.

Orloff had marched as far as the heights of Irgiz, to the north of the Sea of Aral, when news of Paul's assassination ended the expedition.

ALEXANDER I AND THE HOLY ALLIANCE.

Alexander I, having seen his army destroyed at Austerlitz, and having been, as he thought, basely deserted by the allies at Friedland, sought a meeting with Napoleon at Tilsit. The two emperors met on a raft in the middle of the Niemen, on July 7, 1807, and Alexander opened the conversation abruptly by saying:

"I hate the English as you do."

Napoleon looked across at his old enemy and said:

"Then peace is made."

A few days earlier the same Czar had written to George III of England:

There can be no salvation for myself or for Europe but by interminable resistance to Buonaparte!

Yet the peace lasted five years, and Alexander and Napoleon had the pleasure of dividing in fancy the kingdoms of Europe between them.

No sooner was peace in the west insured by the battle of Waterloo than Alexander despatched General Yermoloff, Captain Muravieff, of the general staff, and Major Ponomareff, to attempt once more to deal with the Khan of Khiva. The Khan, however, threw Muravieff into prison and kept him there forty-eight days. Russian diplomacy was balked again.

Alexander I, however, had forced Russia into a leading place in the councils of the powers. By the Treaty of Paris, Britain had secured to herself the Cape of Good Hope, which she purchased from Holland, and Mauritius, captured from the French, so that India was well guarded from the south. Malta guaranteed her influence in the Mediterranean. But Russia had become so arrogant in the concert of Europe that at the Congress of Vienna Britain joined with France and Austria in an agreement to oppose her wishes regarding Poland. In almost all of the great congresses since then, Britain has found herself in complete antagonism to Russia.

Alexander, as the head of the Holy Alliance, thought he might act as the divinely appointed arbiter of Europe. With the sovereigns of Austria and Prussia, he sought, in the name of Christianity, to impose upon the nations the permanency of the existing dynasties. Against this doctrine George Canning, the British foreign minister, actively interposed. Alexander, with his imperial brothers of the Alliance, was seeking to govern Europe by congresses; Canning demonstrated the essential independence of Great Britain, and gave his country a policy which she has never abandoned. On the continent there are triple alliances and dual alliances; Great Britain stands alone in self-sufficient isolation, preserving the balance of power and the peace of Europe.

A CENTURY OF MUTUAL ENMITY.

At times this policy has forced her into false positions. She has had to support the Sick Man of Turkey against the noble attempts of Greece to regain her independence. She has had to remain deaf to the cries of suffering Christians in the Balkans lest the powers should seize upon her interference as excuse to partition Turkey, and so give Russia Constantinople. She has had to fight the Crimean War and to sacrifice thirty thousand men to prevent Russia from assuming the right to protect members of the Greek Church in Turkey; she ineffectually sought, at the Conference of Constantinople in

1876, to force Turkey to respect the rights of the Bulgarian Christians; and when Russia went to their relief in 1877, Britain opposed that power's demands at the conclusion of the war, and narrowly escaped once more embroiling herself in a costly war. Eventually, at the Congress of Berlin, Great Britain succeeded, with the support of the powers, in building up a barricade of independent states that are to-day the hotbed of intrigue in Europe.

All this was to prevent Russia's reaching Constantinople, to secure Britain's road to India. The men who have fought hardest to preserve that route for Britain are George Canning, Lord Palmerston, Benjamin Disraeli, Lord Salisbury, and Lord Rosebery. With them also has lain the necessity of preserving between Russia and Britain that "peace with honor" which, at all times difficult, has sometimes been well-nigh impossible.

THE CENTRAL ASIAN BORDERLAND.

In central Asia, a constant war of intrigue between British and Russians has been maintained ever since the abortive mission of Prince Bekovitch in 1717. For long the British penetrated more easily to the various khanates than did the Russians. This seriously alarmed the Muscovite government, which dreaded the supply of the Khivans and Turcomans with arms and ammunition by the East India Company, and the menacing of its own Asiatic frontier.

Consequently, in 1839, General Perofski was despatched with five thousand men to make one more attack upon the Khan of Khiva and "to prevent the influence of the East India Company, so dangerous to Russia, from taking root in central Asia." He sought to cross the cruel steppes in winter, lost nearly all his camels, one-third of his men, and practically the whole of his provisions. He was forced to abandon his expedition; and Khiva remained unmolested until General Ignatieff made his attempt against it in 1858.

In the interim, the attempt to form a neutral zone was urged by both powers. Russia agreed to "leave the khanates of central Asia as a neutral zone interposed between the two empires, so as

to preserve them from dangerous contact." Unfortunately, the agents of neither power observed the neutrality, and intrigue progressed as merrily as ever. In the sixties and seventies, the Russians swarmed over Turkestan, swallowing up in their advance Khokand, Samarkand, Khiva, and Merv. In 1885 a joint commission was appointed to delimit the frontier between Afghanistan and Turkestan. The diplomatic negotiations came very near to a disastrous ending, and for a time the war-cloud hung very low over London. A battle was actually fought between the Russians and the Afghans; but ultimately a frontier line was agreed upon, and Afghanistan was left as a buffer state, with a Russian military railway leading from the Caspian to its northern border.

As Lord Roberts has stated in the British House of Lords:

British expansion in northern India is an endeavor to extend British influence over, and to establish law and order in, that part of the Indian border where anarchy, murder, and robbery now reign supreme. It is necessary that we should obtain the allegiance of the turbulent tribes of the border, lest Russia forestall us. We must control the Khyber and the other passes over the great Hindu Kush—that barrier Russia must never be allowed to cross.

So says the British champion. To him replies General Khruleff:

The important question of shaking the rule of the English to its foundations, and of inciting the subject races to an attempt to gain their freedom, may be determined by the despatch of a corps of thirty thousand men to Kandahar. The essential conditions, however, are the perfect neutrality of Persia and the cooperation of Afghanistan in the war.

We may make compromises with our other foes; but England's bearing towards us, which tends to the weakening of our power, does not justify us in leaving her at peace. We must free the people who are the sources of her wealth, and prove to the world the might of the Russian Czar.

Here is the recorded opinion of the great Russian soldier Skobelev:

With adequate resolution and with timely preparation it is possible not only to strike an effective blow at England in India, but to crush her in Europe. Our maxim must be: "Waste no words where one may use force."

In Persia, Russia has taken milder means. Three years ago it was my privilege to learn from his highness the Sadr-Azan—the keeper of the Shah's conscience, the grand vizier—something of the movements of British and Russian diplomacy at Teheran. Russia displays always the velvet glove, the soft tongue. Britain has been brusque and overbearing. Russia has advanced a loan to Persia that was refused her by Britain, and has received concessions of railways and trade in return.

There is a proverb that one can cut off a Persian's head with a piece of rice-paper, and his brother will salaam in gratitude; but behead him with a sword, and his brother will arise and smite. Russia has learned the application, and by soft words and specious deeds uninterrupted plots Persia's destruction. Britain, eager to maintain the Shah's decrepit kingdom as an independent state between herself and Russia, has failed to read the Persian character, and, for the lack of a rose or a compliment, is likely to invite issue with the Muscovite.

A year ago, few of the political prophets thought that Britain could much longer keep back the Russian advance on the Bosphorus, the Persian Gulf, and the Yellow Sea. To-day, the sudden revelation of a strong military and naval power in contact with the easternmost frontier of the Czar's empire has profoundly modified the situation, to the disadvantage of Russia. Tremendous issues hang on the result of the present war between the Muscovites and the gallant Japanese.

AN EGYPTIAN PRINCESS.

WITHIN an ancient mummy-case were found
The shriveled fragments of an unknown queen;
A mystery profound as silent sphinx
In fragrant linen, fold on fold, was wound.

Above the heart appeared a turquoise stone,
A scarab, with these mystic words engraved:
"Kind Angel of the Balance, weigh my heart.
"And find it worthy of the Great Unknown!"

Mary Elton.

A Fairy Godfather.

THE STORY OF BARBARA PAGE'S EVENTFUL SUMMER AT WHITE SULPHUR.

BY MARGARET BUSBEE SHIPP.

I.

OLD Colonel Syme had chosen that particular room because the one adjoining it seemed too small for a summer girl and her trunks, though it might perhaps accommodate a mere man. He was dismayed, therefore, to see two women enter it; and a moment later he was annoyed to find that every word of their conversation reached his ears. The cause of this, he saw at a glance, was that a door which had once opened between his room and theirs was slightly sprung at the top. He would have it attended to in the morning; in the mean time, he could not help being an unwilling eavesdropper.

The elder woman seemed to be assisting at her daughter's toilet.

"Don't touch your hair again, Barbara, it is lovely. Let me tie that bow. But you haven't your usual color, and I'm afraid your white dress won't be becoming."

"I'm so scared!" said a young voice, with an unmistakable quiver. "Weren't you frightened at your first White Sulphur dance, mother?"

"Perhaps I was," admitted the other, "just at first; but I had such a beautiful time afterwards." She sighed a little wistfully as she recalled the glories of that long-ago ball. "I hope you'll have just as happy an evening as I had here, twenty-two years ago! I am so glad I wrote Mrs. Meade that we were coming. It was nice of her son to make an engagement for your first dance. You will meet everybody to-night, and after that—I never saw you look as pale!" she broke off anxiously. "I wish you had some flowers to give you a touch of color. Do you think we could afford a few roses?"

"No, dearest, you and father are so good to let me have the summer here; you mustn't be too extravagant."

"Oh for a fairy godmother!"

"I'd rather have a fairy godfather," said the girl; "a beautiful old, white-haired gentleman, with pink cheeks and twinkling blue eyes, and out of his pumpkin should grow roses instead of a golden coach!"

Syme glanced at the shaggy brows and wrinkled, yellow face that his mirror portrayed.

"That description fits me to perfection," he chuckled. "I believe I'll play fairy godfather!"

He went down-stairs. When no one chanced to be near, he stopped at the florist's stall in the lower floor of the hotel.

"Haven't you anything prettier than these?" Syme asked, indicating the carnations.

"Yes, sir; I have five dozen magnificent American Beauties, just come in, on the ice now."

"Send them up to Room Twenty-Eight. There's no card, and you're not to tell who sent them—understand?"

"Yes, sir, certainly, sir," answered the man respectfully, thinking that there's no fool like an old fool.

The colonel was in the ball-room when Barbara Page entered on young Meade's arm. Her mother no longer had cause to bewail the lack of color. Barbara's cheeks were pink with excitement, and the deep, exquisite roses, tied with broad ribbons of the same shade, seemed to lend their glow to the girl's pretty face. She was a slip of a creature, and the flowers, with stems a yard long, were a weight for her to carry.

"Where is that rose-garden carrying that child?" somebody asked.

Most Southern men are as poor as they are charming, and Barbara was the only debutante of that season who had made her bow with sixty dollars' worth of flowers in her hands. It attracted attention—men asked to be introduced—

American Gardens by Thomas Hastings

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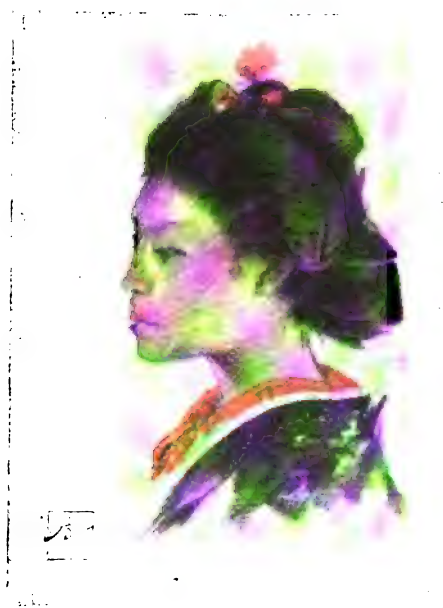
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A DAUGHTER OF JAPAN.
From a pastel drawing by Robert Blum.

—See "*Robert Blum: An Appreciation*."



THE GEISHA GIRL.

—*Robert Blum: An Appreciation.*

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THE HEART OF A GEISHA

BY COLGATE BAKER

ILLUSTRATED FROM COLOR DRAWINGS BY ROBERT BLUM



ICAN make the stony face of Hakone mountain smile, but I cannot bring a smile to the face of my lady fair."

It was Horton who said this one day to Kohamma San in the garden of the Otowaya tea-house, where the dwarf maples glowed in gold and carmine and the chrysanthemums were bursting into glorious bloom.

Kohamma San laughed, a little tinkling silvery laugh. It pleased her to hear Horton quote from one of the old Yamato poets. He was really an excellent Japanese scholar.

"Deign to observe that I have laughed," she said, "but after laughter comes tears, after happiness comes trouble."

"And after love—what comes after love?" asked Horton.

"After love comes death," was the reply.

"Fie on your philosophy. Love is deathless," declared Horton, and the look he gave the girl brought the rosy color to her face.

"It may be so," answered Kohamma San, dreamily, "for after death comes life,

and where there is life there is love. When I die, perhaps, I shall become a white pigeon like the one flying overhead, and you may be a brown one, like that cooing on the wall, and you may love me —"

"As I do now," cried Horton, catching her hand and pressing it to his lips. "I swear that I could not love you more."

"We shall see," said the girl, softly; "time will be your witness."

It was the festival of the Harvest Moon, and Kohamma San was engaged in the preparation of an elaborate holiday toilette. She had just been delivered from the hands of her hairdresser to the tender mercies of her maid. An animated discussion as to the relative artistic merits of a yellow-flowered, dove-grey silk kimono and one of scarlet and gold brocade, had been decided in favor of the latter. The four-yard long obe had been most skillfully tied by O'Kin San the maid, and the belle of the Yanagi Ken Ban geisha was anxiously scanning her beautiful white powdered face in the mirror.

"And now, O'Kin San, tell me how I look."

"Most beautiful, my mistress!"

"Ah, but will the honorable legation secretary, Mees-ter Hor-ton think so?"

"He will if he has his eyes in his head to-night."

"Will he think any other girl more beautiful than I am, O'Kin San?"

"If he does, then he is a fool."

But Kohamma San was unconvinced. She sighed and dabbed a little more powder on her dainty nose. Her affair with young Horton, the second secretary of the American Legation, had become quite the most serious of her career. As a class she disliked Europeans. The Mees-ter Foreign Devils, she called them. She was a devotee Buddhist and a Japanese of the old Yamato Damashi school, yet she had taken a strange fancy to the young American diplomat, while he had fallen desperately in love with her at first sight.

Presently the quiet was broken by the creaking of jinricksha wheels in the courtyard below, and Kohamma San was startled to hear a woman's high-pitched voice speaking in a foreign tongue. Running to the open shoji, she peered down into the courtyard and saw a tall, yellow-haired foreign lady getting out of a jinricksha, assisted by a young Japanese attired in European clothes.

Presently O'Kin San ran into the room, breathless with excitement.

"It is the wife of the American Minister," cried O'Kin San, "the sister of Mees-ter Hor-ton, and she wishes to speak with you."

Kohamma San felt a keen apprehension of trouble. She remembered that her lover had a sister, who was, in truth, the wife of his superior, the American Minister. Surely, she thought, this sister had come to upbraid her. It could be for no pleasant purpose that the sister had come.

The blonde lady entered the room and regarded Kohamma San with interest. The young Japanese followed and explained to the girl that he was Mr. Fugi, the interpreter of the American Legation.

When the preliminary courtesies were over, Mr. Fugi drew from his pocket a copy of a newspaper which he displayed to Kohamma San. It was one of the leading Tokio afternoon papers and on the front page, under flaming headlines, Kohamma San saw a scurrilous article about her love affair with Horton. Some venomous native

reporter inspired, perhaps, by a jealous admirer, had written this odious story.

Kohamma San's eyes opened in pained surprise as she read the article. It was a bitter, cruel jest at the Quixotic devotion of the young secretary to the geisha girl, a mockery of their romance, a scandalous libel.

"I am so sorry, Mr. Fugi," said the girl, brokenly. "Tell the honorable lady, please, that I am so sorry. I had nothing to do with the writing of this terrible thing."

Mr. Fugi translated what Kohamma said to Horton's sister, who shrugged her shoulders.

"Tell her it does not make any difference who wrote it, Fugi," said the lady, coldly. "The damage is done; my brother is seriously compromised; our business now is to save him, if we can."

Five years in the legation service had made Mr. Fugi tactful. With much circumlocutory talk and many polite phrases, he explained to Kohamma San how seriously the publication of this article would affect Mr. Horton's official standing; then he delicately stated the object of the visit of Horton's sister.

"The honorable foreign lady have come to see you to make to you an appeal, Miss Kohamma. She love her brother very much and she don't want to see him ruin. She want you to promise not to see Mr. Horton any more."

"Say I will give her anything she wants, if she will only give him up," interrupted the lady, "one thousand yen, two thousand yen—anything."

Although Kohamma San understood no English, at the mention of money her face hardened.

Mr. Fugi noted the change in expression, and went on more tactfully:

"Of course, the honorable lady know that you must grieve yourself much to do this thing. Mr. Horton been your—very good friend. His honorable sister wishes me also to say that she will be your good friend, too. She will be quite glad to give you large sum of money, if you will condescend to accept it, but mostly she ask you to do this thing for her brother's sake. She beg of you not to spoil her dear brother's life, not to make him lose position and everything. Will you please give me your answer?"

The face of the girl gave no sign of the tumultuous emotion within her. She had



From a water-color drawing by Robert Blum.

"WILL HE THINK ANY OTHER GIRL MORE BEAUTIFUL?"

listened with a fluttering heart to all Mr. Fugi had to say, but the Spartan training of the geisha gave her such control that outwardly she was icily calm, and the keen eyes of the American woman could not detect even the quiver of an eyelid.

Her life had been one of constant sacrifice of self for others, and it did not seem strange to her that she should now be called on to sacrifice herself for the man she loved.

"Tell the honorable foreign lady, Mr. Fugi, that I feel highly complimented by her visit to my unworthy apartment. I sympathize with her deeply in her concern for her brother. Although a geisha is not supposed to have a heart, tell her I have one, and I love her brother. Unworthy as I am, exalted as is his position, I love him honestly, nevertheless, and am unashamed of it. I care nothing for the money of the honorable lady, Mr. Fugi. No amount of money could induce me to give up my lover. I will not take one sen from the lady, but because I love her brother, I will give him up. You can say that I promise to part with Mees-ter Hor-ton, and I will never allow him to see me again after we part. I do this for his own sake—because I love him."

Fugi translated it all, as well as he could, and the face of Horton's sister beamed with happiness. She caught Kohamma's hands in an ecstasy of delight and exclaimed:

"Oh, how good of you! I thank you with all my heart, I do, I do." Then she broke down and went away weeping tears of joy.

Left alone in her rooms, Kohamma San considered how she could effectually carry out her promise. The question was, how could she prevent Horton from seeing her. She was a geisha whom any gentleman could hire for his amusement for the sum of twenty-one sen an hour. Nominally it was her privilege to decline to entertain any one she disliked; but there was the Ken Ban, the company to which she was bonded, that must be reckoned with. Half of her earnings went to the Ken Ban and the other half to the support of her mother and little sisters. If she refused all invitations to places at which she would be likely to meet Horton, the master of the Ken Ban would certainly object, yet she was determined to keep her promise at any sacrifice. For her consolation she had the words of the holy Buddha—"After sacrifice comes the blessing of the gods." A spiritual happiness soothed

her aching heart and gave her courage to play her part.

The Baron Sanda was giving a dinner to some friends at the Otowaya tea-house, and among the geisha summoned to entertain his guests was Kohamma San. She decided to attend the feast and not to keep an engagement she had made to meet Horton that evening. She stepped into a jinricksha and was whirled through the streets of the geisha quarter to the Otowaya.

The tea-house was crowded with revelers and ablaze with lights. The wild rhythm of twanging samisens and the rollicking choruses of drinking songs, punctuated by the shouts of the merrymakers, rang out on the evening air. It is in the midst of such scenes that the geisha spend their lives. It is their duty to come to the host who summons them with a smile on their lips, although their hearts may be breaking, and they must jest and carouse with him, though they inwardly loathe and despise him.

A shout went up from the guests of the Baron Sanda when Kohamma San glided into the room. She had always been one of the most popular geisha in Tokio, but since her affair with Horton her presence at tea-house parties had been quite unattainable. Her beauty and wit always made her queen of the feast and her coming was hailed with delight. Every one had seen the article in the paper about her love affair. Every one had been talking about it. On all sides she was greeted with drunken jests.

Soon the revelry became more boisterous. The Baron Sanda tied a wash cloth around his head and with the skirts of his kimono tucked into his belt, performed a fantastic country dance, to the great delight of his guests, who expressed their appreciation of the feat by shouting and hand-clapping.

In the midst of this clatter a tea-house maid whispered to Kohamma San that Mr. Horton was in the adjoining room and wished to see her. She was not surprised that Horton had sought her out. In fact, she quite expected that Horton would come there for her. She asked for a cup of hot rice wine, which she gulped down, though it almost burned her throat, and with an apology to her host, she left the room.

Only the paper covered shoji separated the room in which Horton was waiting from that occupied by the Baron Sanda and his



From an oil sketch by Robert Blum.

SHE SAW THE JINRICKSHA WHIRL AWAY UP THE STREET.

Blum



From an oil sketch by Robert Blum.

KOHAMMA SAN CONSIDERED HOW SHE COULD CARRY OUT HER PROMISE.

friends. Horton had been listening to the sounds of drunken revelry with feelings of disgust. Suddenly the shoji opened and closed. Horton caught a glimpse of the tipsy crowd in the adjoining room and he saw Kohamma San standing before him. Her face was flushed with wine, her head-dress was disarranged and she stood looking at him with a strange smile, while her body swayed unsteadily. His arms which were outstretched to her, dropped to his side. He gave her a look of deep reproach, then he took her by the hand.

"What is the meaning of this, Kohamma?" asked Horton, sternly.

"Have you forgotten that I am a geisha whom anyone can hire for twenty-one sen an hour?" she replied.

"I am beginning to believe in that old proverb of yours, 'If you would win a woman never tell her that you love her,'" said Horton. The smile on the face of Kohamma San died away.

"Six months ago," continued Horton, "I was seated in this very room with the Prince of Noto and some friends, when the shoji slipped apart and I saw you for the first time, kneeling on the tatami before me. I shall never forget how you looked that night, I shall never forget how I felt when I looked at you. It seemed to me that I

was face to face with some goddess of old Japan, some lady of a bygone Mikado's court."

"Ai, ai, Mees-ter Hor-ton, please you shut up," exclaimed the girl.

"Then when I came to know you better," continued Horton, "I found that you were at least pure in heart, that you had sacrificed yourself to a life you hated for the sake of your mother and sisters. I pitied you with all my heart. I respected you. I loved you and I have thought my love was returned, but to-night——"

"To-night is the festival of the Moon Goddess," cried the girl. "See, there she is high in the heaven. She has torn the veil from her face and is beaming down on the world to-night, and I have pledged her in cups of steaming rice wine."

Horton put his arms around Kohamma and drew her, gently resisting, to his side. Quivering like a wounded dove, she rested for a moment on his breast.

"Tell me you love me, darling! Tell me you love me, that is all I want to know," he whispered.

"Have you seen the article published in the 'Jiji Shimbun' this afternoon?" she asked, softly.

"Yes, I have seen it," he replied, "but if I have your love, I do not care what people

say or think. I will take you far away with me. I will settle your bond with the Ken Ban, and we will live the rest of our lives out together."

With a desperate effort the girl freed herself from his embrace.

"No, no, no!" she cried, passionately. "I cannot do it. I don't love you. I not deceive you any more. I tell you plain, so you understand, I don't love you. I just been fooling you all time. Yes, that so. You need not stare at me like that. It quite true. I am a geisha, you know, a cat. It my business, but I tired now. I tell you plain, I don't love you."

Horton was stunned, dumbfounded. He had believed in this girl as he believed in himself. He had been as sure of her love as he was of his own existence. It seemed incredible to him that she could have so deceived him, but he could not doubt the evidence of his senses. A terrible resentment against her awakened within him. His face grew pale with anger. He rose to his feet. He could not speak to her again. He dared not trust himself even to look at her. The twanging of the samisens, the ribald songs, the shouts and laughter, that came from the adjoining room, drove him into a blind fury now. He groped his way to the shoji opening into the hall, then down the stairs to the door, where he flung himself into a jinricksha, and with a parting curse he rode off.

From the balcony above Kohamma San heard the curse and saw the jinricksha whirl away up the street, then she fell prostrate on the floor mats, holding her hand to her mouth to stifle the sobs that were choking her, so the revelers in the next room might not hear her weep. But there was no need of her doing it. The wine had long since gone to the heads of the Baron Sanda and his friends.

It was for the kind of thing which was going on in the next room that Kohamma San had given up the man she loved. The thought was maddening to the girl, then. She felt that she would rather die than go back and join the drunken party in the adjoining room, and yet, it was no worse than others which she would have to go to the next night, night after night, every night of her life—it was all there was in her life.

Suddenly the great bell of Shiba temple tolled, its golden melody swelling in eddying circles over the city to the distant country-



Drawn by Robert Blum.

O'KIN SAN, THE MAID.

side, calling the devout to prayer. The girl ceased sobbing and raised her head. There was comfort and hope for her in the clarion call of the bell, that wondrous bell forged ages ago, forged of silver and gold, copper and brass, from the rings and ornaments of women of bygone days; the pitiful trinkets of the outcasts in the Yoshiwara, the treasures of the ladies of the Shogun's court, all had gone together into that bell which now chimed over the graves where they slept side by side in the temple yard and uplifted aching hearts with the message of the Blessed One—"Only through self-sacrifice shall ye enter into Heaven."

The girl left the tea-house and returned to the Ken Ban. All the way through the streets the thought was singing in her head, "I have saved him." The pain of the sacrifice had been forgotten in the happiness of that thought. A joy, deep and profound, had entered her heart, it seemed forever.

When she arrived at the Ken Ban there was a radiant smile on her lips, the new happiness was shining in her eyes. In the doorway stood the master of the company, a good-humored portly old Japanese. Kohamma San had always been a favorite with the old man. He had allowed her more privileges, and had shown her more consideration than he did the other girls. When she alighted from her jinricksha, he bowed most obsequiously to her. This unusual courtesy quite startled Kohamma San.

"Is our Lady Kohamma going to honor us by remaining in our humble house this night?" inquired the old man, deferentially.

"Why, what do you mean—where could I spend the night if not here?" she said, in consternation.

"I thought that your ladyship might go to your new home," replied the old man.

"My new home!" exclaimed the girl. "What do you mean? Tell me!"

"The home of your new lord and master, the honorable Mr. Horton," was the answer.

The girl uttered a little cry and stumbled forward, clutching the old man's kimono.

"Has Mees-ter Hor-ton bought me?" she gasped. "Tell me! Has he paid my bond?"

"Yes, my dear," the old man responded. "He has paid your bond, eight hundred yen, with interest, in full. A fine gentleman, a splendid gentleman he is. I congratulate

you, my dear. I am very sorry to lose you, but business —"

"Stop, Oh Shaka! Stop!" the girl cried in an agonized voice. "What time was Mees-ter Hor-ton here?"

"Why, he was here early in the evening. I told him you were at the Otowaya, and he went there for you. Did you not see him?" asked the old man, surprised.

"Shaka! Oh, Shaka!" shrieked the girl, "he did not tell me that he bought me. He did not let me know that I was his bond-woman, his slave, and I told him that I did not love him. I sent him away. I, who belonged to him, body, heart and soul. Shaka! Oh, Shaka! What shall I do?"

A jinricksha stood before the door; with a great cry Kohamma San sprang into it and ordered the coolie to take her to the foreign quarter.

The first impulse of the girl was to go to Horton and throw herself at his feet, telling him all of the promise she had made and the part she had acted to fulfil it.

The streets were dark and deserted, it was nearly midnight and Kohamma San urged the jinricksha coolie to run his fastest. At the gate of the American legation, the flying jinricksha halted and the girl leaped out; with her gaudy costume in disorder and her wan, powdered face gleaming ghostlike through the jetty masses of her tumbling hair, she made a weird, uncanny picture.

Lights were burning in the house. Through the lace-curtained windows, Kohamma San saw people moving about in the rooms on the ground floor. She ran to the door and knocked loudly, but no one answered her summons. Then she beat on the panels with her clenched fists and cried out to those within. Presently some one opened the door and a gruff voice asked her in Japanese to state her business. Kohamma San recognized the voice. It was that of Mr. Fugi. She said she wished to see Mr. Horton. He laughed at her and told her that she should know far better than he did where to find Mr. Horton. He said that he supposed Mr. Horton was with her, and she had broken her promise not to see her lover again. Further, Mr. Fugi stated, only a few hours ago Mr. Horton had sent a letter to the American Minister resigning his position, saying that he was going away with Kohamma San and bidding his sister farewell.

The realization of what Horton had done for her, the consequences of the steps he



From a pastel drawing by Robert Blum.

THE THOUGHT WAS SINGING IN HER HEAD, "I HAVE SAVED HIM."

had taken, slowly dawned in the mind of the distracted girl and added to the agony she was suffering. She staggered down the steps to her jinricksha, and would have fallen had the coolie not caught her. From the door Mr. Fugi stood watching her, puzzled, undecided whether he should detain her or not, but before he could collect his wits, the coolie picked up the shafts of the jinricksha and trotted swiftly away.

"To Shimbashi, Shimbashi station," cried Kohamma San.

There is but one way to leave Tokio and that is from Shimbashi station. If Horton was going away, he must go from Shimbashi.

On through the night the jinricksha sped with the frantic girl. Her only thought now was to find Horton, to beat her forehead on the ground before him and beg his forgiveness. She knew that in the morning the whole world would know that he had bought her. The newspapers would print the whole story, would publish his picture and hers; for the notoriety that comes to the man who buys a geisha is the same as that which comes to the man who buys the champion racehorse of the year. Her self-sacrifice had been for naught. Horton had ruined his career in Japan forever, and there could be no barriers between them now; no reason why they should not live their lives out together, if she could but find him and tell him that she had lied to him, lied to him because she loved him.

Shimbashi was reached at last. Horton was not there. In reply to the inquiries of the distraught, dishevelled girl, the ticket agent told her that Horton had bought a ticket for Yokohama, and had departed on a train only a half an hour since. Another train would leave for Yokohama in a few minutes. She purchased a ticket and took a seat in the train. It was an accommodation train, much slower than the express on which Horton traveled, and the girl did not reach Yokohama until late in the morning.

Kohamma San appealed to a policeman on duty at the Yokohama station to help her find Horton. The policeman promptly telephoned to the steamship offices and the foreign hotels. He soon ascertained that Horton had engaged passage on the Pacific Mail steamer, sailing for America that morning, and he informed the girl of this fact. She did not wait to hear more. She summoned a jinricksha and offered the

coolie double fare to make his best time to the steamer landing. Although the coolie ran his best, Kohamma San did not reach the pier until just after the departure of the last steam launch with passengers and mail for the big ship which was anchored a half-mile off shore.

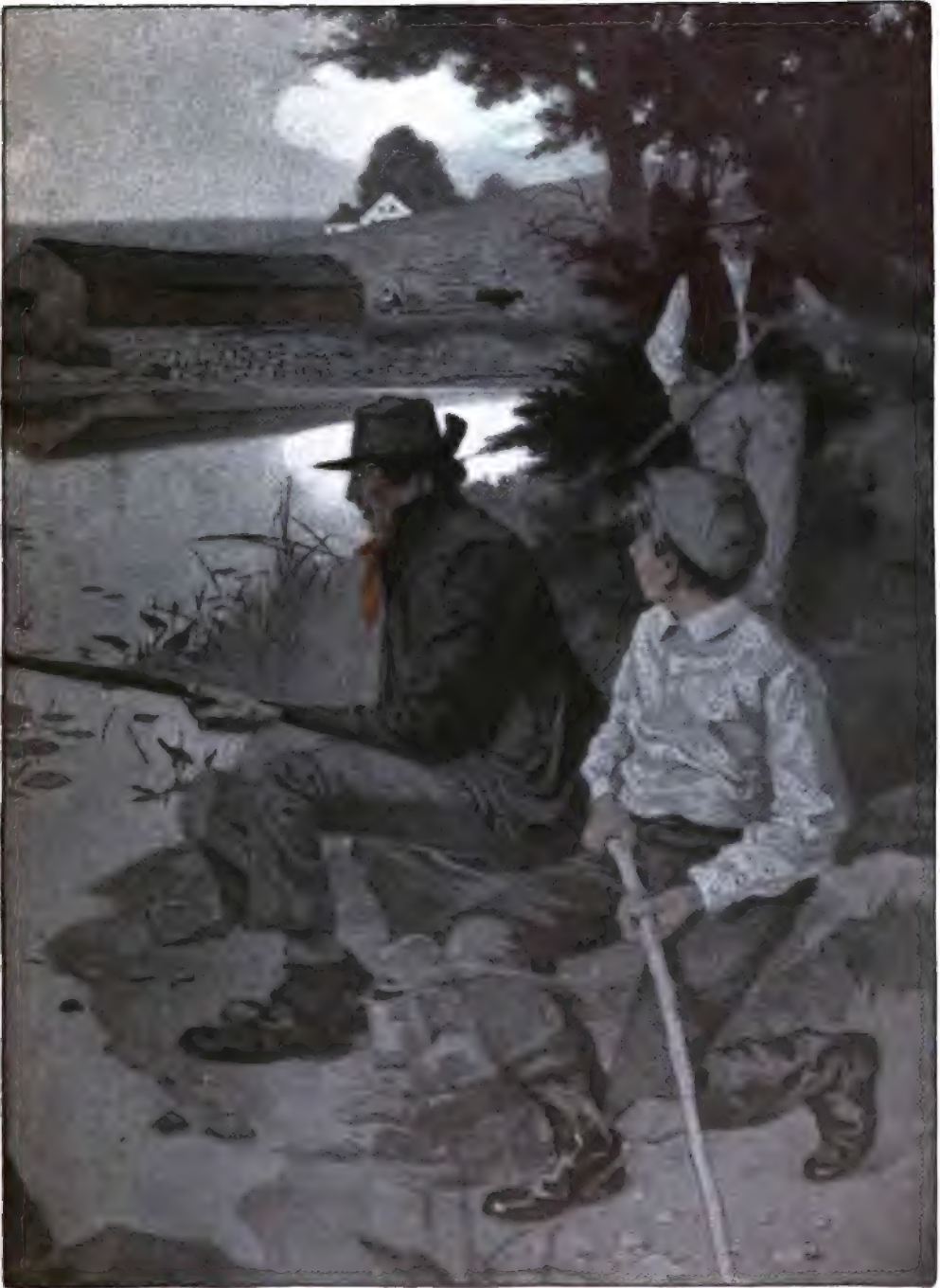
To the crowd of sam-pan men at the pier, the girl made a frantic appeal. She begged some of them to take her to the steamer, promising them large sums of money if they would but get her to the ship before it sailed. She tore the rings from her fingers, the jeweled ornaments from her hair and offered them to the boatmen, who laughed at her and told her that before they could row half-way to where the ship lay, the vessel would be miles down the bay.

It seemed that there was no hope now. Kohamma San left the curious, staring crowd of coolies on the landing. She did not know what to do or where to go. She walked on between the walls of warehouses, along docks, little heeding where she was going. Presently she came to a little stretch of beach hidden away in the maze of buildings and docks which lined the shore. She ran down the shelving sand to the water's edge and gazed at the big ship which was weighing anchor in the bay. The last mail bag had been taken on board. The government tug had left the steamer's side, and dense clouds of black smoke were pouring from the great funnels. The waves were breaking over the feet of the girl, but she heeded them not.

"Desire of my soul, god of my heart, come to me! Oh, come to me!" she cried. Her eyes were fixed despairingly on the big ship which was steaming oceanwards, and her arms were outstretched beseechingly. The waves rose higher about her, but she did not feel the chill of the cold sea.

"Love of my life, oh, come to me!" she wailed in a voice of infinite longing. Higher and higher rose the water; it was about her waist, but she did not care. Unconsciously she was walking into the sea, step by step, deeper and deeper. No one saw her, no one heard the wild cry that echoed over the waves as the hull of the ship disappeared beyond the distant line of the horizon.

"After sacrifice comes the blessing of the gods," she murmured faintly; then the dark green water enveloped her. She sank into happy oblivion in the arms of the god of the sea and a soul entered into the real Nirvana.



Drawn by C. D. Hubbard.

CAUGHT!



Drawn by E. M. Ashe.

"NOT SO QUICK, MY FRIEND!"

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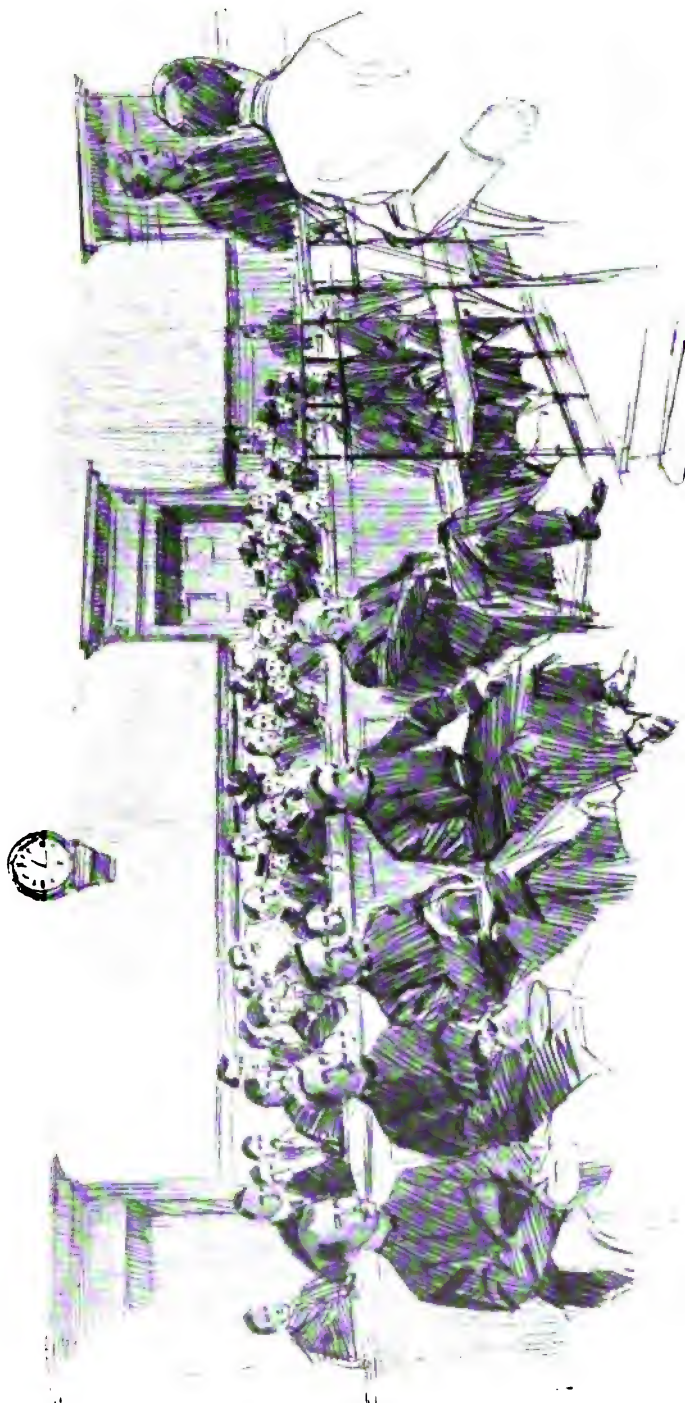
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*From Henry Peachey's
Sketches of London*

BOW STREET COURT ROOM

This is the principal police-court in London, and probably the most widely-known minor court in the English-speaking world. It is close to Covent Garden, in what was once a most fashionable quarter.



A BAMBOO VISTA

**NEARLY EVERY FARMER IN JAPAN HAS A LITTLE
BAMBOO GROVE, FINDING IT HIGHLY PROFITABLE**

THE TWO PACIFICS

by Harold Bolce

VI - THE SECRET OF JAPAN'S STRENGTH

While Japan is cannonading its way to rank with Christian powers as a first-class fighting nation, it is not neglecting its fields of rice, genge, millet and muji, its groves of mulberry and bamboo, its priceless plots of tea and mitsumata shrubs, and its multi-million gardens of berries, vegetables, fruits, and flowers. The thousands of patriots that have marched to the front have not thinned the ranks of the mightier hosts tilling the soil. Thirty million farmers are gathering ample harvests in the diminutive fields of Japan.

For twenty-five centuries the Sunrise sovereigns have dignified husbandry as the most important and most honorable industrial calling in the empire, and now more than sixty per cent. of the Mikado's subjects till with incomparable skill the limited soil of his islands.

The same diligent genius that enables a landscape gardener in Japan to compass within a few square yards of land a forest, a bridge-spanned stream, a waterfall and lake, a chain of terraced hills, gardens of chrysanthemums, hyacinths, peonies, and pinks, a beetling crag crowned with a dwarfed conifer, and through all the dainty park meandering paths with here a shrine and there a dainty summer house, has made it possible for the farmers of the empire to build up on less than nineteen thousand square miles of arable land the most remarkable agricultural nation the world has known. If all the tillable acres of Japan were merged into one field, a man in an automobile, traveling at the rate of fifty miles an hour, could

skirt the entire perimeter of arable Japan in eleven hours. Upon this narrow freehold Japan has reared a nation of imperial power, which is determined to enjoy commercial preëminence over all the world of wealth and opportunity from Siberia to Siam, and already, by force of arms, is driving from the shores of Asia the greatest monarchy of Europe.

The secret of the success of the little Daybreak Kingdom has been a mystery to many students of nations. Patriotism does not explain the riddle of its strength, neither can commerce, nor military equipment, nor manufacturing skill. Western nations will fail fully to grasp the secret of the dynamic intensity of Japan today, and will dangerously underestimate the formidable possibilities of the Greater Japan—the Dai Nippon—of tomorrow, until they begin to study seriously the agricultural triumphs of that empire. For Japan, more scientifically than any other nation, past or present, has perfected the art of sending the roots of its civilization enduringly into the soil.

Progressive experts of high authority throughout the Occident now admit that in all the annals of agriculture there is nothing that ever approached the scientific skill of Sunrise husbandry. Patient diligence, with knowledge of the chemistry of soil and the physiology of plants, have yielded results that have astounded the most advanced agriculturists in Western nations.

Although the United States has extensive experimental farms—the Arlington station at the national capital alone

comprising five hundred acres—and although our Department of Agriculture includes a corps of skilled and successful investigators, some of them enjoying international repute, the American government has turned for instruction in a number of essential principles to tiny experimental patches in Japan where little brown scientists, studying agricultural problems through the lenses of the microscope, are making discoveries of world-wide importance. Our experimental farms number fifty-six; Japan has nearly two hundred. Yet the combined area of those island stations is not equal to the single farm America maintains at Washington. The main experimental station in the Sunrise Kingdom is regarded in that country as a very big affair. Big it is in importance, and from the Japanese standpoint extensive in area. It is located in the suburbs of Tokio and comprises two cho and four tan—a trifle less than six acres.

On this small field the Oriental scientists are wresting from the soil and from the vegetable kingdom secrets utterly unknown to Western nations. American and European agricultural explorers have sought repeatedly to get facts in regard to the achievements of these Japanese investigators. But the Japanese government does not wish the West to share the fruits of its advanced researches. So pronounced is this opposition that an eminent American scientist, learning that I was to visit the experimental stations in Japan, invoked my assistance in securing certain information, stating that an effectual embargo had been placed upon his official efforts in that direction. Thus, the experimental farms, like the arsenals and harbor fortifications in Japan, have been included in the forbidden zone! It is a safeguard thrown around the industrial foundation of the empire.

From what its advanced agriculture has made its plains to yield, Japan has fed and clothed and educated its multiplying masses, fast nearing the fifty-mil-

lion figure; it has stacked up gold in its treasury, has created a great merchant marine, has captured a growing share of European commerce, has already out-marshaled commercial America on the Pacific, has crowded its cities with roaring factories, and has given costly and triumphant equipment to its aggressive fleets and regiments. And it has accomplished all this out of the profits of harvests gleaned from a farm area scarcely large enough to afford storage room for the agricultural machinery in use in the United States.

Some exceedingly misleading figures are in general circulation, not only magnifying the measurements of the Sunrise Kingdom, but grossly exaggerating its resources. It is true that there are more than six hundred islands in the empire of Japan, but they constitute a total domain the size of the single State of Montana. And not only is the Sunrise Kingdom a very inconspicuous geographical corner of the planet, but a very great proportion of the acres in the empire are on the slopes or crests of high mountains. Many of the mountain sides are, in fact, rocky, inaccessible escarpments, and a large number of the peaks are volcanoes. During portions of the year seismic disturbances are as regular as sunrise in Japan. Five hundred shocks are the annual average. In the hope of ultimately forecasting the dread eruptions and tremors that menace life and spread desolation over farms, the government has added a Professor of Earthquakes and Volcanoes to the faculty of the Imperial University at Tokio! And the plains of Japan are periodically overswept by typhoons and storms that rise out of Siberia and the China Sea, raging at times for forty-eight consecutive hours, and occurring usually in the flowering season of the most valuable crops.

It will thus be seen that Japan on its narrow farming plains struggles with a concatenation of calamity. Yet notwithstanding the hurricane that stalks



A GROUP OF JAPANESE FARMERS

In winter the farmer dons his ample mino, or straw overcoat, which effectually protects him from rain and snow.

across these little plains and the floods of lava that descend upon them, and in spite of the further fact that the pestilence of cholera, not to mention other plagues, frequently flourishes and paralyzes industry, the annual agricultural achievements of Japan continue to be the increasing wonder of the world. The fact that Japan on its little land sustains in prosperity a mass of humanity greater than half the population of America makes the economic study of its agricultural methods one of the most important matters of modern times.

One of the secrets of Japan's solution of its pressing problem of subsistence is that the people of that empire, in

advance of all other races, have perfected the frugal art of utilizing everything. Whatever grows or passes to decay is of value to the Japanese farmer. Measured in money, he is not rich. But he dwells in a comfortable and inviting home, purged of every taint of dirt and dust. The transparent paper walls of his house, made of bark from his mitsumata shrubs, flood his dwelling with light, and keep out the wind. He enjoys good food served in dainty but inexpensive dishes made of native woods. Even in the homes of the poorest, there are no visible signs of poverty. There is no squalor in agricultural Japan. The humblest peasant farmer is clean, indus-

trious, and comfortable. The area of fence corners abandoned on many American farms to wild mustard, fennel, and pigweed would furnish comfortable living to a whole family in rural Japan.

Some idea of the trifling cost of living in agricultural Japan was given me by an American who has spent fifteen years in the empire. Frequently he takes a vacation in the farming regions. He has good food, sleeps on clean and comfortable quilts in impeccable houses, is carried about in country carts, and at the end of two weeks he finds that his total expenses have not exceeded ten yen, or five dollars.

In Japan, when a farmer permits a telegraph or telephone pole to be erected on his land, he has made a great concession to modern reform. Only the exceedingly rich have fences around their farms in Japan, not because of the cost of the fence, but because of the value of the square inches the posts and pickets would consume. If a border is desired around a field, it is customary to plant mulberry trees. The total area of ground in Japan thus devoted to the silk-worm tree, which otherwise would be taken up with fences, amounts to about a hundred and ninety thousand acres. This has no reference to the mulberry farms and groves, the area for which is over three times as much. The fact that a Japanese farmer is forced to figure on the amount of ground a fence-post would occupy, and the interesting fact that the government, in its statistical enumerations, has had the areas covered by individual mulberry trees on farm boundaries carefully computed, demonstrates the great value of arable land.

Recently many agricultural-implement makers in the United States sent agents to Japan to try to introduce gang-plows, grain-planters, reapers, and threshing machines. In keeping with many other American efforts, the enterprise was undertaken without intelligent canvassing of the conditions, needs, and pref-

erences of the possible Far Eastern purchaser. An American invasion of the Sunrise Kingdom with mowers, reapers, and threshing outfits is utterly beyond the pale of possibility. An attempt to sell crowbars and steam-hammers to the watchmakers of Geneva would be no more bizarre. The gross area of many a Japanese farm would not accommodate an American separator; nor could four horses hitched to a gang-plow find room to turn. Nearly everything is done by hand. The hoe is the sceptre and sign-manual of Japan! And in many parts of Japan the man with the hoe is not even a brother to the ox. There is no room for the ox! Such a beast of burden moving across some of the dainty fields of the Sunrise Kingdom would trample out the profits of a season.

In addition to the hoe and the spade, heckles and primitive flails are important implements in Japan. In the cultivation of a cho, or about two and a half acres—an extraordinarily large farm in the Sunrise Kingdom—the value of necessary farming tools for field work is less than three yen. Imagine an American farmer getting along with field implements not aggregating in value a dollar and a half! For indoor use the Japanese farmer cultivating one cho needs to expend about one yen on tools. For store-house purposes his implements cost more, their value being about twelve yen, making a total outlay equal to \$8.25 in American money. With that amount of capital a Japanese is equipped to put in a crop on his big plantation! The government will furnish him his seed.

Recent photographs from Japan reveal fields having straight border lines. This is the result of a law enacted in the 33rd year of Meiji (1900) enforcing rearrangements of farm boundaries. Zigzag holdings have descended to the present owners from antiquity. To describe an ordinary Japanese farm of the dimensions of four tan (or about

one acre) has required, on account of its sinuous boundaries, a deed almost as long as a president's message. Moreover, until quite recently few Japanese farmers could boast of such a thing as owning a broad acre all in one unbroken, imperial area!

The possessor of an acre was a landed proprietor, and the smaller owner of one se—ten of which it takes to make a tan—looked up to him as a planter of wealth and power in the land. But that acre, the title to which made him a rural aristocrat in Japan, was sub-

number of districts in supplanting this agricultural chaos with an orderly system. The farmers, finding by painstaking survey of new fields having straight boundaries, that they are not surrendering any land, so far as area is concerned, are consenting to the new order.

The government experts have estimated that in the saving of time, and in the perfection of the system of drainage and irrigation, the productive power of agricultural Japan will be increased no less than ten per cent.



AN AGRICULTURAL EXPERIMENTAL STATION

One of Japan's two hundred little stations, strictly guarded, but showing results which are surprising the world.

divided into many sections—a few square shaku in one spot, a few tsubo sandwiched in several ken away between the equally irregular holdings of his neighbors, a field of millet here, a paddy of rice there—with no direct communication between any of these scattered fragments of his little farm.

The government for four years has been at work on this problem, and by encouraging fair exchanges of land among the farmers, is succeeding in a

While this movement will straighten farm lines, it cannot expand them. The laws that have found their way to the statutes, to provide for many of the problems growing out of the fact that holdings are diminutive, must still remain in force. One important provision is that a Japanese farmer cannot build his house flush with his boundary. He must leave an outer space of about a foot and a half. Otherwise a farmer's neighbors in Japan could so construct



PULLING RICE THROUGH THE HOME-MADE GIN

their dwellings that, unless his property happened to border on a public road, he could not reach it without climbing over the roofs of houses, or dropping out of a balloon. Another law provides that when a farmer wishes to repair his house he may, if necessary, make temporary use of his neighbor's land upon which to place bamboo scaffolding or even to store building material. If he constructs a window or veranda within three feet from his neighbor's line, this farmer across the way can compel the builder to wall up with a screen of shutters the too familiar view he might otherwise enjoy. In the more fertile provinces farmhouses are so close together that the countryside is virtually one long succession of villages.

It has been obvious to the statesmen of Japan that a time was near at hand when the infinitely increasing demands of the nation would be more than the arable area of the kingdom could supply. The population of the islands, increasing at the rate of over half a million annually, is steadily exacting increasing harvests from the soil. As a result, land hunger has become an absorbing passion, both

with the farmers themselves and with the leaders who are making history in the Far East. Therein lies the secret of Japan's long and painstaking preparation for a modern war. Its statesmen knew that sooner or later the nation would have to establish its title to outlying acres or be submerged under the multiplying weight of its own millions. And these astute diplomats under the Mikado had learned from Christian nations that military conquest and plausible programs of benevolent assimilation must precede the promulgation of claims to any coveted domain. Thus, for years in Japan the condition of the agricultural industry has admonished the men of destiny at the head of affairs to modernize the army and navy so that, when the opportunity should come, Japan could extend its dominion over portions of arable Asia.

The signs "For Rent" and "For Sale" are never seen on Japanese farms, nor do the advertisements in the newspapers of that country include any hint of opportunities for the purchase or rent of lands. On the contrary, an owner who does not care to work his



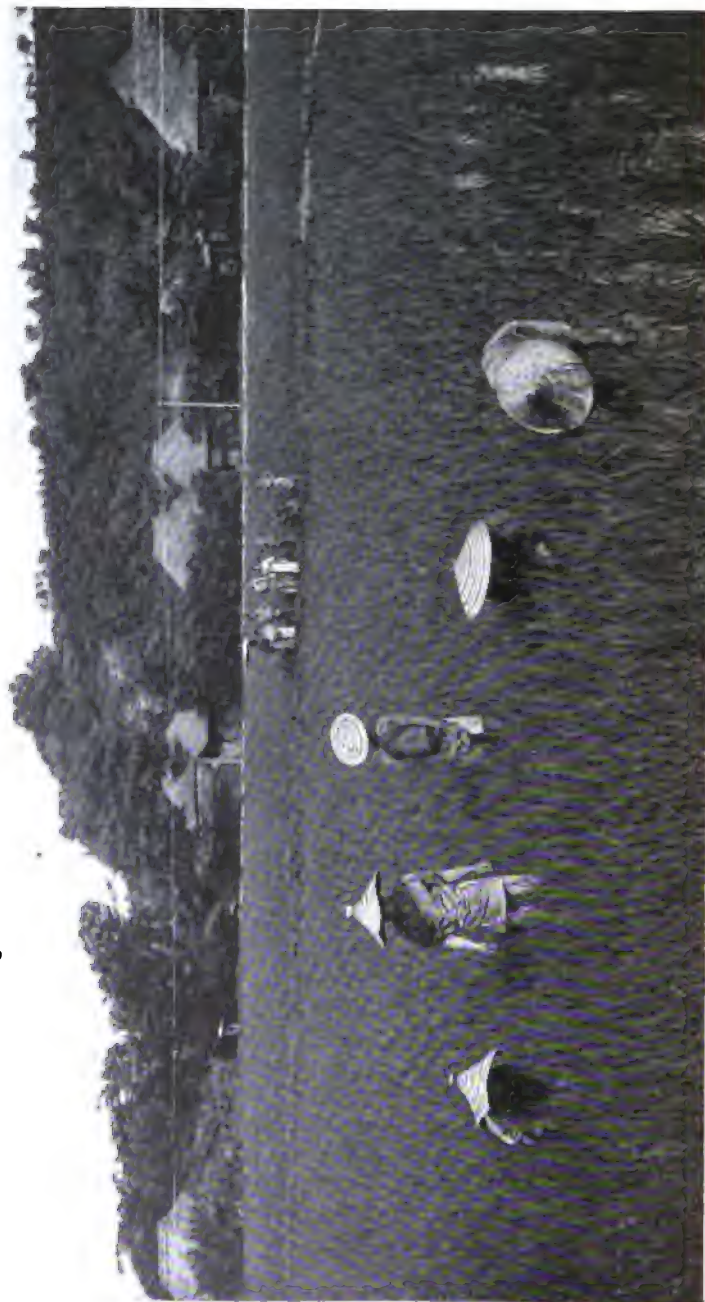
STRAW MATTING IN THE MAKING

farm auctions a lease of the land to the highest bidder. On such occasions the competition is exceedingly keen, and rental rates are consequently forced to a high figure. In fact, some tenant farmers pay such exhausting rent that the residue of profit in a season scarcely covers the cost of fertilizing material necessarily applied to get a crop at all. That is the greatest item of expense in the agriculture of Japan. Bones from the four corners of the earth are gathered, shipped to Japan, and there ground to dust to enrich the soil. Millions of piculs of oil cakes are imported annually from China, the demand for this nitrogenous material having grown enormously during the current decade. And great quantities of superphosphates are purchased abroad. Altogether the imports of fertilizing products into Japan exceed in value ten million yen every year.

I have discovered a somewhat sensational fact in regard to this subject. Japan, knowing that the commercial nations were aware of its large purchases of fertilizing products abroad, has been placing heavy orders in America for

various nitrates since the outbreak of war against Russia. Without compunction, when the material reaches the island empire, it is converted into explosives and shipped to the firing line; but as it enters Japan consigned as a fertilizing commodity, it escapes classification as contraband of war!

In addition to its importation of fertilizers, the manufacture in Japan of phosphate and nitrogenous products has assumed great proportions. To assist in quickening the crops of the land millions of *kwammes* of fish guano, dried herrings, rape-seed cake, and cakes of sesame oil, ye oil, and cotton-seed oil are annually prepared. All agricultural Japan reeks with the odor of this industry. One day on the river Sumida I had been studying the cargoes on hundreds of sampans, when there hove in view, bound up stream to the farm region on the Plain of Kwanto, a flotilla of curious, covered craft. It was a fleet of fertilizer carriers. The information to that effect which my guide vouchsafed was quite superfluous. It needed no interpreter to make it plain. A thousand megaphones could



WEEDING IN A JAPANESE RICE FIELD

not have more clearly announced the business of these boats. I could almost believe that all the floating mines of Russia would have recoiled from that squadron. Native fishermen and sailors on the crowded river did not even look up from their diligent labors, but the fleet's conquest over every foreigner on the Sumida and along its banks that day was conspicuous and complete. It was, indeed, agricultural Japan's invincible armada!

One of the marvelous results of fertilization in Japan is that it enables the small agricultural area not only to supply the empire, but actually to provide large quantities of farm products for export. It is known generally, of course, that Japan ships large quantities of tea abroad, the value of the leaves exceeding ten million yen annually. It is not, however, realized that the combined exports of cereals, vegetables, and fruits from the little kingdom aggregate in value even more than the cargoes of tea sent out. Its rice exported to China amounts to nearly a million yen a year. Rice shipped to France is valued at half a million; to Great Britain, more than a million; to the United States over half a million yen. Japan even exports beans to the United States. To the Philippines it sells great quantities of farm products. In 1902 it exported to Manila 5,832,217 kins of potatoes valued at over 125,000 yen, and 1,615,218 kins of onions valued at nearly 50,000 yen. The continued and increasing exports of farm products from the Sunrise Kingdom is one of the most astonishing economic facts of contemporaneous history. The only other fact which can equal it, perhaps, is Uncle Sam's incredible increase in imports, from Europe and elsewhere, of vegetables which could be raised to better advantage in America.

One of the most valuable things to Japanese farmers throughout the Mikado's empire is rice straw. From it the agriculturist in the land makes

his rope. It helps to furnish the thatch for his roof and the matting for his floor. From rice straw he makes his waraji, or sandals. In winter he fares forth in his ample mino, or straw overcoat, which effectually protects him from rain and snow. The Japanese farmer, therefore, naturally treasures the straw his rice fields yield. Yet, indispensable as it is, his land is far too valuable and circumscribed to permit him to cumber it with a stack. He solves the problem by making bundles of the straw and tying them a few feet above ground to the trunks of his mulberry trees!

The cultivation of paper plants in Japan is a very important industry. As is well known, Japanese paper of various kinds is in demand throughout the world. Recently American and European manufacturers have been giving some attention to the possibility of producing from Japanese paper-pulp some of the numberless useful articles and toys similar to those in vogue in the island empire. To that end, Japanese paper shrubs are to be planted in America and in the countries of Southern Europe. The United States Department of Agriculture, which recently sent experts to secure seeds of the mitsumata plants, is to make extensive experiments in growing this particularly valuable variety. It is believed that this shrub will thrive in Florida, Louisiana, in irrigated parts of Texas and the Colorado Desert, and in some sections of the Sacramento and San Joaquin valleys in California. Should this introduction of the Japanese mitsumata plant into America prove successful, it will bring fortune to many farmers. Rice-planters, particularly in Texas—the climate of which, it is believed, will prove suitable to the valuable exotic—could set shrubs out along the unoccupied dikes and on all the narrow strips of land dividing flooded fields, and secure profitable returns from the enterprise. The American experts who have been investigating the subject in Japan



THREE-YEAR MITSUMATA SHOOTS

These shoots of the paper-plant are from old roots, some of which are a century old and still vigorous.

are inclined to believe that when the mitsumata plants are grown successfully in America, and American machinery is invented for the conversion of the pulp into paper, that product will be put to many uses not thought of in Japan.

The reason why the mitsumata plant in particular is to be introduced into the United States is that the bark of this shrub possesses qualities which make it possible to manufacture from it a wide variety of articles. The uses to which paper is put in Japan are astonishing. To a Japanese farmer paper is as important as parchment was to an ancient scribe. When a tea-raiser in the Sunrise Kingdom takes a load to market, he covers his cart with a paper tarpaulin. Although oiled, absolutely waterproof, and almost indestructible, its texture is almost as fine as silk. It weighs only a few ounces. It can be folded and carried in a man's pocket. Mackintoshes or mantles of this same paper material are sold in Japanese cities for thirty-six sen (eighteen cents). Every farm-house

in Japan is supplied with an abundance of oiled tissue paper in which products for market are wrapped. It is very tough and durable. The same sheets are used from year to year, and seem never to wear out. Sacks, through which it is claimed weevil cannot bore their predatory way, are used for grain and meal in Japan. I can readily believe the accounts given of the resisting power of Japanese paper, for in my mail one day in Tokio was a curious looking envelope which I found it impossible to tear open. I clipped the end with a pair of shears and read the enclosed letter. It was from a dealer in Japanese paper, who, in response to a note addressed to him by me, making inquiries in regard

to the manufacture of leather paper in Japan, stated that the envelope containing his reply was made of the material in question.

Leather paper, or *tsuboya*, is one of the many remarkable products of the mitsumata plant. The pulp, in the manufacture of this peculiar paper, is subjected to much pressure and many wrinklins and rollings, is then coated with oil made from the seed of a plant belonging to the mint family, and finally hung out to dry in the air, where it is left for six months. The paper thus produced is as smooth as fine leather, tougher than pigskin, and nearly transparent. Colored leather paper is produced by applying pigments before the coating of oil. Hand-made wall and ceiling paper, stamped with ornamental designs, is coming into fashionable demand in the United States. Factories in Japan are busy supplying profitable orders for these artistic *tsuboya* creations.

The yield of the mitsumata paper plant in Japan frequently amounts to

two thousand pounds of raw bark to the acre. The crude pulp is readily sold at thirty-two sen (sixteen cents) the pound. The seeds alone are sometimes quoted at three yen (\$1.50) the gallon. As many as twenty-four thousand shrubs are grown on an acre. The harvesting is done by cutting the plants off at the roots. The next spring the shrub grows up again. In fact *mitsumata* roots a century old, and still sending up new shoots, are often shown. The plant is highly decorative, and is grown as an ornament in some of the gardens of Japan. Its introduction into America would be an esthetic as well as economic addition to the country. In the flowering season in Japan a *mitsumata* farm is a radiant field of delicate yellow. One peculiar feature of the plant is that it is the only common shrub in cultivation that has three branches at its forks instead of two. The paper produced in Occidental lands is made from the pulp of trees, from macerated grass, and from rags—some of them raked from the rubbish heaps of the world. The exquisite texture of the many forms of *mitsumata* paper is due to the nature of the bark, which somewhat resembles lace or web, and is not duplicated on any other plant in creation.

Another product of Japanese farms which may become popular and its cultivation profitable among the nations of the West, is *moyashi udo*, a remarkable salad plant which is crisper than celery, possesses the combined flavor of pineapple and young lettuce, is devoid of fibres, and comes into outdoor maturity in midwinter. It is predicted by American scientific agriculturists who have been in Japan and noted the flavor, popularity, and growing habits of the *udo* plant, that it is destined to become as famous and as important a table delicacy in Europe and America as asparagus or celery. The growing of *udo* is a profitable thing for Japanese farmers. The price obtained in Japan for a bundle of sixteen shoots of one variety of this

plant is sometimes no less than fifty sen, or twenty-five cents.

The *udo* plant has been grown in the United States purely as a rare ornamental, as it was not supposed to be edible. Now that it is known to possess a value which promises to give it an honorable place with asparagus and similar dishes, its cultivation by American truck farmers may prove decidedly profitable. It is to be remembered that what gives the *udo* distinctive value is that it matures in the winter time. When served, *udo* salad is as white as snow, and lustrous like silk. The plant was introduced to Japanese agriculture from China.

The wasabi is another Japanese plant now attracting American attention. Nearly everybody knows about the soy



SHOOT OF UDO, TWO FEET LONG

The blanched young shoots of *udo* are crisper than celery, and possess the mingled flavor of young lettuce and pine apple.



THE PROCESS OF SIFTING RICE IN JAPAN

and other sauces of Japan. The preparation of these piquant condiments furnishes employment to thousands of people in that empire, and the growing of crops to supply the material is a lucrative adjunct of Japanese farming. The country is beginning to export these commodities. To every land in the Pacific where Japan has sent laborers and colonists soy sauce follows in a steady stream. The docks of Honolulu are redolent with this pungent but not displeasing importation. Not so well known as soy sauce, but of equal merit as an appetizer, is wasabi. Its use is universal in Japan. It serves the same purpose that horseradish does on Occidental tables, but is less acrid. Certain agricultural sections in Japan enjoy a favored reputation for growing this plant, and successive generations of the same farmers' families have devoted themselves to its cultivation. Recently young plants have been sent to the United States for experimental propagation, and if it can be made to thrive in America it is quite probable that it will speedily make its potent presence felt and appreciated in the Western world.

My own introduction to wasabi was unique. I count among my most pleasing experiences in this Sunrise Land my meeting with Tumio Yano, novelist and diplomat. And not the least item in my debt of gratitude to him is that he taught me to appreciate raw fish and wasabi! Mr. Yano has been the Mikado's ambassador to China and other lands. One night at the Nippon Club he led up to a delicate subject on the menu with much diplomacy. He finally got my assent to the statement that a cosmopolitan appetite is one of the distinguishing marks of cultivated travel. Then he passed me raw fish!

I confessed that I was willing to be a stick-in-the-mud or any other variety of silurian, rather than take place with the international elect by eating such a dish. My host, however, was painfully insistent, finally adding that with raw fish

they, of course, ate wasabi. Now, I did not have even a vague notion of what this might be, but with that raw proposition before me it was comforting to know that at least it was to be diluted with something. I conjured up an experience in taking castor oil ambushed under sherry and sarsaparilla, which, while not a beverage one would grow to crave, might have been worse. I figured out also that with my gaucheries with chop sticks I might manage without exciting suspicion to drop the fish before the fatal moment, and eat only the mysterious wasabi. But, whether through cowardice or courage, I cannot say, fish and relish made quick and simultaneous journey to my reluctant palate, and in that never-to-be-forgotten instant there flashed into my consciousness the undeniable truth that in all my Occidental years I had been denied one of the most savory dishes in the world. Charles Lamb's Chinaman had jubilant delight over his first taste of roast pig; but that is a degraded passion compared with an Anglo-Saxon's initial ecstasy over an Oriental morsel of raw *namasu* garnished with the appetizing roots of *Eutrema wasabi*.

All honor to triumphant agricultural Japan, and may this Far Eastern member of the mustard family take deep root and spread and flourish in my native land! A vegetable that can make a man of provincial and prejudiced appetite relish raw fish, and call for more, has undoubtedly a mission in Western nations. There is many a jaded palate in over-fed Christendom that will hail wasabi eagerly when it is learned that this condiment imparts a new meaning to a menu.

There is profit in its cultivation in Japan. Two tons of the root are frequently dug in a season from an acre. Formerly there was a superstition that it could be grown only in running water, but the agricultural stations of Japan have demonstrated this to be a fallacy.

No consideration of Japan's agriculture would be complete without at least a reminder of the Empire's vast tea culture, to which fifty thousand cho are devoted, in solid fields and odd corners of land, with an annual output of fifty million cattles. Secondary crops, also, are an important feature of Japanese farming. After rice is harvested the farmers usually plant muji, rape, or genge—Japanese clover.

One of the secrets of the prosperity of Japanese farmers is that the diversified character of their crops enables them to

acres yield, they would not be living in comfort, paying large sums into the national treasury, and raising product sufficient for export as well as for home consumption. In its agricultural achievements, Japan has solved the most pressing problem of existence. At the close of this war, its leaders are confident that it will assume at least industrial possession of some of the fertile areas of the Eastern continent. The Japanese predict that this alone would mark a turning point in Japanese history, for when these marvelous mil-



JAPANESE FARMERS SELLING PLUMS IN THE MARKET

keep busy throughout the year. When not in the fields sowing, cultivating, or reaping, the farmer is to be found in his warehouse stripping bark from his paper plants, rolling tea leaves, rearing cocoons, reeling silk, or engaged in some one of many other phases of his multiform industry. Nearly every farmhouse has a room or two devoted to the manufacture of silk.

If forty-five million Anglo-Saxons were crowded into the insignificant tillable area of Japan, and forced to subsist on what they could make a few overworked

lions of island farmers have room to harvest with machinery instead of flails and heckles, and when Japan draws sustenance from great farms instead of pitiable acre-fractions, the empire, its leaders predict, will astonish the world with its new-found strength.

It is well that Western nations watch the furrows Japan proposes to plow on the Asiatic mainland.

Harold Boker

THE ETHICS OF JAPAN.^a

By BARON KENCHO SUYEMATSU, B. A., LL. M.

I have been asked by your council to read before you a paper on the ethics of Japan, and this is my attempt in response to that request, though very imperfect it must necessarily be.

There are three sources of factors which influenced the molding of the ethical system in Japan, namely, Shintoism, Buddhism, and Confucianism. The first is the native religion of Japan; the second is, needless to say, a religion originated in India and introduced to Japan through China and Korea, and the third is the moral teaching of China. As to the relative positions of these three, I have already fully explained this in an article entitled "The religions of Japan," in the December number of the *Independent Review*. They are not antagonistic to one another, as people not living in Japan might imagine, and as would only appear natural to them from their own notions of religion. Of these three, Buddhism is the most religion-like in the ordinary sense of the term. Shintoism ranks next, but it is very simple and liberal if viewed in the light of a religion. Confucianism comes last; it is ordinarily classed by western writers as a religion, but as a matter of fact its religious aspect is very vague, and it is not considered a religion by the Orientals. Perhaps a better term for it would be the Chinese teaching of morality, because moral notions which can be gathered from Chinese study are comprised in all sorts of Chinese writings, and Confucius, the great sage, is only one of the exponents thereof. Confucius, however, takes a very high place among those exponents, and therefore he came to be revered more than any others by Orientals, and thus Chinese teaching came to be usually associated with the name of the great sage. I can not do better than follow this example and call Chinese teaching by the name of Confucianism.

Comparing these three systems of teachings with regard to ethics, Confucianism stands out very prominently in its systematic exposition

^a Reprinted, by permission, from *Journal of the Society of Arts*, London, No. 2729, Vol. LIII, March 10, 1905.

and practical utility. Buddhism, it is said, is very philosophical, and deep in its ideas of the cosmos, and there is no doubt that it is capable of exercising a great influence on the popular notion of a future life, though it does not do so as much in Japan as in some parts of the Asiatic continent. It has, however, very little to say with regard to ethics relative to the actual life of the human being. It says you must not do wrong; it says you must do good; but as to what is good or what is bad it is very vague in its meaning. It suggests rather religious notions than practical ethics, how one should behave in this world toward one's fellow-creatures or toward the community or state to which one belongs. It speaks of ten warnings and four benevolences. The ten warnings are: 1. Do not kill the living. 2. Do not steal. 3. Do not commit adultery. 4. Do not speak wantonly. 5. Do not make sensational exaggerations. 6. Do not calumniate. 7. Do not use a double tongue. 8. Do not be greedy. 9. Do not be angry. 10. Do not entertain crooked views.

The four benevolences which one has to remember are: 1. The father and the mother. 2. The ruler of the land. 3. "All beings." 4. The three treasures, i. e., the Buddha, the laws, and the priesthood (order).

It speaks of compassion and forbearance. It also speaks of eight correct ways: 1. Correct views. 2. Correct thoughts. 3. Correct words. 4. Correct conduct. 5. Correct living. 6. Correct ministration, meaning self-reflection and aspirations. 7. Correct conception. 8. Correct mediation. In their essence, however, all these teachings are mostly of negative character, and, moreover, I must say that they have more importance from a religious point of view than from an ordinary and a practical ethical point of view. Therefore I can say that Buddhism has very little to do with the ethics of Japan in the sense of a systematic exposition of them, though in an indirect way it has had some influence on the moral atmosphere of the Japanese, as I shall show later on.

The Chinese teaching, otherwise called Confucianism, is a system of moral teaching founded upon a patriarchal system of community. It does not, therefore, only speak of the good conduct of an individual as relating to his fellowship with other individuals, but also from the point of view of the whole system of community as a state. Therefore it speaks of modes of governing and of being governed, as well as of individual relationship between man and man. It does not recognize any difference between sovereignty and ruler, nor does it notice a difference between state and country. In it the greatest natural bonds of humanity are five, and they are: (1) Sovereign and subjects; (2) father (implying also mother) and child; (3) husband and wife; (4) brothers (implying also sisters); (5) friends. To each of these relationships the essential duty which is to be borne in

mind by each individual is separately attributed, and to each of these duties a special term is given to designate its actions from the point of view of a virtuous nature. Besides these five relationships there are two other relationships which have to be added, namely, the relationship between the elder and the younger, not necessarily meaning brothers, and also the relationship between master and pupil. The term "the sovereign and subjects," in oriental notions, signifies in their bearing a very deep meaning in their mutual relationship. I once heard from a very trustworthy authority that a Western diplomatist, well versed in oriental affairs, had said that the oriental idea concerning sovereign and subjects was not and could not be thoroughly understood by Occidentals, and I think that remark is not far from the truth.

The idea of the best virtue that a sovereign can have is "jen," meaning to be as humane as possible to his subjects, detesting oppression, giving the best administration to his country—in a word, to be the best ruler that ever ruled a land. The idea of the best subject is loyalty. The idea of that of father and son is filial piety on the part of the child and strictness on the part of the father, which is modified in the case of the mother toward tenderness, for which there is a special term. The idea which governs the relationship between man and wife is harmony. The older word for this was "distinction," meaning "not to be unseemly," but the word "harmony" is also used sometimes, and we Japanese prefer it. The idea of that of brothers and sisters is brotherly friendship, for which also a special word exists. The idea of that of friends is trustworthiness. In this way all the five cardinal bonds are dictated by desirable manifestations of sympathetic attentions to one another. But of course more prominence is given to the virtue of a subject, a child, or younger brother, in the case of a sovereign and subjects, of parents and children, and of brothers, respectively. Then, again, the elder and the younger in general are expected to respect each other as the case demands, and the relationship between them is to be regulated by a term which is equivalent to the English word "order;" that is to say, the younger should not seek to supersede the elder, but to pay respect to him, while the elder is expected not to take advantage of the younger, but to treat him with kindness. The relationship between master and pupil is also regarded as very important. The pupils are expected to respect their masters almost as much as their parents, while the master is expected to treat his pupils with parental kindness; no businesslike thought is to enter their minds. In the olden times in the East the system of teaching and learning was very different from that which exists in these modern days. The teacher taught his pupils out of the love of imparting his knowledge and virtuous example, as well as the doctrinal principles he entertained, while the

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pupils were supposed to gather around him out of their admiration for the personality of their master and for the purpose of receiving his instructions and influence for their personal improvement and future usefulness. Such being the case, it was no wonder that the relationship between a master and his pupil was regarded with so much importance in ethics.

Apart from these classifications the virtuous attributes of man are spoken of in several other ways. We have first of all "wisdom, humanity, and courage." These three are considered to be the three greatest traits of character to be embodied in one person. Wisdom may not exactly fall under the category of a virtue in its strictest sense, but I suppose we need not be very critical on this point. In this instance humanity—that is, "jen" in the Chinese original—may be interpreted as comprising every other virtue besides mere mercifulness. There is another catalogue, viz, "humanity, justice, decorum, wisdom, and faithfulness." These five are considered essential elements of virtue for regulating a community, and should be observed by each member of it. There is another—"filial piety, brotherly friendship, loyalty, and faithfulness;" these give guidance to a man in his capacity of a son, a brother, a subject, and a friend. There is yet another—"sympatheticability, goodness, respectfulness, self-restraint, and modesty." These are virtues considered important as regards one's self-control. As to the women, "quietness, modesty, and purity" are considered the ideal traits of their character, besides all those which I have just described above, which are of course applicable to women to an extent almost equal to men.

In the West the term love plays an extensive part in governing all the mutual relationships of the kinds enumerated above. The essence of oriental ideas does not differ from it in its purport, but expressed in words the word love does not play so extensive and imperative a part as it does in the West, because in the Confucian doctrine different technical terms are used, as we have already seen, to meet each particular case. The word love is used very sparingly in the Confucian books, and it is used more especially for designating one kind of virtue, as, for example, "extensive love," meaning philanthropy in the western sense. The word "jen," which ordinarily may be translated as humanity, more resembles the western word love, because that word "jen" may be interpreted in many ways suitable to the occasion on which it is used, almost in the same way, and in a similar sense, that the word love can be used. But the meaning of that word "jen" is more comprehensive and deeper because it implies some other meaning than mere attachment. I will not worry you by going into full details of the interpretation of that word, as it is too technical. There is, however, one thing worth noticing about the word love in Chinese. When that word is singled out it is also applicable

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to many cases, including the relationships above enumerated. Thus it can be used in a very comprehensive manner, and thence there arises a question about the essence of the word. The question is whether the notion of love is absolute, and consequently has no gradation or differentiation in its nature. At the time of Mencius, some time after Confucius, there was a school of philosophers who maintained that there ought not be any differentiation, but Mencius maintained that that was a fallacy. The word may be the same, but the practice may be differentiated according to the circumstances. The meaning is that one should love a nearer object more than a distant one, and thus the ethical notion of cosmopolitanism was reconciled with other notions of different virtues—in other words, if one does good to his neighbor more than to a stranger, or if one does more good to his country than to other lands, out of the feeling of love, it is quite justifiable from an ethical point of view, and thus Chinese ethics are made reconcilable with the principles of state. And this is, I think, an important landmark in which Confucianism differs from the features of an ordinary religion, which in its essence is, as a rule, founded upon cosmopolitanism, and knows not an artificial boundary of states.

There is a Chinese maxim which says, "No loyal subject serves two masters, and no virtuous woman sees two men." The cardinal points of the Chinese ethics are loyalty and filial piety; so that, although all sorts of virtues are inculcated, greater importance is placed on these two points. In China, learning means studying moral teaching. There are, of course, many subjects for study, but moral notions pervade every branch of literature. It is so, even with history, Chinese histories, as a rule, record only events as they occur; they have no historical or political observations, and any observations made by the writers are written in such a way as to draw attention from a moral standpoint. Their histories, therefore, have very little value in the ordinary sense of history as the term is employed among Western nations, but the fact remains that they pay much attention to moral lessons. Their expositions of moral teaching are done more in the way of philosophical or scholastic dissertations. The ethics of China, however, were not necessarily identical throughout the long period of her history, extending over several tens of centuries. There were several schools of philosophers besides Confucius, some of whom even went so far as to differ from him in many points; and also the interpretations of Confucianism differed at different epochs. But the chief feature of his teaching has always remained the same, and all that I have said about it above represents fairly the idea of Confucian doctrine. It is natural that Confucianism should be regarded as a sort of religion, because its followers respect it almost as a believer in religion respects his creed; moreover, Confucianism

recognizes in a measure the existence of some supreme power. It speaks of heaven in the sense of a power; it speaks of the "order of heaven;" it even speaks of the "supreme emperor," meaning the Supreme Being. It also recognizes the immortality of the soul, though in a vague manner, and pays great attention to festivals given in honor of one's ancestors; to use a common phrase, it worships the ancestors. But the parts of Confucianism which relate to the future of man only form a subordinate element of it, so much so that Confucius himself once said, "I do not yet know the living, how can I know the dead?" At all events I, in common with most Orientals, do not regard Confucianism as a religion in its ordinary sense. There are of course many customs and matters of etiquette sanctioned by Confucianism, or rather enforced by it, which are absurd or impracticable in the eyes of the Japanese, but there is no necessity for me to dwell upon these shortcomings here.

Let us now see what is Shintoism. It is essentially indigenous to the soil of Japan. It may be regarded as religion, and yet if it be a religion it is certainly of a unique kind, having nevertheless much similarity to the ancient cults of the Greeks and the Romans. It has no founder, nor has it any dogmas, in the ordinary sense of a religion. It has grown up with the customs and traditions and general characteristics of the nation. It recognizes the immortality of the soul: it acknowledges the existence of supernatural powers; it reverences the ancestral spirits, and therefore it may be called a religion of ancestral worship. In that respect it resembles Confucianism. It concerns itself, however, with temporal affairs far more than with spiritual affairs. In this respect also it very largely resembles Confucianism. It has existed in Japan from time immemorial, long before the introduction of Confucianism and Buddhism.

From an ethical point of view it has more teaching in it than Buddhism, but it is not so elaborate as Confucianism. Nevertheless it has a tight grasp of the Japanese mind. It is supremely content with its simple tenets, so much so that a well-known scholar, who was a devout supporter of it, when speaking of its ethical teaching in comparison with Confucianism, once said that "We do not want so many nomenclatures as Confucianism requires to signify all sorts of virtues and good conduct, and our simple teaching is quite enough to cover all."

Shintoism is also based upon a patriarchal form of community. Its essential notion of ethics is cleanliness of conscience; but the idea of cleanliness is applied not only mentally, but also physically—hence its tendency to bodily cleanliness as well as other cognate matters. It speaks of good and bad; it designates bad minds as "black" or "muddy," and good minds as "red" or "clear." Its ideals of conduct are honesty and straightforwardness. It reverences its

ruler from the very nature of its cult, and a magnificent ideal of a subject and a citizen is developed from these simple notions.

Such are, then, the three great sources of Japanese ethics. It is like the foam produced by currents of water. The water is the source, but when foam is produced it differs from actual water. So Japanese ethics are produced by the intermingled notions of these agencies, but they are no longer of the same substance as their source. I mean to say that our ethics have formed their shape quite independently of the orthodox or dogmatic parts of any religion, and people regard them as such in the same way as one would ordinarily regard foam as differing from water. I will now explain how this has been brought about. From about the sixth century of the Christian era Chinese study was introduced into Japan, and almost simultaneously Buddhism was also introduced to our country. The study of Chinese, as I said before, means the study of Chinese ethics, and I may say that Chinese has become almost like our own literature, though we had our vernacular literature coexisting. The study of Chinese, therefore, meant the introduction of Chinese ethical notions, in the same way as the study of Greek or Latin introduced Greek or Roman notions into European countries. This, however, did not mean that it supplanted our own ideas of morality, but it rather supplemented and augmented our notions in so far as it concerned the nomenclature and classification of different ethical virtues. We did not mean to make ourselves slaves to Chinese notions, we rather utilized Confucianism; and therefore Confucianism, as interpreted in Japan, is not the same as Confucianism in China. There is a story told of a Japanese professor, who was a deeply read Chinese scholar, and his pupils. The master once asked his pupils: "Suppose China invaded Japan with an army led by Confucius himself as the generalissimo, and assisted by Mencius as his lieutenant; what would you do?" The pupils replied: "It would be our bounden duty to take up arms unhesitatingly for our country and beat and crush them to pieces." Thereupon the master smiled and expressed his glad assent. This will show how we interpret Chinese teaching.

Then also Buddhism, poor as it is in ethics, has contributed something toward forming our national character, in that it has indirectly assisted in inculcating gentleness and also kindness to living beings. I may go a step further. Buddhism itself, as interpreted in Japan, is not the same Buddhism as it was originally. It had to accommodate itself to the requirements of the country. Then, also, Buddhism in China and Japan is studied in books which are translated into Chinese, and therefore the priests who study their own religion have also to study Chinese, which, I repeat, involves the study of Confucianism, and therefore they are familiar with that teaching. The Japanese priests, therefore, made use of Shintoism

and Confucianism in their own teaching on any points where they found their own teaching was deficient—that is to say, they did so in practical and moral teaching. And not only that, we notice even the dictum of Buddhism itself is sometimes modified to suit such purposes. I mentioned above four benevolences spoken of in Buddhism as being “the father and the mother,” “the ruler of the land,” “all being,” and “the three treasures.” I do not know whether this is to be found in the Sanscrit original; I think it is not. It sounds more like a Chinese Buddhistic notion. It is still further modified in an old Japanese book as “heaven and earth,” “the ruler of the land,” “the father and the mother,” and “all beings.” And thus for “the three treasures” is substituted “heaven and earth.” This occurs in a passage which is put into the mouth of a famous Shigemori in a discourse which he made when he severely admonished his father, Taira-no Kiyomori, though with filial tenderness, when the latter had behaved badly toward his sovereign the Emperor. The passage is to be found in a famous book written in the middle of the fourteenth century by Kitabatake Chikafusa, who was a court noble, a royalist, and a man with much knowledge of Buddhism.

Here I have to speak of Bushido. The term, as well as its general purport, has been of late made widely known in this country; but, as many people wish it, I will say something about it, although it may be only, as we say, “adding legs to the picture of a serpent”—I mean it may be quite an unnecessary addition. Bushi literally means a military gentleman or, in more common English, a military man, and “do” literally means a road or way, and in its extended significance, a principle, a teaching, or a doctrine. The term for “bushi” in old refined Japanese is “mononofu” and the term for “do” is “michi:” therefore the more refined ancient Japanese name for Bushido was Mononofu-no-Michi. The origin of the “bushi” is as follows: They were originally large or small landlords of the provincial parts of Japan, and had their retainers or vassals. At the time when, in the court of the Empire, over refinement, or rather effeminacy, succeeded enlightenment, and nobles who usually resided in the capital came to despise military service, those landlords and their retainers began to play military rôles under different distinguished leaders. They were more prominent in the eastern parts of the country, called Kwanto, namely, the large plain, in the middle of which modern Tokyo, is situated. With the march of events, when the governing power fell into the hands of the military leaders, these landlords and their retainers began to form an hereditary class, and the system extended to the whole country. This is the origin of Daimio and Samurai. I do not say that in the case of later developments of this system all Daimio and Samurai necessarily belonged to the same ancient stock,

because at the time when the country went through many stages of war many new men appeared on the scene and enlisted themselves in the ranks of the Samurai, among them the bushi, several of whom became Daimios themselves by their personal valor and the distinction they attained. But I may say that, on the whole, the successive stages of the class always inherited and handed down the same sort of sentiments and notions as their predecessors.

We may, in a measure, compare this military class with the country squires in this country, who gradually became barons of the middle ages, together with their children and retainers. "Bushido" is no other than the doctrine held and cherished by that class as its code of honor and rule of discipline. In the earliest days of the development of that class individuals forming it were not cultured or enlightened in the sense of luxurious refinement; in other words, they were mostly illiterate. But, on the other hand, they were mostly men with healthy notions of manliness in contrast to those who usually lived in the capital town where literary and artistic culture under Chinese influence had been attained in a marked degree. The motive and sense of their culture were therefore more like those belonging to primitive Japan, unstained by foreign influences. The families belonging to this class were called in their early days "the houses of the bow and arrow." Needless to say that the early projectile weapons of warfare were the bow and arrow, and they had a place of honor among the warlike instruments of those days. Little by little a phrase "yumi-ya-no-michi," literally meaning "the ways of the bow and arrow," came into existence, and it was the original name of Bushido. At first, perhaps, the word referred more especially to the proper use of the instrument of war, but it soon came to signify something more. There were many ceremonies and etiquettes which grew up with a warrior's life and military affairs, not only with reference to his comrades or to his superiors and inferiors, but also with reference to how he should comport himself toward his enemy. At the bottom of all these matters there lay the idea of honor, not merely one's own honor, but also a compassionate regard for the honor of the enemy. All these ideas came to be implied in the term "the ways of the bow and arrow." Here we see that special moral sentiments were being awakened among this class. Bushido, however, has no particular dogma or canon, except such as grew from practice and except those of which we can gather some idea from instructions given by certain leaders or by certain teachers of military ceremonies or science in the way of interpretation of such matters. Here we have an instruction given to his men by Yoritomo, the first shogun, and therefore one of the early leaders of the system. The essential points of the instructions are these: 1. Practice and mature

military arts. 2. Be not guilty of any base or rude conduct. 3. Be not cowardly or effeminate in behavior. 4. Be simple and frugal. 5. The master and servants should mutually respect their indebtedness. 6. Keep a promise. 7. Share a common fate by mutual bondage in defiance of death or life.

We may say that notions such as these were the foundations of the ethical parts of Bushido. These will mean when interpreted in ethical terms of the Chinese school: 1. Diligence in one's profession. 2. Love and loyalty between master and servants. 3. Decorum and propriety. 4. Gallantry and bravery. 5. Trustfulness and justice. 6. Simplicity and frugality. 7. Contempt of meanness.

At the bottom of these lay the sense of honor. When speaking of any action as unworthy of a bushi, the following phrase was customarily used in early days, "It is disgraceful in the presence of the hand of the bow and arrow," as in later days one would say "a disgrace to bushi," in the same way as you would say in English, "It is unbecoming to a gentleman." The term "bushi" has in many ways a similar meaning to "gentleman" in English. Bushido, of course, encouraged bravery above all things. In an old book describing the war between Gen and Hei, an account of the bravery of bushi of Kwanto—namely, the plain above referred to as that where Bushido originated—is put into the mouth of a general of Hei as having been addressed to his generalissimo, who commanded the army of Hei, which was formed of recruits coming from Kioto and its neighborhood. The narrative was to this effect: "According to the usage of the warriors of the East, the son would not withdraw from the battlefield, though his father might die, or the father would not think of retiring though his son might fall. He would advance and advance, and jumping over the dead, would fight regardless of death or life. As to our own men, they are all weakly recruits from the neighborhood of the capital (where effeminacy reigned at the time). If the father were wounded, the son and all the members of the family would take advantage of this and retire; if the master were killed, his followers would utilize the chance and, hand in hand with their brothers, would withdraw and disappear." This may be a somewhat exaggerated account, but it will show how greatly the original bushi estimated bravery in the same way as our men do in these days.

In addition to these characteristics some other features which were brought into more prominence are entitled to be singled out—namely, fortitude, generosity, imperturbability in the presence of danger or on any unexpected occurrence, compassionateness, and straightforwardness. This kind of attitude was inculcated even in physical exercises of different modes of fighting, such as fencing, practice

with the spear, and jujitsu. There is a verse composed by a Japanese which may be translated thus:

Even in the eyes of the warrior
Whose beard is ten fists long,
The one thing that softly flows from them
Is the tear which is due to love.

This aptly expresses the innate tenderness of heart of a Japanese warrior. There is another verse composed and penned by Commander Takeo Hirose in Chinese just before he went to his doom on the occasion of the second bottling up of Port Arthur, and which, therefore, constituted his last utterance in this world. Translated into English it runs as follows:

Would that I could be born seven times
And sacrifice my life for my country:
Resolved to die, my mind is firm,
And again expecting to win success,
Smiling I go on board.

This will show the fortitude and determination of a bushi at the hour of his exit from this life, and though Hirose was a man of our own day, he may be regarded as one of the best types of an old bushi.

Bushi is not foreign to Shintoism. As a matter of fact bushi generally respect Shinto deities, and, moreover, some military ceremonies were performed in the supposed presence of a Shinto god. Bushi openly invoke the god of war without any compunction, but bushi never have done so in a bigoted way. It was more in the way of reverence paid to a deity of their inherited cult. They were never devotees of Shintoism as a religion. This sort of sentiment of the Japanese is very difficult to explain with clearness, but my meaning is that though they do not despise religion they place more importance on the affairs of the world and on their own exertions in the matters which they undertake. The Samurai do not worship their deity in order that their souls may be safely rescued in the future. I can therefore say that Bushido, as such, has no bearing upon Shintoism. It has its own independent existence, although to the extent I have just referred to it has its connection with Shintoism. In other words, Shintoism was a cult founded upon our old customs and traditions, and therefore Bushi also shared the sentiments pervading that cult, but we can not say that Shinto has produced Bushido.

And again, bushi do not despise Buddhism; on the contrary, many of them may revere it, but Bushido, as such, has no connection with this faith. In documents they often make use of a phrase in a vague way, "by the help of Shin-Butsu," meaning both the Shinto deity and Buddha; but it does not mean that it has any foundation in

Buddhism. If a bushi were a believer in Buddha he probably would not like to show it. We have a story about Yoritomo, the first head of the Shogunate. When he first started in his youth his campaign against Hei, and hid himself in a mountain nook, having been defeated by his enemy he took out from his queue a small image of Kwanin (Kwannon) which he revered, saying, "if my head be taken by the enemy it would not be becoming to the generalissimo of Gen if this image were to be discovered." This will give you an idea of the way in which Buddha was viewed by bushi. As we all know, Buddhism chiefly speaks of the future world. The idea of the bushi was that it was an act of cowardice if one merely did good because one wished to be saved in the future world. Their idea was that good should be done for its own sake, and therefore if one believed in Buddha he had a sort of apprehension that he might be considered a coward. Of course history is not wanting in many instances of great warriors believing in Buddhism, but in many cases this fact had no great significance as far as their conduct and conscience were concerned. There was, however, one feature in which a certain aspect of Buddhism had a considerable influence in molding Bushido; it was the influence of the teaching of the Zen sect. This requires some explanation. In the thesis of Buddhistic teaching there is included the idea of absorbing everything in the universe into oneself; in other words, mental annihilation of all things except oneself. This is done by long and fixed meditation, and at least so far as he himself is concerned, a man can for the moment imagine and realize mentally that he is the only being in the universe, and all other things become nothing. Hence, when he is accustomed to meditation of that description, nothing will ever surprise or frighten him.

There is a story about Hieuntsang, the famous Chinese Buddhist of the Tan period, who visited India. This priest was once caught by a band of robbers. He sat quietly down and began to meditate in the way described above. The robbers tried to intimidate him by threatening him with drawn swords pushed right into his face; but the priest took no notice whatever of what they were doing to him, and remained entirely unmoved. The robbers, observing the attitude of the priest, and thinking that he must be an extraordinary personage, all went away and left him alone. This phase of Buddhism was introduced into China, where it became the cult of one separate sect of Buddhism. Bodhi-Dharma, an Indian priest, who visited China, is commonly accepted as the founder of this sect, which practices meditation more than do other sects, but of course meditation is not its only feature. In general, we may say it is more philosophical in the sense of regarding the universe in a nihilistic sense. This sect is called Zen, and it has been introduced into Japan also. It was patronized by several eminent bushi in its earlier stages.

Perhaps it was liked by them in that, according to its doctrine, a man puts aside the idea of reliance upon another and places himself above everything else, and it was found to have an agreeable resemblance to the spirit of self-reliance inculcated by Bushido. In the second place it repels all ideas of luxury and display and values simplicity and cleanliness, and in that respect it was found to bear an agreeable resemblance to the frugal and simple life of the bushi. Thus the Zen came to exercise its influence over the bushi, but not at all in the sense of believing in future felicity; quite to the contrary, from the very nature of that sect. This influence of Zen seems to have helped to a great extent the development of some of the characteristics of Bushido, such as imperturbability, stoicism, fortitude, and simplicity and cleanliness of thought or body. Here I may add that many traits of Bushido are no doubt to be found in the European knight-hoods of former days, and therefore they are not really new to the Europeans who still remember those traditions.

The weakest point of Bushido in its earlier stages was its want of literary culture in the way of systematic ethical study, hence it easily happened that a thing one might regard as correct might not be correct in reality when examined from a higher point of view. This difficulty was especially observable when two obligations came into conflict, and one had to be preferred to the other. The bushi, in the earlier stages, knew more about their duty to their immediate master than to higher ones; hence their difficulty in discerning their duty to the supreme ruler of the land and their immediate head. Of course, they knew that the Emperor was the highest personage in the country, but they were unable to find out an ethical solution of the question, and indeed in all matters they wanted more systematic enlightenment.

These wants, however, have been supplied gradually as time went on, especially during the last three centuries. During this period almost unbroken peace reigned in the country. It ceased to have any intercourse with foreign countries except in a limited sense, but internally all branches of art and industry were encouraged and developed side by side. The study of Chinese and of native classics have been carried out in all parts of the land, and it was the bushi who chiefly devoted themselves to such culture. Bushi or samurai were retainers, as everyone knows, of their lords, and certain pensions were given by their lords to each family, according to their rank, so that they had not to work for their own living. Hence their only duty was to make themselves physically and mentally fit to fight for their lords in time of necessity, and in times of peace to make themselves as much like gentlemen as possible. In other words physical training and mental enlightenment, together with the refinement of their manners and habits, were their sole business—they had no other occupation. For, indeed, any other occupation which partook of the shape of business

conducted for profit was forbidden and was despised among them. Bushido came to be deeply imbued with the principles of Chinese and Japanese classics as they were taught.

I have shown above that in the systematic exposition of ethical ideas, Confucianism was the richest of all, and the essential part of it was taken by Bushido; as I have also shown above, there are many defects in the Chinese teaching; all the unimportant parts were cast away and the important parts were taken into the teaching of Bushido, and even these parts only in such a way as to suit our national traditions and characteristics, the essential spirit of Shintoism also being resuscitated in such a way as to give an impetus to Bushido, though in no orthodox manner. Such then is our Bushido. The bushi formed the governing class of the Japanese society, and it may be said the educated class also, or in other words the bushi may be called the gentry of the country. We can, therefore, say that Bushido was the ethics of Japanese society. In one way it may be said that Bushido, as such, was a monopoly of the military class, but in truth its spirit was not confined to this only; the literary study of Chinese, as well as of native classics, was not necessarily limited to the military class; hence the same notions which were imbued in it through these studies were also quietly extending their influence among people at large—among whom, I may add, there were many families of old bushi, or families which were quite equal in their standing to the bushi class. Moreover, the spirit of Bushido has also been making its influence felt by other people. Thus we can see that the nation has been preparing itself for centuries for the promotion of moral ideas of the same kind as those of Bushido.

The cardinal points of oriental ethics, as may be expected, are loyalty and filial piety. In China filial piety takes precedence, but in Japan loyalty stands first. There is a poem by Sanetomo, the third shogun of Kamakura and second son of the first shogun, which may be translated literally as follows:

The sea may dry up,
The mountain may burst asunder,
But no duplicity of thought
Shall I have to my sovereign.

Such is the idea of loyalty which has been taught to the Japanese for centuries. Side by side with loyalty the idea of patriotism—a term which in Japanese is almost identical in its purport with loyalty—was also inculcated, though the development of this last idea was later than the former. Then, also, all the other ideas relating to ethics, especially on the lines indicated in Confucianism, were inculcated side by side. With the abolition of the feudal system, some thirty years ago, the structure of Japanese society was totally changed, or rather restored to the condition which preceded the

ascendency of the military class in the twelfth century. The question now arises, What is the actual state of ethics in Japan at present? There is a new element which has been introduced into Japan in recent years, and it is in the form of Christianity. The constitution guarantees freedom of conscience, and therefore there is no hindrance to the propagation of the Christian doctrine with its moral teaching, and, as a matter of fact, there are a number of Japanese who have embraced that faith, but they are after all a very small minority compared with the number of the whole Japanese population. The essence of Japanese ethics is the same as existed prior to the new epoch, with certain modifications actuated by the new force of the altered conditions, which, after all, are only in small details. I may say, in a word, that the Japanese ideal ethics form an extension of Bushido among the people at large from the nonextinct class of Bushi with whom it originated. As to how they stand at present and how they are inculcated among the people at the present time, I must refer my audience to an article entitled "Moral teaching of Japan," which was contributed by me to the February number of *The Nineteenth Century and After*. The sphere of the teaching is extensive, as is necessary from the very nature of the matter, but its essence may be summed up in a comparatively small compass. For this I can not do better than quote a part of the so-called "Imperial Educational Rescript" given to his people by the present Emperor. It is quoted in my article to which I have just referred, but I will recite it once more:

It is our desire that you, our subjects, be filial to your parents and well disposed to your brothers and sisters. Let husband and wife dwell harmoniously together; let friends be mutually trustworthy. Impose upon yourselves self-restraint and rectitude of behavior. Extend to the multitude philanthropy. Advance learning and regulate your pursuits, developing the intellectual faculties and perfecting the virtuous and useful elements. Further seek to enhance the public good and enlighten the world by deeds of social benefit. Treasure always the fundamental constitution and respect the national laws. In any emergency exert yourselves in the public service and exhibit voluntarily your bravery in the cause of order. And by every means assist and promote the prosperity of the Imperial régime, which is lasting as the heavens and the earth. Thus you will not only be our loyal subjects and good citizens, but will manifest the highest and best traditions of your ancestors.

Such, then, are the essential phases of the ethics of Japan. They may be far from reaching your lofty ideals and expectations, but we are contented with their general tendency, while at the same time we do not forget to inculcate the necessary furtherance and expansion of our ideas required by the changing circumstances of the time. We are likewise mindful of the desirability of carrying them out in such a way as not to conflict with the best ideals of any other country, for our sole aspiration is to preserve harmonious relations with the whole of mankind.

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September 29, 1904

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The variety of causes since that time, however, shows how insidiously the evil has progressed. Blacks and whites are now lynched for offenses which have no relation to murder and criminal assault, and many, if not most, of which in a well regulated and law abiding community would be disposed of in the lower courts. How insidious this evil is, how rapidly, when not opposed, it tends to barbarize, is also shown by the exceptionally cruel lynchings which have occurred in Northern communities during the last two years. This shows, as Bishop Candler, of Georgia, recently declared, that "lynching is due to race hatred and not to any horror over any particular crime," and that unless it is checked it may involve anarchy; "for men will go from lynching persons on account of their color to lynching other persons on account of their religion, or their politics, or their business relations." The record already begins to show cases of this kind.

These are gruesome facts and figures, but one who has watched them year after year, who has studied the circumstances of each case of lynching, who has kept track of the increase of repressive legislation and observed its effects, cannot help but note a more encouraging trend of public sentiment. There is a brighter side to the picture. It is impossible not to believe that the lynching evil is on the decrease. It never may be possible entirely to prevent crime. It never may be possible in a country as large as this and with such a heterogeneous population completely to prevent lynching, but it is possible to make it an exceptional crime. There is every reason to believe that things are working to such an accomplishment. The number of lynchings is decreasing. It is encouraging that the number is fast decreasing in those States which formerly were the worst offenders. Both the Governors of Alabama and Mississippi in their messages to the Legislature last year boasted of their immunity from lynching as compared with previous years, and have called attention to the more resolute action of sheriffs and to

the excellent working of recent anti-lynching legislation. There is hardly a Southern State which has not adopted repressive measures of some kind and given new powers to Governors and county authorities. It is evident that there is a strong revulsion of feeling in the South and that law-abiding and law-respecting men are doing everything in their power to vindicate justice and restore the authority of the courts. Public prosecutors also are performing their duties more efficiently. Grand juries are growing more courageous. Mob murderers no longer boast of their cruel work, but seek to conceal their share in it. The general agitation of the question which was aroused, as already said, not because of an increase of lynchings in the South, for they are on the decrease, but because of the needless barbarity which recently has characterized lynchings in the North, has been healthy. It has incited the best citizens, North and South, to fresh efforts for the restriction and, if possible, the suppression of the evil. It has come to be recognized, as Justice Brewer said, that lynching is murder, and, as Justice Love said, that in the end it means anarchy, that it is an evil dangerous to civilization, and that if it is not checked it inevitably will increase rapidly under the joint influence of mob cruelty and race hatred.

Another citation from these statistics—and a significant one—indicates there is a brighter side to the picture. While there is a decrease in lynchings there is an increase in legal executions, and this increase is specially noticeable in those States where lynching has been most common. There have been 123 persons legally hanged this year, seventy-eight of them in the South. Five years ago nearly every one of these seventy-eight would have been lynched. Wherever the law works promptly and the authorities are energetic and resolute in its enforcement lynchings decrease and legal executions increase. There is no reason to be discouraged. The outlook is hopeful.

CHICAGO, ILL.

fought battles with singlesticks. We chose sides and pitted army against army, sometimes as many as fifty boys. As soon as a boy was touched by a stick in the hands of another he was supposed to be wounded, and could not fight any more in that particular battle. We also battled with mud balls.

Our public school system is modeled after the American, and as our school hours are much longer than they are here, I graduated from the grammar school at the age of thirteen. My uncle then said that I must go to the military academy, and my mother could not oppose him. However, I was not so submissive. I wanted to go to the Christian school, and finding my uncle bent on making a soldier of me, I ran away from home one night, slipping out of the house when all were asleep. I had no money, and there was a march of 200 miles before me to reach the city of Kumamoto, where I knew I would find Messrs. Gulick and Clark, the Christian missionaries.

That was a very hard journey. Sometimes I slept in the woods, and sometimes I slept by the roadside, and then again in every considerable town I found quarters at the Young Men's house—like the Young Men's Christian Association here, only that it is not Christian.

Messrs. Gulick and Clark welcomed me at the mission school, and got me work to pay for my board and tuition.

It was the hardest sort of work. I had to get up at 4.30 o'clock in the morning and milk the cows, clean the stable, clean the house and cut wood.

What a change from the old pleasant life in my father's house!

Mother sent me several messages, saying, "Come back, for your uncle is very angry!" while uncle wrote, "If you do not come back I will not send you any money."

I wrote gently to mother, telling her that what I was doing was for the best, but to my uncle I replied:

"I do not come back. I do not want any money. I will work."

I stayed at that school three years, working all the time and learning English, geometry, trigonometry, solid geometry and English literature.

From thence I went on to Doshisha

College, where I spent three more years. Doshisha is the great Christian college of Japan. I had done well in my studies, and there was a general feeling in the school that I ought to go to the college. A fund was collected to help me along. Messrs. Clark and Gulick subscribed, and the students generally contributed.

It was only partial help, however, and when I got to Doshisha I still worked.

Meanwhile my uncle had become reconciled and acknowledged that he was wrong in wanting me to become a soldier. He offered to send me money, but I again replied: "I don't want money. I can support myself."

One year at Doshisha I won the cash prize for mathematics, and that helped me. When I had finished the course at college I determined to go to America, but I thought that first I would return to our home and visit my mother and our family. But it was mother herself who now urged me not to delay or turn back—even that she might see me again.

So with heavy heart I bade good-by to beautiful Japan, and crossed the Pacific Ocean. I have since then heard of mother's death, and it made me very sad.

I crossed to America on one of the largest passenger ships. When we reached San Francisco our immense vessel lay alongside a great pier, and emptied passengers and cargo down the gangplanks. That was new to me. Big ships can't use the piers in Japan. They draw too much water, and are unloaded by small boats.

I thought San Francisco a very handsome city, and found in it many things to astonish me. The buildings were so high, the streets so wide—then the trolley cars shooting along so fast.

In Japan there are no sidewalks, or, perhaps, it might be better to say that all the street is sidewalk, for pedestrians walk in the center of it, dodging the jinriksha man.

The absence of the jinriksha man was another novelty. In Japan almost all locomotion is by man power. The trolley is found in a few places, but not enough to effect conditions. Here you have the great systems, and your slaves are senseless machines. That pleased me very much.

As I passed through the streets there

were all sorts of fresh surprises, especially the sight of boys and girls walking about together. A Japanese boy at home would consider it a disgrace to be seen with a girl. I think that the Japanese girls are too much kept down, and the American girls too independent. Half way between would be just right.

In my boarding house I encountered other surprises—fresh water of which I

comfortable seat, under a shady umbrella, and smokes his pipe, while he drives a team of horses. A patent machine does all the sprinkling.

On my ride across the Continent to Monson Academy, in Massachusetts, whither I was bound, I was especially impressed by the uncultivated plains through which we passed. In Japan there is very little plain to be seen, the



Group of Japanese Students, K. Higashi Shown in Center

could have any quantity by simply turning a tap; and the wonderful sewer system.

Looking out of my window a little later I beheld men watering the streets. That was also new, and I especially admired the way in which it was done. If streets were to be watered in Japan men would carry the water and the sprinkling would be a toilsome and inadequate process.

Here, on the contrary, a man sits on a

country is so mountainous. Here were to be seen plains that appeared endless, and no man tilling them.

I knew before I crossed the Pacific Ocean that the United States was very rich, but it never was brought home to me so powerfully as by the sight of all that surplus land lying idle. It also made me think that there is a great deal of work to be done in this country.

In the vacations I found employment, sometimes in the city of New York and

at other times on the farms. Once, while working on a farm, I was sunstruck, and fell down in the field a long way from the house. I was hoeing corn at the time. How long I lay unconscious I do not know, but when I opened my eyes again I found a tramp taking care of me. He had put water on my face. When he found that I was able to rise he told me to go to the house, but I would not until I had finished my labor. Then this charitable tramp actually helped me to hoe. I fell down unconscious again, but this time some of my friends came, and with the aid of the tramp carried me to the house, where the good fellow was feasted. I never saw him again. He would not tell me his name.

From Monson Academy I went to Yale, and tried to work my way through. I was there a year and a half, studying economics in all its branches. I was attached to Divinity Hall. While at Yale I attempted to have ju-jit-su established as a department of athletics. Numbers of the students were interested in it. The president of the united athletic associations talked the matter over with me, and promised consideration, but nothing was done, so far as I know. Soon afterward I was obliged to leave college on account of financial pressure. I hope soon to return to it.

Of course, this war between Russia and my country has excited me much, as it has all the Japanese here, and sometimes I wish that I was with the soldiers, but, after all, I am only one, and I have no military training. If I get much learning I can be more useful later on.

The unpreparedness of the Russians was a surprise. It seems strange that they did not know that they were forcing us to fight. We must win. We are so much more in earnest. If the Russians are beaten from Manchuria it is to them only a trifle—the loss of an insignificant province, while for us defeat would threaten the very life of the Empire.

That, in part, explains the great earnestness of the Japanese, but besides that our soldiers are inspired by their history of 3000 years and by the traditions of uninterrupted victory over all enemies.

It is hard to make Western people understand the feeling which Japanese sol-

diers have for their Emperor, which makes them not only contented, but joyful, to lay down their lives for him.

In all the Western armies the best soldiers are religious, but in my country it is different. Religion and hope of a happy immortality have nothing to do with inspiring the soldiers.

Japan has taken a great deal from America, and there are still other things that she will take. One of the most important is Christianity.

The old Japanese religions are dead. Confucianism is confined to the scholars, but it is a system of morals rather than a religion. Shintoism, founded by a holy man who lived on the mountain Fusi-Yama thousands of years ago, is the oldest Japanese religion, but it is a mere mummy. The people laugh at the idols, and pelt them with balls of chewed paper as they pass by.

As to Buddhism, it has become very much corrupted. Japanese saints have been turned into Hindoo divinities, and Hindoo divinities are now Japanese saints. Buddhism is dominant, but its highest hope is death, the extinction of the individual.

So there is nothing of good in these old religions that now cumber the soil of Japan. They have no life, no force.

On the other hand, Christianity is young and full of vitality and of good promise. People who believe it are made happy.

In Japan Christianity is spreading more and more rapidly. The leading missionaries are men of great earnestness and power, and wherever one goes in the land he finds the new religion making progress, especially among the educated classes—the thinkers.

When Japan cast out Christianity before it was not because of the religion itself, but because its priests sought to exercise temporal power.

Christianity as it comes to us now has no such objection. One can be a good Christian and also a good subject of the Emperor, and so the missionaries, and especially those from our great friend America, are gladly received.

Christianity by means of its teaching will break down our class lines, which are now the great curse of Japan. They are almost as strong as Hindoo caste, and

are inconceivable to Americans, who rise or fall according to their individual powers.

In Japan there is a very strong feeling against men trying to rise above the station in which they were born, while to sink below is utterly disgraceful. Altogether, there are eight classes:

I. The princes, both Daimioe and Saimioe.

II. The kie-nien, or noblemen, feudal lords who hold their lands in consideration of military service of themselves and their retainers. From this noble class are generally selected such of the ministers as are not princes, the great officers of State, governors, generals, etc. etc.

III. The priesthood, both Shinto and Buddhist.

IV. The military or vassals of the nobility, who hold their land on very easy terms; they have merely to raise troops sufficient to furnish guards, preserve order in their neighborhoods and guard the coast. Before Japan shut herself up from the world Japanese soldiers of fortune roamed all over Asia fighting for the best paymaster. They were highly esteemed as warriors. This practice has long been forbidden.

[The four classes above mentioned are allowed to wear two swords, and the hakuma, or petticoat trousers.]

V. Inferior officials, doctors and other persons deemed respectable and not included in any of the four upper classes. These are allowed to wear the hakuma and one sword.

VI. Merchants, shopkeepers, who include among them the wealthiest men of Japan. They are much despised by those above them, and are not allowed to imitate the upper classes. The wealthy merchant may be able to purchase the indulgence of wearing a sword, but he can never hope to wear the hakuma.

VII. Small shopkeepers, mechanics, artisans and artists with the exception of those who are in any way connected with the leather trade.

VIII. Peasantry, day laborers of every kind, very degraded.

Below all these are the tanners, curriers and all who deal in leather. It is a doctrine of Shintoism that one is defiled by contact with the remains of any

creature that has died. These pariahs must dwell in villages of their own. The law ignores them, they are not counted in the census, and the land on which their village stands is not measured in considering the length of the road running through it.

Japan is poor to-day, in spite of her fine climate and fertility, partly because of the great crowding on her soil, but still more because there is no such thing as the commercial spirit among her upper classes. Her nobles despise money making, and will have nothing to do with it. Commerce is far beneath them, and they will only be warriors or statesmen. The knights, too, have the same spirit, but since the war with China the beginning of a change may be seen. The importance of commerce is beginning to be recognized, and some of the knights are going into business. The old, old prejudice will gradually break down among Japanese nobles as it has recently among the noblemen of England.

Another thing that we will take from America will be some leaves of its book on treatment of women, but not all.

As I said in another place, the proper treatment of women lies half way between the way they are treated in Japan as contrasted with the way they are treated in America. With us they are oppressed, in America they are overindulged. The position of a married man in America is absurd. The law makes him responsible for his wife's maintenance, debts and offenses. If she injures any one he is punished. She owns his property, but he does not own hers. She can take anything of his and it is not stealing, but he must not take anything belonging to her. The husband must support the children, yet in case of separation or divorce the courts generally give them to the wife.

Women here constantly proclaim that they are the equals of men, yet when they separate or sue for divorce they come crying to the court, begging that the man be made to support them on the ground that otherwise they would become public charges—that is to say, they are so incapable of doing anything useful that they cannot even earn their own livings.

Man is the head of the family when there is some punishment to be inflicted.

He has all sorts of duties and responsibilities which he must fulfill or suffer. But the wife has no duty or responsibility for failure to perform which the law punishes her.

Man is responsible for the doings of his wife, and yet has no authority over her.

Foreigners laugh at the situation that American men have put themselves in by their mistaken sense of gallantry.

It is also amusing to see the result, for nowhere are men so snubbed and despised by their women as here. They have so long told the women that they are superior that the latter have come to believe the story and act accordingly.

We are not likely to make the mistake that American men have made, and we will probably confer women's rights with more conservatism and some consideration of the fact that the burdens and pen-

alties and responsibilities must be carried, and that it is no more fair to pile them all on the man than it is to pile them all on the woman.

So I think we'll only take half of the women's rights from America.

Another thing we must have, and quickly, is the American alphabet. Japanese books are very expensive now because our types are a mixture of Japanese and Chinese characters, and printing with us is a very tiresome process. Besides that, these characters are a bar to education. Learning wastes too much time.

These reforms that Japan will make by adopting more American ways are all in sight and certain. After them I suppose there will be others, for Japan very highly values the title conferred on her by the world, "America's aptest pupil."

NEW YORK.

"Getting Along" with People

BY KATE UPSON CLARK

"WHAT a fine fellow Percy X. is!" remarked a business man one day to a lawyer friend.

"Yes," rejoined the lawyer, "he is. But he has been with the K.'s"—naming a great corporation—"for ten years now and he is getting only \$150 per month. He has a wife and three children, and, with their tastes, I fancy they have all they can do to live comfortably. He ought to be earning more, with his education and capacity."

"Why doesn't he rise faster?"

"I'll tell you. He doesn't rise and he can't rise until he learns how to get along with people. He can't manage men at all. If he tries he gets himself disliked, and he keeps them in a constant state of irritation."

A similar conversation was recently overheard between two business men. Said one: "I hear that young Paul G., only four years out of college, has been

placed at the head of the T. branch of the Y. Company. I didn't know he was so smart. What is his strong point?"

"He is a great fellow to get along with people," answered the other man. "No man would, of course, be given a place of such responsibility without integrity, fair quickness and ability, and a good education. But there are scores of men who have all of those qualities and yet they do not go forward, because they cannot exercise authority. If they are given any, they either make the men under them cross and restive by petty tyrannies, or else they are too good-natured and lose the respect of the men—are imposed on by them and don't get good work out of them. It seems to be the rarest thing in the world to find young men who have dignity and keeness enough to maintain discipline, and yet can make their subordinates bear the yoke cheerfully and render good service."

A third young man was characterised

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LAFCADIO HEARN, INTERPRETER OF JAPAN

With Portrait

WHAT THE PEOPLE READ IN HUNGARY

Illustrated

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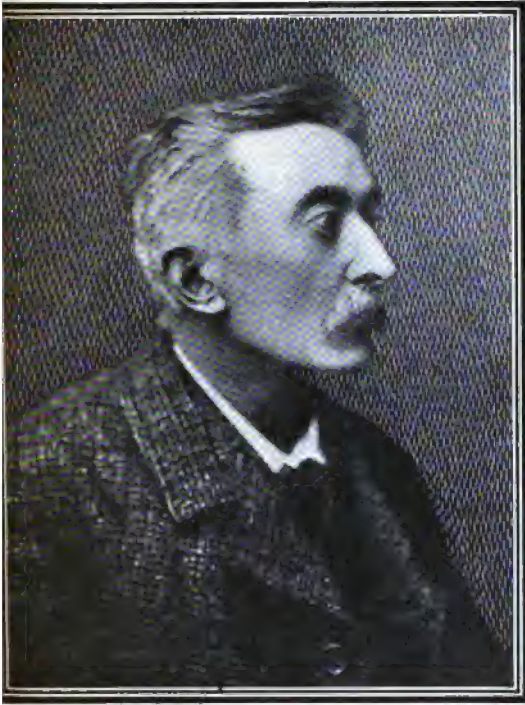
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LAFCADIO HEARN, INTERPRETER OF JAPAN.



THE LATE LAFCADIO HEARN.
(Died at Tokio, September 23, 1904.)

[T was just as he had given to the world what is probably the subtlest and most searching analysis of Japan and the Japanese character ver published that Lafcadio Hearn died in 'okio among his adopted people. Mr. Hearn was a remarkable product of a remarkable inermixture of races. His father was an Irish surgeon in the British army; his mother an onian Greek girl. He was born in the Ionian slands, educated in Wales, Ireland, England, nd France, in private schools and Roman Catholic institutions; came to the United States and ried to make a living as a book agent in Cinnati; began reading proof and writing articles or the Cincinnati *Enquirer*; went to New Orleans and kept a restaurant; lived for two years n the West Indies; and, in 1884, began his rue literary career with his first book, "Stray Leaves from Strange Literature." His best raining as a writer, he declares, was on the Cincinnati *Commercial*, under Murat Halstead. For ten years he remained an editorial writer in New Orleans, bringing out several books, the best-known of which, perhaps, is "Some Chinese

Ghosts." In 1890, he went to Japan and began life as a teacher. Soon afterward he married a Japanese wife and became a subject of the empire, taking the name of Y. Koizumi. Within a few years he made himself so familiar with the inner life of the Japanese people that he had become practically one of them. In 1896, he was appointed a lecturer in the Imperial University of Tokio.

Lafcadio Hearn had a knowledge of Oriental life and traditions, particularly those of Japan, probably unequaled among Western authors. His books "Out of the East," "Glimpses of Unfamiliar Fields," "Ghostly Japan," "Kwaidan," and (the last) "Japan: An Interpretation" (just issued by the Macmillans) are the most subtle and sympathetic interpretations of Japan and its people which have yet been made public. Mr. Hearn was indeed saturated with the Japanese atmosphere, and in "Japan: An Interpretation," he writes with a freedom and sure touch which not only indicate inner conviction, but show a great, rich background of experience and understanding. No work fully interpreting Japanese life, he declares, "no work picturing Japan, within and without, historically and socially, psychologically and ethically, can be written for at least another fifty years." Japan cannot be understood without a thorough comprehension of her religious life, which underlies every fact of her existence. The chief facts of Japanese religion being ancestor-worship and the authority of the family (in the sense of the gens), it is necessary to understand this before we can begin to grasp the psychology of the people. Loyalty to the gods and to the sovereign became so closely identified that religion and government of the Japanese have been for generations only different names for the same thing. The religion of loyalty has made Japan what she is, and, Mr. Hearn declares, her future will depend upon the new religion of loyalty evolved from the ancient religion of the dead. Japan, Mr. Hearn believes, is still in social conditions of an earlier age of the world than the West. These conditions have their beauty and charm and strength, but are scarcely favorable to success in the future national competition.

Mr. Hearn was not a philosopher or a judicial student of life. He was a gifted, born impressionist, with a style resembling that of the French Pierre Loti. His stories and descriptions are delicate or gorgeous word pictures of the subtler and more elusive qualities of Oriental life.

JAPAN AND THE RESURRECTION OF POLAND.

A FAMOUS POLISH AUTHOR INTERVIEWED BY MR. W. T. STEAD.

"THE Polish Republic," said Mr. Lutoslavski, the learned author of "A Study of the Psychology of Plato"—"the Polish Republic——"

"What," I exclaimed, "the Polish Republic! There's no Polish Republic."

"Sir," said the Polish patriot, "it is not for you, who believe in the psychical world, to scoff at that which is not dead but sleeping. The Polish nationality is immortal."

"And you live in the sure and certain hope of its joyful resurrection?" I answered.

"Not a hope," said Mr. Lutoslavski, seriously, "but a certain knowledge of what is coming and must be. A prophecy, a century old, not understood at the time, is nearing its fulfillment."

"And that prophecy?"

"Was to the effect that Poland would come to life again when Russia had been defeated by a nation then unknown in Europe, and England would complete the task which the unknown nation, now easily identifiable as Japan, has already begun."

"What a dreamer you are!"

"The dreams that nations dream come true. The resurrection of Poland draws near. When Russia and Germany are defeated by the great alliance of England, America, France, and Japan, then my country will rise from the tomb and take its place among the states of the world."

"It is a large order, both Germany and Russia!"

"Yes, the two empires, united by a common crime, must be overwhelmed by a common punishment."

"I see no necessity for such a world-wide combat, even for the sake of Poland."

"It is in your destiny. Russia is like a cyclist riding down a steep hill after his brake has snapped. She cannot arrest her course, and will inevitably come into collision with the representatives of the modern world of liberty, of progress, and of justice."

"Russia," I ventured to remark, "has been the bulwark of Europe for centuries against Asiatic invasion. If she were to break up, the Yellow Peril——"

"The Yellow Peril! the Yellow Peril!" cried Mr. Lutoslavski; "Russia is the Yellow Peril. It was and is the Poles who are the vanguard of Western civilization against the Asiatic. It

was the Poles who swept the Turks back from the walls of Vienna. It was the Poles who, for a thousand years, manned the ramparts of Europe against the Tartarized Muscovite. The Russians did not stem the tide of Asiatic invasion. They were engulfed by it,—transformed Tartarized. Their Czar is but the Tartar khan. Their system of government is Oriental. All the arguments you use to eulogize Russia as defender of the West against the East you should use in praise of the Poles, who held the line and did not succumb to the Asiatic flood."

"Then you do not despair really. You still believe in the resurrection of Poland?"

"Despair? Never. A nation which for a thousand years had arts, science, culture, literature, civilization, of its own, when Russia was sunk in letterless barbarism, can never be permanently enslaved by a power so much her inferior physically, mentally, and morally."

"All of which might have been said by the Greeks of the Romans, but Greece was ruled by Rome."

"Only for a season. The Western Empire, which was Rome, passed away like an exhalation before the attack of the Goths and Vandals. The Eastern Empire, which was Greek, survived the sack of Rome by a thousand years. Poland has been buried alive for a century and a half. What is that in the history of a nation?"

"Then when Poland rises again, what kind of a state will she be—monarchy or republic?"

"Republic, of course. She was always a republic, even when she crowned the man of her choice and called him King. Poland, as she will emerge from her sepulcher, will be a great state stretching from the Baltic to the Black Sea. Riga, Königsberg, and Dantzic will be her sea-gates in the north; Odessa her seaport in the Euxine. She will be composed of three races,—the Poles proper, twenty millions; the Ruthenians, twenty millions; and the Lithuanians, five millions. Besides these, there are many Russians and Germans,—minorities,—so that the Polish Republic will start with a population of fifty millions. These will be the real bulwark of civilization against the Yellow Peril, the impregnable rampart garrisoned by an educated, moral, incorruptible, and religious race, against which all the waves of the Tartarized mongrelism will beat in vain."

PRINCE MIRSKY, RUSSIA'S NEW MINISTER OF THE INTERIOR.

BY HERMAN ROSENTHAL.

THE appointment of Prince Peter Dmitrievich Sviatopolk-Mirsky as Russian minister of the interior to succeed the late von Plehve was a severe blow to the ascendancy of that ring of reactionary bureaucrats which of late years has been dominant in the political affairs of the empire. The Czar has evidently found sufficient courage to partially disentangle himself from the intrigues and influence of the "autocratic terrorists" led by Pobiedonostseff and some of the grand dukes. He has apparently at last fully realized the dangers of the disintegrating policy of the Plehve régime. The serious reverses in the far East and the alarming disturbances in the interior of the empire have brought Russia to the verge of national disaster, which, it is believed, can be averted by the appointment of a more liberal minister with a blameless record.

Sviatopolk-Mirsky, says the writer Struve in the *Osvobozhdenie*, assumes the duties of his office under very trying circumstances.

He does not bring with him the weighty authority of Count Loris Melikoff, the reform-dictator in the reign of Alexander II., who had won distinction as a great general. He is not, however, a stupid reactionary like his predecessors, who, with their wild Asiatic methods, disappointed even their master, Pobiedonostseff. He is not a police genius like Plehve, who in defeating the hydra of terrorism inspired it with new force, which finally led to his ruin.

It is generally agreed that Sviatopolk-Mirsky is a good man, hitherto little known to the political world. It is known, however, that he did not approve of the aggressive speech made by the Czar on January 30, 1895, wherein he

designated the wishes of the zemstvos for wider autonomy as foolish fancies. In some circles, the new minister is even regarded as a Liberal.

Prince Peter Dmitrievich Sviatopolk-Mirsky was born in 1857, of a family which traces its descent from Rurik. His father, Prince Dmitri Ivanovich, was a well-known general, having distinguished himself in the Caucasus, the Crimean War, and in the Turkish war of 1877-78, in which he participated in the storming of Kars. Prince Peter entered the army after graduating from the Military School of Pages. His first appointment was to the regiment of the Imperial Hussars, whence he was transferred, at the beginning of the Turkish war, to the staff of the commander-in-chief of the Caucasian Army. He was commended by his superiors for his cool courage in various battles. Completing his studies in the Military Academy of St. Petersburg, he was attached, in 1881, to the staff of the governor-general of the Odessa district. Subsequently he became



PRINCE PETER SVIATOPOLOK-MIRSKY.
(Who succeeds the late von Plehve as Russian minister of the interior.)

a regimental commander, and in 1886 was made chief of staff of the third grenadier division. In 1895, he was intrusted with administrative work as governor of Penza. Two years later he was made governor of Yekaterinoslaf. In 1900, he became assistant minister of the interior and commander of a special corps of gendarmes. In 1902, the prince received the appointment of governor-general of the northwestern governments of Vilna, Kovno, and Grodno, which position he retained until his recent promotion to the ministry of the interior. His record in his various administrative offices shows him to have enjoyed the confidence and the favor of the people.

Hence, it is quite clear that the government, in appointing him, is endeavoring to create an atmosphere of conciliation and concession.

There is no justification, however, for the assumption that Prince Sviatopolk-Mirsky may immediately grant real concessions. He has himself repeatedly announced his policy (to the correspondent of the *Écho de Paris*) to the members of the press at Vilna, and on various occasions in St. Petersburg, and has made it quite clear that radical changes should not be expected. At the same time, it will be his endeavor to make effective the programme outlined in the Czar's manifesto of February 26, 1903. He expects to carry it out on a broad, honest, and liberal basis, without affecting the principles of the existing order of things,—meaning thereby the principles of autocracy. According to him, the rural assemblies (the *zemstvos*) must receive the greatest possible freedom and autonomy. This he regards as the best means for counteracting "parliamentarism," which is "utterly unsuited for Russia." Concerning the Jews, the new minister has said: "I am not an enemy of the Jews, yet if we should give them equal rights with the Greek-Orthodox Russians they would soon at-

tain too much importance." For the time being, he expects to treat them with great consideration, and will especially endeavor to improve the condition of the Jewish masses, for "the best results may be obtained by good treatment." He also stated that even though he is ever ready to fight the terrorists, he is yet a friend of the students and willing to make allowance for youthful exuberance.

From the latest accounts, it appears that the prince has already dismissed a large number of Plehve's former body-guard; that he has recalled from exile Dervise, the president, and Milyukov, the council member, of the *zemstvos* of Tver, who were exiled by Plehve for recommending the transfer of a money grant from the parochial schools to those of the communities, and that he has put a stop to the summary expulsion of Jews from certain villages. After a careful survey of the entire situation, however, the truth that stands out most obviously and insistently is summed up in the statement that, notwithstanding indubitably good intentions, Sviatopolk-Mirsky will not be able to effect any substantial reforms until the whole Russian ruling system is changed—until the autocracy has been superseded by some form of constitutional government.

WHAT THE PEOPLE READ IN HUNGARY.

OF Hungary we know that, although a member of the Austro-Hungarian monarchy, she is in reality an independent, self-governing state, and that she does not stand behind other civilized countries in the matter of progress. The intellectual and sentimental life of the Hungarian people is in perfect accord with the independent, national, political life of all the civilized world, under the same conditions which make for the progress and welfare of all nations. Of the present state of Hungarian culture, a graphic and convincing proof is furnished by the fact that the country can boast of fifty daily newspapers, both morning and evening. Hungary has also about two hundred weeklies dealing with politics alone, as well as others devoted to literature, religion, political economy, and industry. The Hungarian press which deals with artistic and literary criticism is very prominent, and the periodicals devoted to wit and humor are no less famous.

The most prominent and the best-known Hungarian daily is the *Budapesti Hirlap* (Budapest News), which advocates the political views and aspirations of Count Albert Apponyi, the world-

famous statesman, and, accordingly, it is the chief organ of Hungarian chauvinism. The *Budapesti Hirlap* is the leading newspaper of Hungary.



RÁKOSI-JENO (EUGENE RÁKOSI).
(Editor of the *Budapesti Hirlap*.)

Its name stands for the leader in every important movement in the life of the nation. It supports every idea and agitation for the growth of national efficiency. It defends and promotes every national ambition for moral and material progress. Its editor and owner, Eugene Rákosi, is a figure of international fame. He

is also well known as a playwright, an aesthete, and a scientist who, at home and abroad, has ac-

ing the recent visit of the imperial governor, the Prince of Hohenlohe-Langenburg, a trial-shooting with the old war tools took place on the old pioneer drill-ground at Metz. The shooting showed quite surprising results. Even the little *onager*, which had at first occasionally missed fire, scattered its balls promptly and safely at a distance of about one hundred and fifty meters [a little less than five hundred feet].

The reconstructed guns and their perform-

ances received the full approval of the governor, who expressed himself to the effect that, in the Kaiser's opinion, these engines would certainly be a very valuable acquisition for the Saalburg, the old Roman frontier fort near Homburg, which Emperor William II. has recently had rebuilt on the ancient plans, and which he dedicated two years ago.

SEVEN MONTHS OF WAR: A RUSSIAN VIEW.

COMMENTING on the unpreparedness of Russia at the outbreak of the war, and on the significant reverses on land and sea, the *Russkaya Viedomosti*, the liberal journal of Mos-



GETTING READY IN MANCHURIA.

RUSSIA: "The wretched little creatures! It will be necessary to kill them to the very last man."

From *La Silhouette* (Paris).

cow, admits that Japan was for the most part successful in carrying out her military plans during the seven months of the campaign. The remains of the Russian fleet still at Port Arthur is evidently doomed to destruction, says the *Viedomosti*, "for it will hardly succeed in escap-

ing from Togo's powerful squadron; and if Port Arthur is to fall, the best that may be hoped for the vessels is that they will be scuttled or blown up to keep them from falling into the hands of the enemy." The part to be played by the Baltic fleet, which is at last starting on its voyage, is for the future to decide, but, meanwhile, it must be admitted that "the Japanese have succeeded in carrying out their immediate plans, and that the first phase of the war has in every respect proved unsuccessful for Russia."

These failures on Russia's part may be accounted for, this Moscow journal continues, by circumstances "unfortunate for us." Russia was unprepared for the war.

The Russian armies encountered forces stronger both on land and sea; and, finally, we were handicapped by our great distance from the field of operations. We can do nothing against such overwhelming odds, and may only hope for a more propitious future. We have suffered a great affliction, which we must bear patiently and bravely. But every serious experience should teach something,—should emphasize the faults that have become apparent. In this respect this lesson contains much that is instructive for Russia.

Examining in greater detail the military status of the two powers in the far East immediately before the war, the *Viedomosti* comes to conclusions not at all flattering to the Russian Government. It finds on Russia's part a scant military equipment in the far East, "a shocking ignorance of Japan's resources, an inexcusable contempt for Japan's army and navy," and on Japan's part, years of careful preparation, study, and organization.

Compared with this exhaustive study of everything the knowledge of which was indispensable to Japan for a successful struggle with Russia, we hardly possessed any exact information about Japan, her military forces, her resources, the attitude and spirit of her people. In the well-known book on Japan by Colonel Boguslavski (1904), who had at his disposal the information of our general staff, it is stated that Japan's army, including the reserves, numbers 231,800 men; that the cavalry numbers only 10,000 men, and that it is poor; that the artillery has only 684 guns, and that the territorial

army numbered only 122,000 men. In reality, Japan placed an army of 500,000 men in Manchuria. She has a cavalry with good Australian horses, and her artillery is much more numerous. Aside from the secrecy observed by Japan in military matters, Russia was also prevented from securing the necessary information by the absence, in Russia, of students of Japan. The number of persons knowing Japanese is very limited. There are no educated Russian interpreters for the army, to say nothing of persons who could mingle in Japanese society, or even pass, in case of necessity, for Japa-

probably be shed ere the pressure of this new world power is relieved and she is compelled to moderate her demands.

As to peace terms, the Moscow journal "can not but wish that the conditions of the war be soon modified in Russia's favor to such an extent that she be placed in a position to consider the cessation of hostilities and the discussion of the peace terms."

But everybody realizes that until Russia secures a decided advantage in the coming new phase of the war the conclusion of peace is entirely out of the question. Let us hope for the moment when there will appear to us the hope in the possibility of a peaceful termination of the bloody struggle on conditions acceptable to both countries and compatible with the dignity and the vital interests of Russia. All Russia will breathe more freely when this opportunity comes at last, when she will be relieved from the suffering and care inflicted by the war, when this "far East" will cease to be a Moloch consuming the blood and the savings of our nation, when we shall again be enabled to take up our important productive undertakings, and, with a clearer consciousness of our backwardness, our failings, our national needs, in the friendly cooperation of the people and the government to strengthen our work of progress so indispensable to us



RUSSIAN ARTILLERY WITH GENERAL LINEVICH'S FORCES, IN EXTREME EASTERN MANCHURIA.

nese, thanks to their excellent knowledge of the Japanese language, life, and literature. It was reported in our press quite recently that the government, feeling the need of educated interpreters, sought them in the faculty of Oriental languages of the University of St. Petersburg, and elsewhere, but failed to find any.

The *Viedomosti* urges that strong efforts be made to create a body of men familiar with the East, its languages, and its life. As to the campaign itself, it counsels the straining of every nerve to make up for lost time, to increase the army in Manchuria until its numbers are greater than those of the Japanese. In this way it would become possible, not only to stop their advance, but actually to assume the offensive.

We are all convinced that the reinforcements will arrive, that our army will become numerically stronger than the Japanese army, and that it will then advance in the full consciousness of its superiority. . . . The whole world is awaiting with interest the outcome of this significant struggle, in which Japan is apparently ready to sacrifice all her resources in order to attain predominance in the far East, and to become the arbiter of the fortunes of all eastern Asia. Much blood will

in order to raise the level of prosperity and enlightenment in our nation.

A Discussion of the Campaign.

In another issue, the *Viedomosti* discusses the Russian plan of campaign for 1904. Kuropatkin was to drive the Japanese to the Pacific, while Linevich was to descend from Vladivostok and threaten the Japanese in Korea. This plan of the general staff was similar to that of the Union armies of Grant and Sherman. But, says the *Viedomosti*, Linevich's campaign in northeastern Korea has not been crowned with success, thus far, and his vanguard of two thousand men and six guns has retreated to the north.

The fundamental cause of this failure in consequence of which we must renounce the hope of finishing the war within the present year is the same that brought about our reverses in the first part of the war of 1877,—namely, the insufficient forces for an offensive campaign. In the Civil War of 1861-65, Sherman's march was brilliantly successful because on the strategic front of the Union armies Grant's forces were considerably

stronger than Lee's and gradually forced the latter to the south. But in the present campaign, Linevich made ready for his march to Gensan and Seoul at the time when on the main theater of war in southern Manchuria Oyama's forces were considerably larger than ours, and Kuropatkin not only failed to drive the Japanese back to Korea, but was himself compelled, step by step, to retreat to the north.

The *Viedomosti* also points out another important difference between this campaign and that of Grant and Sherman,—the command of the sea. The march to Seoul, it says, and farther, to the Yalu, would have been possible for Linevich only with our fleet's mastery on the Sea of Japan.

But the Baltic fleet did not come in time, Admiral Yessen suffered defeat at Fusan, the command of the sea was in the hands of the Japanese, and Linevich could not maintain a line of communication seven hundred and fifty versts long, and in mountainous country at that. Finally, the undisputed occupation of the line on the Mississippi by Grant in 1863 secured Sherman's flank, while the flank of Linevich's army would have been exposed to attack from the sea. All these causes contributed to the brilliant success of the Union forces in the campaign of 1864-65 on the one hand, and to the failure of our campaign on the other, although the plans of the two campaigns were almost identical in their fundamental idea. The idea on which the plan of campaign by our general staff was founded is excellent in itself, but its realization was begun with insufficient forces.

WHAT WILL THE WAR COST JAPAN?

VARIOUS estimates have been made of the probable cost of the war between Japan and Russia, all agreeing that, while accurate figures are an impossibility, approximations make it, beyond a doubt, even now by far the most expensive war since the struggle between France and Germany, thirty-four years ago. The *Journal of the Military Service Institution* publishes a translation from the French of an article on the cost to Japan prepared by an officer in the Belgian army. The writer analyzes the preparations made by the Japanese Government, pointing out how the transportation problem has been simplified by the subsidies granted to the Japanese merchant marine, resulting in an increase, in ten years, of 1,496 vessels, of a total tonnage of 236,000. In 1895, the government decided to construct 119 ships of war representing a tonnage of 156,000 and involving an expenditure of more than 200,000,000 yen (\$100,000,000). In 1903, a further credit of over 100,000,000 yen was voted for naval expenses. The army also was increased to a war footing of 339,000 men ready for mobilization, fully equipped. On the eve of the present war, according to the writer in question, the Japanese public debt amounted to 540,000,000 yen (\$270,000,000). For purposes of comparison, it may be stated that this is less than two and one-half times the annual revenue, while the proportion of public debt to revenue is five in England, seven in Italy, and eight in France. In 1900, on the basis of official statistics, the public wealth of Japan was, approximately, 110,000,000,000. Since the war began, three loans of 100,000,000 yen each have been subscribed, two in Japan and one abroad, in England and the United States. These loans have

all been oversubscribed, so Japan's credit may be said to be still in excellent condition.

WHAT WILL THE WAR COST?

The French writer recalls the fact that the war of 1870 cost France over eight milliards of francs (\$1,600,000,000), which, of course, included the indemnity paid to Germany. Since 1895, England has spent more than \$1,300,000,000, mostly on her South African campaigns. The war of 1877-78 cost Russia \$800,000,000.

At the opening of the Japanese-Chinese campaign, Japan was ready both in a financial and a military sense, and easily supported the cost of the war. As far as the actual direct expenses of the war were concerned, the amount was two hundred and thirty-five million yen. This was covered by a loan of one hundred and twenty-five million; by a loan of eighty-two million, paid out of the indemnity received from China; and by the surplus resulting from the ordinary resources of the state. To the direct cost of the war must be added the cost of the occupation of Formosa, in all fifty-seven and one-half (57½) million yen, including the cost of the fortifications constructed. It is not known what amounts have been expended in pensions and military rewards. The interest on the loan, which is provided for by a sinking fund, adds about six and one-half million yen to the annual budget. To these direct expenses there must be added, also, the losses incurred by private interests, which latter it is very difficult to estimate even approximately: it appears, however, that the country did not suffer very greatly from these losses, of the extent of which an indication may be found in the comparative table below, giving, in millions of yen, the revenue from taxes of 1892 to 1896.

INCREASE IN COST OF LIVING.

Between 1897 and 1900, prices of all sorts of merchandise increased very considerably in Japan, principally of those articles indispensable for feeding troops. Two estimates of the prob-

able cost of the present war have been made which deserve consideration, differing, however, very widely.

Before the war, the Japanese generals, who were opposed, it is true, to a rupture with Russia, affirmed that each soldier cost the government eight yen per day,—that is, one million six hundred thousand yen for an effective strength of two hundred thousand men to be thrown into Korea,—and that the fleet would cost, approximately, the same amount. That means, then, an expense of ninety-six million yen per month. Professor Rathgen (in *Die Woche*, January 16, 1904) mentions a total of loans of four to six hundred million yen.

M. Paul Leroy-Beaulieu (see the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, March, 1904) estimates that with seven to eight hundred million francs (280 to 320 million yen), or perhaps a milliard of francs (400 million yen), which Japan can obtain, she will be able to carry on the war to the end of the present year, or even longer.

The *Correspondant* (March 1904), in a very remarkable anonymous article, gives for the two belligerents a detailed tabular estimate of military expenses for the period of six months. Here is a recapitulation of this table, as far as it applies to Japan:

I.—Land Forces.		Francs.
A. Mobilization	34,100,000	
B. Transport of rations	4,620,000	
C. Rations	49,345,000	
D. Pay of troops	69,070,000	
E. Ambulance	4,000,000	
F. Clothing	28,400,000	
G. Losses in animals	18,750,000	
H. Railroads for the field	16,000,000	
I. Losses in war material	62,000,250	
J. Administration material	6,480,000	
Total (land forces)	291,374,250	
	\$58,254,850	

II.—Naval Forces.

	Francs.
A. Wear and tear of squadrons	222,000,000
B. Naval artillery	170,000,000
C. Torpedoes	13,000,000
D. Coal	7,500,000
E. Rations and pay of crews	7,500,000
Total (navy)	420,000,000
Grand total	\$94,200,000

This makes, in yen, about one hundred and sixteen millions for the army, and one hundred and sixty-nine millions for the navy, or, in all, about two hundred and eighty-five millions. This is about one-half as much as the amount given by the estimate of the Japanese generals.

According to the *Correspondant*, a Japanese soldier eats, each day, about one kilogram of rice and one hundred grams of meat, and drinks two liters of tea and coffee; this makes two kilograms of rations per day to be transported for each man. A soldier is paid in francs and twenty-five centimes per month in time of peace; an officer, a mean of twenty-five hundred francs per year. These rates are quadrupled in time of war. The losses in war material are estimated at one-quarter of the whole, based on the experience of the wars of the last half of the nineteenth century. This calculation does not take into consideration vessels lost, the effect of the bombardments, etc.

M. Leroy-Beaulieu expresses the opinion that the combined cost to the two belligerents will be not less than five milliards of francs if the war should be prolonged beyond one year to fifteen months. On the basis of the estimate of the *Correspondant*, who figures Russia's expenses for six months at 1,097,167,500 francs, this would be two milliards of francs for Japan, or about eight hundred millions of yen.

THE JAPANESE NATIONAL SPIRIT.

THAT something which has meant more to the Japanese arms in the present war than numbers or equipment has been the peculiar, splendid patriotism which the Japanese base on "love of country and loyalty to the Emperor." In the *Atlantic Monthly*, Nobushige Amenomori lifts "a corner of the veil, so as to let those who will take a peep at the interior of the shrine of national life that has been built up by the sons and daughters of Yamato, and has stood unshaken for thousands of years, gaining strength from age to age," and tells us about this patriotism. This writer traces the history of Japan from the earliest times, and contends that when, fifty years ago, Japan adopted Western ways, it was not that she became suddenly civilized, but that at that time she simply changed her own ancient, peculiar, highly developed civilization for the civilization of the West. He goes on to show how highly developed the Japanese people

were at the time of Commander Perry's visit, and how they simply changed from Japanese civilization to Occidental civilization. He points out how the Japanese have excelled even in forms of human endeavor thought to be exclusively Western.

Many of the munitions and ammunitions wherewith she is now fighting are of her own invention and make. The Shimose powder and shells, the Oda submarine mines, the Arisaka quick-firing guns, and the Meiji 30th-year rifles have all proved their effectiveness, to the great loss of the enemy. Even the apparatus of wireless telegraphy she is now using is of a special type of her contrivance; and she has devised, though not yet used them in the present war, a new type of balloons. Thus, she is fighting with new knowledge and new equipment. Yet she is still eager to learn, and has already learned much from her enemy. She has deeply regretted the death of Makaroff, not only from the high esteem in which she had held him, but also from the frustration of the hopes she had entertained of learning a great deal from him, whose books on naval matters she had carefully studied.

INTENSE LOYALTY TO THE EMPEROR.

In considering Japanese patriotism, loyalty to the Emperor must always be remembered. An ordinary Japanese cannot think of one without the other. "My country," to a Japanese, means "My country and my Emperor." To a Japanese, his country does not mean simply the territory and the people, nor even the customs and traditions; his forefathers and descendants must also be taken into account. The loyalty of the people to the Emperor is almost inconceivable to the Western mind; but when we remember that neither the present Emperor nor any of his ancestors came to the throne by ruse or violence, that they have always been the gladly accepted of the people, we can begin to understand.

Suppose Abraham had founded an empire in Palestine, that his heirs in an unbroken line ruled over the twelve tribes, themselves descendants of Abraham, and that the empire continued powerful to this day,—suppose this, and you have an idea somewhat similar to that of the empire of Japan.

The Japanese soldier believes that the ancient heroes of his race are watching him and guiding him. He feels that with him are united the past, the present, and the future generations of his countrymen. Duty is paramount with him, and to die in accordance with duty is the highest honor.

"SIMPLE, CALM ENTHUSIASM."

The remarkable calmness and childlike enthusiasm of the Japanese soldier,—these together have been the wonder of observers. This Japanese writer says:

Every mail from the front brings some poems composed by them to their relations and friends at home. Admiral Togo gave commission to a merchant to send him some dwarfed trees in pots, to beguile his officers and men from the monotony of the sea. The men of another vessel drank *Banzai!* at seeing a branch of cherry flowers brought to them by the captain of a transport. A reconnoitering party which landed at a point in Manchuria brought back, in addition to an accurate report, a bouquet of violets. Here is a soldier on the bank of the Yalu who picks some azalea flowers and sends them in a letter to his parents at home. He says he wants to share with them the pleasure of seeing the first flowers in Manchuria. Another soldier writes

home, asking his brother to send him some books of poetry. Such are the men. Yet under this smooth surface there lies a terrible determination—a determination to win or die. To a friend's letter wishing for his safe return, "I will cling to the word of my mother," answered a soldier, "and will either return in triumph or receive your offerings and hers at the *shokonsha*." When the victorious march upon Chiu-lien-Cheng was about to be made, the soldiers, without any previous talk, changed their shirts and dusted their clothes, even



ENTHUSIASM IN TOKIO OVER THE DEPARTURE OF TROOPS FOR THE FRONT.

to a man. What for? In order not to leave behind them unseemly corpses after they have left this world. This reminds us of the ancient Japanese warriors who used to perfume their helmets when they went to a battle, in order not to give the enemy uncomely heads, if they fell in the battle, and thereby to show them that they had been fully prepared for death.

As a consequence of this intense patriotism, "the country of tea ceremonies, flower arrangements, dancing, and fine arts transforms itself, at the sound of the bugle, into one vast camp, where every person, male or female, is ready to sacrifice everything, even life itself, for the furtherance of the common cause."

Viewed in this light, says this Japanese writer, the achievements already accomplished, and those yet to be accomplished by Japan in the present war, become all natural to such a people. They appear wonderful only to those who have not understood her. "And of all nations, the one that ought to have understood, and yet has grossly misunderstood her, is her present antagonist; and it is this misunderstanding on the part of her enemy that has given the general public an opportunity of discerning Japan's real military worth.

THE STORY OF THE BATTLE OF NANSHAN.

A SPIRITED account of the battle at Nanshan Hill, in May last, which gave the Japanese the control of the Liao-tung Peninsula and practically sealed the fate of Port Arthur, is contributed to *Leslie's Monthly Magazine* for November by an anonymous writer whose name is withheld because "it is against the custom of Japanese officers to recount their own exploits or those of their armies." The editors of *Leslie's*, however, declare that the story is genuine,—that it was written by a Japanese officer who took part in the battle. The action began at half-past five in the morning, this officer tells us, with a bombardment from the heights, which were strongly fortified, apparently impregnable.

The sight of the Nanshan, towering above the neck of land like a lofty point of a necklace, was superb, both as an object of art and as a fortress. Standing there in the early light, bristling with all the ornaments in the shape of semi-permanent forts with which the Russian engineers crowned her, the very sight of it conquered



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THE TELL-TALE SHELL: AN EVIDENCE OF HURRIED
RETREAT.

(Mr. J. H. Hare, the correspondent, showing the United States Military attaché the breech-lock of a Russian gun in which the shell still remained, indicating the hurried flight of the artillerymen.)

your imagination; you would have said to yourself that it was impossible for mortal power to storm it. And the tactician will tell you that the best way to win a victory is to begin a battle by winning a bloodless victory over the imagination of the enemy. There was something which was infinitely more wonderful than the infantry charge up the slope on the historic 26th,—it was the daring of General Oku's brain which conceived the possibility of taking this stronghold at all.

It is utterly beyond the power of human words to adequately describe a real artillery duel, says this Japanese officer. "Some poets have described the shells and shots that searched us on that day as a shower of lead. The expression only serves to bring a smile to the men who went through it. It only serves to emphasize the limitation of the human tongue; that is all." At five in the evening, after fighting all day, the Japanese infantry received the command: "Dash along the highway, carry the hostile positions, destroy or capture the machine guns of the enemy who are commanding the road. At the same time, flank the enemy's right and enfilade his trenches." The strength of the Russian positions was such that "if ever man ran in the face of Providence, his course lay along the highway which led from Kinchau to the foot of Nanshan." Nevertheless as there was no other way to reach the hostile positions, the Japanese took this.

The trenches of the Russians which were shelving the hill-slope were well manned. But they were out of our view. A few steps forward that we took toward the hill called forth from these trenches such storm of shots as would have staggered the imagination of the Olympian gods. To the men who marched along the highway, the very idea of life or death became rather ridiculous to think of.

THE JAPANESE CHARGE UP NANSHAN HILL.

The officer's account of what followed the order is like this:

All of a sudden, the buglers of the third company broke the silence with the command to dash forward. It was the enemy who was surprised,—surprised, doubtless, at the unheard-of daring and recklessness of our men. Company number four leaped over the wounded and the dead left by company number three, which led the charge. Heading the men of company four came company number two. Pretty soon the road was choked with corpses; those of us whose wounds were not serious enough to stop us had to leap or climb over the dead bodies of our comrades. I rushed by a fellow who was down; his left leg was shot away. He was bleeding copiously. Through the din of rifle fire and machine guns, which gave us a mantle of smoke and dust, I shouted to him, "To the rear, to the field hospital, and be quick about it." The fellow looked at me, and upon his face was a marked sign of surprise. His lips quivered in a half-smile. The expression of his face was at once an interrogation-point and a mild rebuke.

Then he began to wiggle himself forward through the bodies of his fallen comrades. I repeated my order, which, seeing that he could not walk very well with one leg, was a rather foolish one,—I was somewhat exasperated at the evident indifference on his part to the order of his superior officer. He raised his face in my direction with the same old half-smile, and said to me: "Lieutenant, I have lost one of my legs, but don't you see I have two hands?" They ought to be enough to strike at the Russian."

HOW THE HILL WAS WON.

The command of this particular officer was engaged in digging, with their swords, a trench to protect their wounded superior officer, when, "all of a sudden, we saw from where we were, in the fading light of the falling day on a curve of the Nanshan crest, facing the Kinchau Bay, a sight which made our blood bound in our veins,—it was the battle-flag of Nippon flapping away over where the Russian trenches were." This was the signal to storm the heights. The Japanese lines had been practically decimated, and it seemed as though the groaning of the wounded were the only sounds heard. But the effect of the standard was electrical. The men seemed to take on new life.

Instantly, as we saw our flag planted on the crest of the Nanshan, the shout of the "Banzai" rolled over the field. The wounded and the dying took up the cry. Those who were fortunate enough to enjoy the distinction of reaching the hilltop of the Nanshan on that day rushed through a rather weird scene, for the shouts of the "Banzai" coming from the dying men over whom we had to pick our way sounded like the voices from the world of the dead bidding us to carry the standard of our country to victory. As I reached the crest of the hill, I came upon a fellow who was already there ahead of us, and he was waving a flag which was about two feet square. It was all bloody. He was standing over the prostrate body of a Russian who was not yet dead. "This flag, sir," he explained humbly to me, "was given me by villagers of mine. I promised them I would plant it in the enemy's trenches some time. You see, sir, it is bloody. This Russian," pointing to the stalwart fellow at his feet, "was the last fellow who resisted me. I killed him with my sword, or, at least, I have pretty nearly finished him. I have wiped my sword on this flag. I am going to take this flag back, if I am allowed, to the men of my village, as a memento of the first fight I have been in."

When we gained the crest of the Nanshan, says the narrator, the enemy was in full retreat in front of us. It was nearly 7:30 P.M. The battle was over. The night had rung down the curtain over the blood and carnage of Nanshan.

THE END OF THE WAR CORRESPONDENT.

IF there is one personage whose star has paled in the course of the year 1904, says Pierre Giffard, himself a war correspondent, writing in *La Revue*, it is certainly the traveling journalist, the military reporter, or the war correspondent, as we are pleased to call him. Preceding wars had placed him on a pinnacle. We only need to call to mind the Russo-Turkish war of 1877, in which whole legions of journalists played a sort of international part in dispatching to the four corners of the earth the latest news relating to the war in both camps. But a quarter of a century has passed since the campaign in the Balkans, and, meanwhile, belligerents have gradually learned that a correspondent, "no matter how well disposed he may be to render service to his commander-in-chief in presenting victories as triumphs and reverses as part victories, can nevertheless be nothing but a spy."

"Had I been Kuropatkin," adds the writer, "I should not have allowed a single journalist to set foot within a 'circle of silence' which I should have drawn around my armies, and on that question I should have shown the utmost severity. This is what the Japanese did, and they did wisely. The Russians adopted half-

measures, and they made a mistake. The Russians were free to do as the Japanese did, and they could have acted in the same way, only they did not dare. And not having dared, they opened the door partially, then shut it again, then they reopened it half-way, instead of remaining quite inflexible, like the Japanese. They allowed journalists to enter Manchuria, but did not enable them to exercise their calling when they got there."

Those journalists who chose to join the Japanese hoped to be able to learn everything about the war, but during the last six months they have not been able to send a single message of importance. To add to their difficulties, the seat of war changed from one part to another. Some of the correspondents then went to Korea, others remained at Tokio; in either case, their rôle was ridiculous. The writer tells the story of the *Times* chartering the *Haimun* for its correspondent, who was to sail between the belligerent fleets in order to startle the world with the most precise details of the last battle. It seemed as if the greatest thing in war correspondence was about to begin. But, alas! the Japanese were as cautious about war news as if the boat had

been a Russian packet; and the correspondent not only learned nothing new, but ran serious risk of being blown up, with his copy, before Port Arthur.

TROUBLES ON THE RUSSIAN SIDE.

The writer then gives some of his experiences with the Russians. Every day that he passed among them resembled, he says, a station of the cross. Nothing, nothing, nothing to tell. These were the words the waiting journalists had to hear every day from the general. At St. Petersburg, the journalists had permits to enter Man-

and seven nights to accomplish. The delays of the train were interminable, and the silence absolute. Not even the name of a single station was ever called out. At length he saw Admiral Alexieff, the admiral referred him to M. de Plançon, and M. de Plançon told him that later, perhaps, certain dispatches might be possible, but that at present the admiral had decided to stop all press communications from Manchuria. The same day, in the midst of a blinding snow-storm, the journalist took the train back to Harbin.

This was only the beginning of persecution. Deprived of the authority to send telegrams, even after censure;

deprived of newspapers, for the post did not deliver a single one; deprived of letters,—for a fortnight the post had practically suspended operations; deprived of all news, for the local journals could only publish official news, a few correspondents still remained there in an ignorance which was unbearable. In the heart of Manchuria it was, at that time, absolutely impossible to learn anything about Manchuria. Nothing but our absence was required. Why, then, not have said so at the beginning! By April, other correspondents had arrived,—photographers, cinematographers, etc.,—and this was too much for the Russian authorities. Persecution increased, and it became impossible to send by post any letters or pictures whatsoever.



Mr Charles Hands. Col. Gaedke. Baron Bender von Krieglstein. A Russian correspondent. M. Degas.
London Daily Mail. Berlin Tageblatt. Berlin Kredits Zeitung. Paris Monde Illustré.

NEWSPAPER CORRESPONDENTS WITH GENERAL KUROPATKIN.

churia, and, if possible, to go to the front. But Admiral Alexieff did not know what pretext to invent to get them sent back. For six weeks the writer remained alone in Manchuria after other correspondents were sent away. He was supposed to be writing nothing about the war, but simply sending telegrams approved by Admiral Alexieff. At last, he learned that his messages would not be sent unless approved by General Volkoff; General Volkoff referred him to General Gilinsky, and General Gilinsky sent him to Lieutenant-Colonel Potapoff. Then no message was to be sent which was not approved by General Volkoff only; at last, no more messages were to be sent at all. In despair, the writer took the train for Mukden, in the hope of being able to explain his case to the all-powerful viceroy. This sounds nothing, but the journey to Mukden and back took six days

With the rapid systems of communication of the present day, the presence of special correspondents, this writer concludes, is intolerable to

any general. And the journalist would do better to write about accomplished facts, to complete official telegrams, paraphrasing and explaining them, and the public would probably be better served. Thus, the war correspondent's self-imposed mission will disappear, and many a one will be spared an inglorious death at the front, however bravely faced.

M. Giffard deprecates what he calls the "insane competition" among journalists to secure the most voluminous, sensational reports. He says these serve neither the public nor the journals. Correspondents should, also, be careful not to violate the confidence reposed in them by the commanders. At this point he recalls the fact that it was the indiscreet dispatch of a correspondent to London, in 1870, which gave to the Germans their first information of MacMahon's movements, which resulted in the disaster of Sedan.

THE KOREAN-JAPANESE TREATY AND JAPAN'S DUTY.

IT will be remembered that late in August the terms of the treaty between Korea and Japan were made public. This treaty, which was signed August 22, provided,—(1) that the Korean Government should engage a Japanese as financial adviser; (2) that it should appoint a foreigner other than a Japanese as diplomatic adviser; (3) that it should confer with the Japanese Government before taking any important step in foreign affairs. The terms of this treaty have been rather severely criticised by many of the leading Japanese journals. The *Jiji Shimpō*, of Tokio, perhaps the best-known and most influential daily of the empire, expresses deep dissatisfaction. It contends that the participation in the Korean Government of a foreigner who is not a Japanese subject as diplomatic adviser will prove a serious obstacle to the exercise of Japanese influence in the Hermit Kingdom. It says:

What is the reason for recommending a foreigner instead of a Japanese for such an important position as diplomatic adviser? If because a fitter person has

visability of restricting, in the expressed terms of the treaty, the nationality of eligible persons to those foreigners who are not Japanese. We do not doubt that our government has recommended to the Seoul government a foreigner who is on friendly terms with us. But the new treaty is not of a temporary nature, and its terms were not made for mere temporary expediency. It is not probable that we can always secure a foreigner who will be favorable to our purposes and intentions. If we cannot find a suitable foreigner, in the



HIS MAJESTY, THE EMPEROR OF KOREA.

event of the resignation of the person now being recommended by our authorities, we shall probably have to meet the problem of altering the provisions of the present treaty.



GENERAL HASEGAWA.

(Formerly in command of the Japanese Imperial Guard; recently appointed Japanese commander-in-chief in Korea, with practically dictatorial powers.)

been found among foreigners than among our own countrymen, we raise no objection. The question of nationality is of little significance, if the person selected be a man of ability and character, honestly striving to promote our interests. What we oppose is the inad-

The internal reforms in Korea are, of course, of vital importance; but the *Jiji* believes that the readjustment of diplomatic relations are more important, and that this should be brought about promptly, because the anomalous condition of Korean diplomacy has always been a stumbling-block in the way of Japanese interests in the peninsula. "The government ought to have taken such a decisive measure in this direction as to make the powers clearly understand our determination to control the foreign as well as the internal affairs of the Korean Kingdom. Our authorities have evidently meant to foster amicable relations with foreign countries by reserving for a foreigner an important and digni-

fied position in the Korean Government." Such an "over-consciousness," however, the *Jiji* considers "tantamount to timidity and diffidence." The *Osaka Asahi* and the *Tokio Yorodzu* also criticize the new treaty, but even more harshly. The *Kokumin Shimbun*, one of the recognized semi-official organs of the present cabinet, on the other hand, cordially approves the entire treaty.

Japan's Duty In Korea : A Socialist View.

A suggestion as to the proper policy for the Japanese Government to pursue in Korea is made by the *Heimin Shimbun*, the weekly Socialist organ of Tokio. Japanese speculators and politicians, this journal avers, "are greedily hunting now for hidden treasures in Korea, and even our government seems to give them recognition." The *Heimin* declares that Japan's duty is to ask herself, not "What can we get from Korea?" but "How can we make the Koreans utilize their natural resources?" To begin with, it insists that the Koreans must be thoroughly educated by modern methods. This Socialist organ points to the policy of the United States in Cuba and Porto Rico as furnishing lessons for Japan in Korea.

What the people of the United States are doing for the people of Cuba and Porto Rico at this moment gives

us an invaluable lesson. It was about two years ago that several hundreds of Cuban teachers attended the summer school at Harvard University, specially opened for them. Their transportation was paid by the United States Government, while their expenses at Harvard were paid by contributions from the professors there. This is not only the pressing duty, but also the best policy for an advanced nation when it concerns itself with the culture of a younger or subordinate people. It is true our country cannot be compared with the United States in point of wealth, but we believe our government might well disburse one or two hundred thousand yen per annum for the purpose of educating Korean youth in our schools and colleges. Moreover, our government must exert some influence to establish a thoroughly equipped normal school at Seoul in order to build up intelligent Koreans into good capable teachers. As compulsory education is a necessity of modern civilization, we must urge the Korean Government to open common schools throughout the country and to compel all children to attend them. In this way Koreans may be brought up to a state of true independence, though it will require twenty or thirty years of patient labor. When Formosa became a part of our dominions after the Japan-Chinese War, vampire-like politicians and speculators hastened to the island to find victims. It is doubtless true that they aroused the antipathy of the natives, and consequently retarded the work of administration in a great degree. Most of the Koreans may be as ignorant as the natives of Formosa, but they can feel instinctively any kindness or insult shown to them. We should consider it a glory greater than that to be gained in victorious war if our people do not repeat in Korea the mistake made in Formosa.

THE DUTY OF JAPANESE BUSINESS MEN.

WHILE Japanese soldiers and sailors are carrying the flag of their country to victory, the Japanese business men, in the opinion of Mr. Y. Terata, who writes in the *Taiyo* (Tokio), have not been quite so progressive and patriotic. Mr. Terata is a shipbuilder himself, and he devotes the greater part of his article to a plea for the development of the shipbuilding industry in Japan. With regard to the navy and the building of ships, he contends, Japan should never rest until she occupies "the very same place in the far East that is held by England in Europe." At present, he declares, Japanese shipbuilders are supplied with most of their raw material by foreigners. He cites particularly the purchase of armor plate and other structural work from the United States, and says, that while this buying from foreigners must continue for some time to come, it should be superseded at as early a date as possible. He points out that most of the great qualities of life have been developed in the Japanese warrior by the old Samurai training. He makes a comparison of the Japanese fighters and business men, and says :

Now that our brave warriors are purchasing our national honor abroad with their life-blood against the powerful enemy both on sea and land, how is it possible for us, the business men of Japan, who are bound none the less to contribute something to our national honor, to remain silent with folded hands? The question justifies itself when we consider that the present war on the continent is very likely to affect to a serious extent the economic interests of the whole empire of Japan; still more forcibly does it assert itself when we consider that the pecuniary power of a belligerent constitutes above all others an especially important element in the achievement of her ultimate success. To Japan's superiority to her enemy in knowledge, in will force, and in physical strength is to be attributed mainly the cause of the brilliant victories that she has gained and is gaining in rapid succession, it is true; but suppose her to fall short of the money necessary for the continuation of the war, and what would happen then? Let me leave the question unanswered, for it is so easy, but take a step further, and affirm that in future the business class of a country should be kept at least equal, if not superior, to the warrior class in the eyes of the government, so far as their respectful treatment is concerned.

The business class ought not to be proud or selfish on this account, he concludes.

THE RICHEST FISHING-GROUNDS IN THE WORLD.

AN article from the pen of the explorer Berger Jacobsen appears in the illustrated magazine of Christiania, *Kringsjaa*, giving an account of the fishing in the northern Pacific waters between America and Asia. The writer maintains that the interests of Norway in the whaling and fishing of these parts of the Pacific become greater, from year to year, as the knowledge of the immense riches in these waters of fish increases.

The first scientific examinations of these fishing-grounds, the writer says, were made by the Japanese, and later by the Americans and the Russians. The sea fauna of the Okhotsk Sea, north of the Yellow Sea, is significant for the reason that in no other place is the polar fauna found so far south. The currents and the drift ice bring down the animal life of the polar sea in great quantities. The Okhotsk-Kamchatka coast line extends for about seven thousand miles, and, though the Okhotsk Sea, between the continent of Asia on the west and the peninsula of Kamchatka on the east, is situated in the temperate zone, between the forty-fourth and sixty-second parallels, it shows the real type of the polar sea to be about the same as the Hudson Bay. At times the ice shuts it off completely from the great ocean outside, and yet it is marked by an extraordinarily rich sea flora and fauna. The great mass of all kinds of sea plants, mollusks, and fishes, especially immense numbers of salmon, have from ancient times made it a favorite resort of the great animals that come down from the northern waters. To these latter belong six kinds of seals, two species of dolphins, and three of whales.

A GLANCE AT THE HISTORY OF THE FISHERIES.

Russia, Mr. Jacobsen declares, has always neglected the control of the fishing in its eastern boundary districts. From ancient time, there have been American smugglers, who, by the sale of tobacco and liquors, exercised a demoralizing influence upon the native Tsjuktak and Teleutisk tribes. Yet it was not till 1847 that Americans inaugurated a systematic hunt of the whale, and every year scores of whaling vessels sailed from New Bedford. These expeditions, during the period of fourteen years, 1847-61, brought in whale oil and whalebone aggregating in value \$130,000,000.

When the Americans first came to the Okhotsk Sea, a Russian-Finnish whaling company was founded in Finland, which earned a very large profit for a few years, but which later had to cease fishing on account of the war between

France and England. In the meantime, the Americans also withdrew, but started again in 1888, both in the Bering and the Okhotsk seas. According to official statistics, the yearly American catch on the coast of Siberia and in the Pacific resulted in not less than 200,000 pounds of whalebone, 3,000,000 pounds of whale oil, and 100,000 pounds of tusks, besides other prod-



WILL UNCLE SAM RUN AMUCK?

UNCLE SAM: "If I want to, I can smash all the windows in this place."—(From a cartoon by the famous Russian cartoonist, Sokolowski, in the *Novoye Vremya*, St. Petersburg.)

ucts aggregating an annual value of \$1,500,000, which thus entirely escaped the control of the Russian Government.

The Japanese have worked the fishing-grounds well, particularly on the banks off Sakhalin and the Kurilians, where immense masses of salmon and herring appear periodically. The herring is used for manure, while the salmon is salted for export. As an illustration of what these fishings could bring in it may be mentioned that the Japanese, in 1896, brought to their country not less than 9,000,000 pounds of this costly manure. Dr. N. Sljunin, who has examined the fisheries in these waters, tells how, during a land-storm, it is no uncommon thing to see heaps of dead fish five or six feet deep thrown up on

the beach, ridiculing the nation which does not take advantage of these valuable gifts of nature. He maintains also that the "time is not far distant when these vacant coast lines will witness a rich life, and that as a fishing station Sakhalin will be more prominent than Newfoundland or Heligoland." The same writer draws a line from Olga Bay to the southern coast of Korea as designating the main fishing-ground.

It was only as late as 1894 that the Russians succeeded in beginning the fishing business and in building permanent fishing stations. Count Rejserling obtained financial support from the government, procured whalers, both steam and sailing vessels, from Norway, and established a modern oil-rendering factory in the Vostok Bay. Foreign companies followed, and the foundation was laid for taking advantage of the great riches in these waters.

THE RICHES OF BERING SEA.

Bering Sea, between the fifty-second and sixty-second parallels, is separated from the Pacific by a line of islands known as the Aleutians. It presents the type of an oceanic sea open upon two sides and possessing a purer sea climate than the Okhotsk Sea. Bering Sea, as well as the Okhotsk Sea, is the favorite home of the seal, which is the object of a very extensive pursuit. A Russian-American company possessed the exclusive privilege of catching between the years 1797 and 1868. During this period, the company secured two million five hundred thousand seal-skins. In the year 1871, the privilege passed to the Alaska Company, Hutchinson, Roal, Philippecs & Co., for twenty years. Their profit was in this time seven hundred and sixty thousand skins. Finally, in 1891, the chase of the seal passed again to Russian hands for ten years, and, in 1893, there was enacted a law which regulated

the time and the place of the hunt. Violation of this law is punished by one and one-half to two years' imprisonment and the confiscation of the vessel engaged. The yearly profit has in later years amounted to thirty thousand skins. Herring and trout at certain times appear in enormous numbers on the coast of Bering Sea, and in 1899 a factory was established in the city of Petropavlovsk for the canning of fish.



EASTERN PACIFIC WATERS.—THE RICHEST FISHING-GROUNDS IN THE WORLD.

THE DEVELOPMENT OF RUSSIA'S MERCHANT MARINE.

A STUDY of Russia's merchant marine, by J. Charles-Roux, appears in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. The breaking out of the war with Japan, says this French writer, was coincident with the entrance of the Russian merchant marine into a period of organization. For years, quite neglected by the government, when hostilities began it had become an object of active solicitude. He considers the composition and importance of this service, and outlines the difficulties it has to contend with, as well as the help extended by the imperial government. There

are three companies which, from the amount of their tonnage, the nature of their enterprise, and the political interest which attaches to their mission, are most important. These are the Commercial Steamship Navigation Company, the Volunteer Fleet, and the Eastern Chinese Maritime Service. The foundation of each one of these corresponds, we are told, to a stage in the development of the Russian marine, and its development is, in turn, bound up with the advance of Russian politics for half a century. He proceeds to consider them in the order named.

THE COMMERCIAL STEAM NAVIGATION COMPANY.

This is the latest and by far the most important of Russian navigation enterprises. It was founded in 1857, at the initiative of Admiral Arcas and Mr. Novoselsky, with the assistance of the government. It began with five vessels, and at once organized a regular service between all the Russian ports and the Black Sea and the nearest foreign ports, thus putting Russia in direct communication with Egypt and the Levant. M. Charles Roux admits that in the establishment of this company there was a political *arrière-pensée*. He sees in its creation an evidence of Russia's desire to overcome the handicap imposed upon her by the treaty of Paris, which imposed such humiliating conditions on her shipping in the Black Sea. During the war with Turkey, in 1887, he points out, the vessels of this company were of great service as transport, and after the treaty of Berlin they brought back the entire Russian expeditionary corps of 138,000 troops and 22,000 horses. Today the fleet consists of 77 vessels, of which 36 are postal packet boats, 8 passenger and freight boats, and the rest smaller special vessels, making a total tonnage of 188,450. The company has two lines,—one of which supports itself, the other is subsidized by the government. Its vessels ply between Constantinople, Alexandria, Port Saïd, and the ports of Syria, Smyrna, the Pyreus, Anatolia, Caucasus, and the Crimea. Besides this, it has a service in the Sea of Azof, the Black Sea, and the Gulf of Syria. Outside of the Mediterranean, it runs a line from St. Petersburg to Vladivostok, touching at all the principal ports of the far East. It never fails, says this French writer, to coöperate on every possible occasion with the political designs of the imperial government. The writer intimates that a service from the eastern Mediterranean to the Persian Gulf is being planned by the imperial government to further its political designs on Persia.

THE FAMOUS VOLUNTEER FLEET.

The Volunteer Fleet owes its origin almost exclusively to political causes. It came into being as a direct result of the treaty of San Stefano, in 1878. The patriotic outburst in Russia against England and Austria, particularly the former, after the treaty of Berlin, in 1878, led to the formation of this fleet, which could be used as merchant ships during times of peace, and be readily transformed into auxiliary cruisers in war time. The expense of the fleet's creation was borne by public subscription, authorized by the government. Its political character may be noted from



THE CZAR CLIMBS DOWN.

NICHOLAS: "All right, John, I apologize, and restore your flag. I reckon it's better to have the English flag flying over this ship than over most of mine."

From *Punch* (Melbourne).

the fact that the president of the managing committee was the governor-general of Moscow; the vice-president, the procurator of the Holy Synod, Pobiedonostseff. In May, 1878, three small vessels of the Hamburg American Line were purchased, and this formed the nucleus of the Russian Black Sea Volunteer Fleet, which has already had its share of attention in the Russo-Japanese war. It was this Volunteer Fleet with which Russia endeavored to combat the Japanese merchant marine in the far East. As early as 1880, a passenger service was begun between Odessa and Vladivostok. The enterprise saw hard times in the early eighties of the past century, and the old company was dissolved. A new society, with a capital of \$1,000,000, began business by establishing lines of call from Brazil to New York, to Japan, to France, to Belgium, and to Baltic ports. In conjunction with the Trans-Siberian Railroad, these vessels were beginning to make headway against all competition, with the possible exception of Japan, when the war broke out. The imperial government insisted upon a

maximum speed of eighteen knots for war purposes and thirteen knots in the commercial service. At the beginning of the present year the fleet numbered fifteen vessels, representing a value of somewhat over seven million dollars. It was the vessels of this fleet which transported Russia's contingent of troops during the Chinese trouble, four years ago. The *Smolensk* and the *Petersburg* are now the most famous of this fleet.

THE EASTERN CHINESE MARITIME SERVICE.

The establishment of Russian interests at Port Arthur and Dalny made necessary the formation of a marine fleet for Pacific waters exclusively. The progress of Russian colonization in Siberia, reaching to the shores of the Japan Sea, determined the imperial government to establish direct maritime communication with its Asiatic possessions, and so, as a child of the

Volunteer Fleet, the Eastern Chinese Maritime Service was born. It was really an afterthought of the Eastern Chinese Railway, and a complement to the same. The growth of Dalny, the "fiat" city, and Russia's determination to make it one of the great seaports of the future, rendered such a line necessary. This service was just entering into its period of exploitation when the present war broke out.

The other marine enterprises which are subsidized by the government are the Steam Navigation Society of Archangel-Mourmaine, the Caucasus and Mercury Company, navigating the Caspian Sea, and two river companies—the Society for the Navigation of the Amur and the Feodorof Steam Company of Eastern Siberia. There is also a company for the navigation of Lake Baikal. As yet there are no subsidized lines in the Baltic.

RUSSIAN AUTOCRACY AND THE PSYCHOLOGY OF THE SLAV.

IT is assumed by the non-Russian world that the Muscovite autocratic system is now facing the most serious trial in its history. An

interpretation of this autocracy, by a Russian writer, on the basis of the most famous advocates of the system, appears in the *International Quarterly*, from the pen of Prof. Vladimir G. Simkowitch, of Columbia University. The autocratic system in Russia, says this writer, is breaking down.

The day when it will be abandoned ought to be a day of praise and thanksgiving, not only for the people, but also for the Czar; for Russian autocracy has not only brought the country to the verge of ruin and starvation, but it has also ruled Czar Nicholas II. with a rod of iron, and out of a man of noble motives and high ideals it has made a pathetic figurehead, suffering under the weight of the inherent system.

Professor Simkowitch quotes several Russian writers to the effect that it is bureaucracy which is the ruin of Russia. With this he disagrees. The curse of the empire, he declares, "is not bureaucracy as such,—it is the specific spirit of the Russian bureaucracy. It is the point of view, the doctrinaire, sinister Byzantinism, the system of Alexander II., of Pobiedonostseff, of Katkoff, of Leontyeff, and others, that has gradually led Russia to moral and material degeneration."

ESSENCE OF RUSSIAN BUREAUCRACY.

What is this system? This writer declares that the best representative and interpreter of the spirit of Russian Byzantine bureaucracy is Nikolay Constantinovitch Leontyeff, who, in his famous work "The East, Russia, and the Slavs," has developed the principles of this philosophy.



THEIR MAJESTIES OF RUSSIA.

(The Czar and Czarina, as Byzantine autocrats, in the costumes of Seventeenth Century, Russia.)

Professor Simkowvitch summarizes this famous work of Leontyeff, and we further condense his summary :

Byzantinism is the basic principle. Byzantinism is the nervous system of Russia. It stands for something very definite,—politically, it is autocracy ; religiously, it is Christianity with very distinct features, which allow no confusion with Western churches and with the teachings of heretics and dissenters. In matters of morals, it does not share the Western exaggerated notions of the value and importance of human personality. The Byzantine ideal is discouragement in regard to everything earthly, including personal happiness, personal purity, and the possibility of personal moral perfection in general. Russian autocracy, Russian Czarism, developed under Byzantine influences. Byzantine Christianity teaches strict subordination ; it teaches that the worldly, the political, hierarchy is but the reflection of the heavenly hierarchy. There is no equality, because the Church teaches that even angels are not equal among themselves. Christianity is the surest and most practical means of ruling the masses of the people with an iron hand. Fear is the basis of the true faith. One who fears is humble, and seeks authority, and learns to love the authority above him. Organization is chronic despotism, and true constructive progress lies in limiting, not authority, but freedom. Freedom and liberalism are what is disintegrating the world.

As to the autocrat himself, the famous Russian writer puts it in this way :

By his authority, the Russian Czar has the right to do everything except to limit his authority. He can never cease to be an autocrat. Anything that the Czar does is good and legal. His doings cannot be judged by the merits of the case ; the pleasure of the supreme authority is the supreme criterion. He who cannot reason so may, under certain circumstances, in his private affairs be an honest man, but he cannot be a true Russian.

Russia, says Leontyeff, is surrounded by "the liberal pest." Russia "must be kept frozen that she may not grow putrid." The courts of justice are all wrong, because they have undermined all authority. The great cardinal problem for Russian interior administration, as well as for Russian policy, is how to weaken democracy. Russia, however, may become contaminated.

In the bottoms of their hearts, the Russians are already liberal. They do not realize that it is simply a sin to love Europe. If Russia becomes saturated with liberalism, there is only one salvation left,—the conquest of new and original countries ; the conquest and occupation of new territories, with a foreign and dissimilar population ; the annexation of countries that carry in themselves conditions favorable for autocratic discipline ; an annexation that does not hurry with any deep or inner assimilation.

This is the Russian autocratic system outlined by its ardent advocate, and firmly adhered to by Czar Alexander III. The present Czar, says

Professor Simkowvitch, would have cast aside this system and reigned as an enlightened ruler, but he has been too weak to stand successfully against the bureaucratic influences which surround him. Now he is in the grip of this all-powerful system. To-day, this writer continues, the Russian people are not clamoring for Manchuria, "but for their daily bread, and such safeguards of personal liberty as the Anglo-Saxons have secured in their Magna Charta."

"GRAFT" IN THE FAR EAST.

The whole far-Eastern venture, says this Russian writer, has been brought about by "graft." This, he declares, is the latest crime of the autocratic system.

For what is Russian blood now sacrificed and billions of rubles wrung from the starving Russian people wasted on the fields of Manchuria? Do the Russian people need Manchuria? Not in the least. Even such expansionist and nationalistic papers as Suvorin's *Novoye Vremya* and Prince Ukhtomsky's *St. Petersburgskaya Vedomosti* were bitterly opposed to it. But who cares for national interests when personal are at stake! In Korea, a company formed by a couple or more of grand dukes and some higher bureaucrats has obtained valuable lumber and mining concessions,—a sufficient cause for declaring northern Korea under the Russian sphere of influence. As to the Manchurian adventure, everybody in Russia knew perfectly well and talked freely about this new promised land for official thieves. It is estimated that about three-quarters of the hundreds of millions appropriated for the railroads, the new commercial cities, the ports, etc., were stolen, and the money went high enough up to interest a powerful element of the autocratic administration in perpetuation of this new Eldorado. Already in the beginning of 1902, Professor Migulin, of the University of Kharkoff, a very conservative man and an expert in railroad finance, called attention to what was going on in Manchuria. The railroad afforded no technical difficulties whatsoever, the Chinese coolie labor used on the railroad was the cheapest in the world, the material used was imported duty-free, and yet the laying of rails alone (not counting equipment, cost of stations, platforms, etc.) cost the government more than 152,000 rubles per verst,—i.e., about 230,000 rubles a mile! Professor Migulin then also pointed out that Manchuria, on account of its extremely cheap coolie labor, is a place entirely unfit for Russian colonization, and likely to kill agriculture and colonization in the Russian Amur region, since Russians cannot compete with Chinese wages and the low prices of the agricultural products. Prince Ukhtomsky, the president of the Russo-Chinese Bank and formerly an intimate friend of Nicholas II., in an interview granted to the correspondent of the *Frankfurter Zeitung*, did not hesitate to acknowledge that the cause of this war is "graft."

A Eulogy of Slav Peoples.

A study of the Slav peoples, by Rev. Peter Roberts, appears in the same number of this quarterly. Mr. Roberts has made a special study of the Slav immigrant in the anthracite-coal re-

gions of Pennsylvania, and he finds him to be, although stupid and slow, generally "good-natured and pacific, adaptable, and imperturbable, with an instinct for organization, and an apt pupil under competent masters, admirably fitted for the work of peaceful agricultural colonization, long-suffering and conciliatory, and capable of bearing extreme hardships. There are many signs of progress among the Siavs. They are less cruel, more moral, more tender-hearted; and, wherever they go, in Asia, the land benefits."

When Skobeleff sheathed his sword in Central Asia, peace, order, and safety were established, but previous to the advent of the Russian tumult, anarchy and terrorism prevailed. Under the wise guidance of patriotic statesmen, the accursed vodka shops—the breeders of drunkenness and poverty—are regulated, and the peasants are provided with tea-houses, where the social instinct of the Slav is met. In no European state are there more comprehensive laws relative to employers' liability than in Russia, while many of the states of the Union can well afford to learn of Slav statesmen how to regulate factories where children are sacrificed both day and night upon the altar of mammonism. The railroads of Manchuria and the Caucasus have broken down the barbarous custom of collecting transportation taxes which rendered commerce in the interior of Asia and China impossible. Under the Slavs' supervision, good roads are made and model towns are built where formerly barbarous communities

dwelt in filth. Wherever the Slav builds, he guards against disease, squalor, and unsightliness, which are common occurrences where Mongols and Tartars dwell. The Slav peasant is slowly awakening to a realization of his independence, to a due appreciation of economic freedom, to an understanding of the rights of property, and to the market value of industry, temperance, and truthfulness. Slav statesmen proclaim the commercial value of honesty, the necessity of enterprise in manufacturing industries and commerce, the worth of new methods in production, and the markets which await the production of farms and factories. All the lessons which industrial liberty teaches, all the blessings which science and art bring, all the results which centuries of civilization realize, are brought to the feet of this youth in whose heart are stored the energies of centuries of stolid living. Give him time, and the pressure of new wants and new ideas will awaken his sleepy brain and set in motion his sluggish nerves and effect a metamorphosis which the combined wisdom of philosophers and theorists cannot effect. Lobenoff changed the face of Europe in an incredibly short time; the foreign statesmanship of Russia in far-sightedness is not surpassed by that of any other modern nation; the Slav has developed a diplomacy which equals in skill and resource that of any other people of ancient or modern times; and when the Slav peasant fully awakes to the demands of modern life, he will go forth with singing and "come again with joy, bringing his sheaves with him." Let another Peter the Great arise to lead these one hundred million Slavs, strong in their youthful vigor, confident that they have a mission to fulfill, and what obstacles can stand before their onward march?

HOW FORTUNES ARE MADE IN CHINA.

THE pan-Mongolianism of Japan is only a side issue,—a sensational one, it is true,—of the development of the Oriental races. This is the judgment of the well-known political and economic writer, Alexander Ular, who contributes to *La Revue* a study of how fortunes are made in China. This pan-Mongolianism, he says, further, has no relation whatsoever to that grave problem known as the "yellow peril."

The latter cannot possibly be political or military. The pan-Mongolianism of Japan is an importation from the Occident, just as are their silk hats, their Western boots, and their bacteriology. It exists just as their warships, their parliamentary government, and their newspapers exist. It is, so to speak, a European importation, superficially adapted to the use of a minority who have found it to their advantage to play the rôle of Europeans. Pan-Mongolianism is to Japan what pan-Slavism is to Moscow, pan-Germanism to Berlin, and jingoism to London; and if, at the present time, there is a struggle between the imperialists of Tokio and St. Petersburg, it is not a case of the white race warding off the "yellow peril," but of the ambition of one government measuring itself against the ambition of another.

The "yellow peril," this writer declares, is not

a race peril. The students who have a right to speak on this subject declare that it is an economic peril. They have in mind the commercial and industrial competition of Japan. Indeed, "the 'yellow peril' is for the Occident exactly what the 'American peril' is for Europe." The color of the skin has nothing whatever to do with the case. The danger to Europe and America from China and Japan is essentially an economic one. The secret of the wealth of China, as well as of individual Chinamen, M. Ular asserts, is, in effect, comprised in two words—association and credit. Their system is characterized by the absence of three principles which are the basis of Occidental economic life,—the borrowing of capital, the wage system, and a fixed monetary standard do not exist in the forms they assume in Europe. The borrowing of capital is replaced by the association with and collaboration of lenders, the wage system by a participation of associates, and a fixed monetary standard by credit. Production, be it agricultural, industrial, or commercial, is made the basis of coöperative association, or, perhaps, of eco-



From a stereograph. Copyright by Underwood & Underwood.

A RICH NATIVE BAZAAR ON THE NANKING ROAD, THE PRINCIPAL CHINESE STREET OF SHANGHAI.

conomic aggregation. The capital, or, indeed, the means of production, is furnished by all the members. Every one works, and every one shares in the profits. Almost all the large Chinese concerns known to Europeans are coöperative establishments. The Chinese fortunes, with scarcely an exception, are simply a result of a development of credit based on the collective product of work.

One of the most famous of Chinese syndicates, or commercial associations, is the Golden Dragon. This association owns many rice plantations in the center of China; it has hundreds of junks on the great rivers and on the sea; it conducts banks in all the principal cities; it has a post-office of its own; it fabricates silk and cotton of all kinds, and in the last few years has begun an immense export and import business.

AN AMERICAN SCIENTIST ON THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION MEETING.

THE close association between science and politics in England gives to the annual meetings of the British Association for the Advancement of Science a peculiar interest quite distinct from the interest shared by American scientists in the work of their own national association. The impressions of President Henry S. Pritchett, of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, who attended the meeting this year at Cambridge (August 17-23), are given in an article which he contributes to the October number of the *Popular Science Monthly*. The large attendance, which reached nearly three thousand, at the Cambridge meeting is attributed by President Pritchett to two reasons,—first, the attractions which naturally belong to the charming old university town; and, second, the presence of the prime minister of Great Britain as president of the association. This latter fact, the participation of the head of the government in a great national scientific meeting, impressed Dr. Pritchett as perhaps the most curious and interesting feature of the meeting. It was as if President Roosevelt should take a week to preside over the meetings of the American association, to

deliver an address, and to take part in its discussions; or as if Speaker Cannon should preside over the section of economics and take a real part in the debates. President Pritchett reminds us, however, that Jefferson was truly a representative of the science of his time. During a part of his first term, he was president of the American Philosophical Society, setting apart some of the rooms in the executive mansion for the study of fossils, particularly those of mammoths.

PREMIER BALFOUR AS PRESIDENT.

As to Mr. Balfour's address, which was entitled "Reflections Suggested by the New Theory of Matter," and which sketched a brief comparison between the scientific conception of the physical universe to-day and that of one hundred years ago, Dr. Pritchett thinks it remarkable that a man so full of other work, as Mr. Balfour must be, should be able to frame such a statement without committing errors of fact of a serious sort. The address is pronounced by this American scientist as on the whole clever, interesting, and suggestive, from the philosophical standpoint. To have presented such a paper is re-

garded by Dr. Pritchett as an evidence of great intellectual alertness and ability on the part of a man whose hands are full of practical business.

AN INTERESTING COMPARISON.

In suggesting a comparison between the American and the British association based on the study of the sectional addresses and other leading papers of the one as contrasted with the other, Dr. Pritchett admits that the American will find little to minister to national vanity. In the British meeting, the addresses are prepared with more care, and are given in a more interesting manner. It is evident, nevertheless, that the essential difference in the character of the papers presented at the two meetings lies in the difference in scientific training and habits of scientific work in England and America; and it is Dr. Pritchett's observation that the scientific training and methods of work in America are far more German than English.

While the addresses in American scientific societies lack the philosophic interest and charm which characterize many of those given before the British association, the authors of these papers are trained to go more directly at their problems, laying bare the difficulties, and even the failures, of the method or the process, but passing on to some point of vantage. One finds in many English scientific papers a clever use of words and terms; a tendency to philosophize instead of doing the hard work of investigation; a disposition to deal charmingly, sometimes half humorously, with the results and observations costing great labor; and in the end the whole subject left in a sort of agreeable haze in which one seems to have traveled a long distance without going anywhere. The method of attack adopted is

somewhat akin to that of the modern military, under which frontal attacks are abandoned in favor of a less direct method of assault. One sees in English scientific papers a greater tendency to attack the flank than in America or Germany; a somewhat greater disposition to be satisfied with a general statement of facts already known rather than the concentrated effort on particular problems which need to be worked up. All of which simply means that the method of education and of national life in England has brought into existence a large army of disciplined students of research such as one finds, for example, in Germany.

As an American studying the great gathering, Dr. Pritchett is impressed by its possibilities of usefulness in scientific and national development. He finds in such a gathering a source of great intellectual stimulus both to scientists and to the public. There are reasons why an American association is not likely to become so representative a gathering. For one thing, the small distances to be traveled in Great Britain make it easy and cheap for any member to attend the meetings. Then, too, there are differences in scientific training which prompt the American investigator to prefer the society of his own experts to any gathering of a general character. Dr. Pritchett thinks, however, that if there were anything which would bring back to the American association its old time prestige and influence, it would be some such devotion to the cause which the association represents, as has been shown by many of the leading men of science in England. The example and influence of men like Lord Kelvin have done much to make the British association what it is.

HOME RULE FOR ICELAND.

THE brave little inhabitants of Denmark's island possession in the Arctic Ocean have at last gained the substance of complete home rule, the shadow of which they have possessed for some time. In the *Nordisk Revy*, of Stockholm, appears an article entitled "The Constitutional Struggle of Iceland," by Rolf Nordenstreng. Six hundred years ago, this, writer recalls, when Iceland first became associated with Denmark Norway, it expressly stipulated for internal freedom; yet, Mr. Nordenstreng declares, "the royal word was not kept, and since that time the clear treaty rights of the Icelanders have been trodden under foot. During this long period, the people of Iceland, though separated from the outside world, have preserved the consciousness of their right, withheld from them only by superior power, and, in spite of injustice

and oppression, have at last won the victory." The Icelanders have for some time been divided into two parties,—the Progressive party (*Framfaraflokkur*) and the Home Rule party (*Heimastjornaflokkur*). The former party is said to have contended mainly for democratic government and an Icelandic ministry, with residence at Copenhagen, where they could present the cause of Iceland to the throne. The aim of the Home Rulers was to have a prime minister at home, with the governing power established in Iceland. A second minister, with the same power, they contended, might reside at Copenhagen and represent Iceland before the King. These parties were bitterly opposed to each other, the principal objection of the Progressive party to the plan of the Home Rulers being that the minister resident at Copenhagen would

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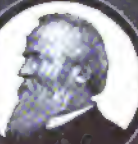
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VIVID PICTURES OF GREAT WAR SCENES

THE THREE GREAT SOLDIERS OF JAPAN— A NIGHT VISIT TO ADMIRAL TOGO'S FLEET

BY

O.

[NOTE.—These descriptions, written from the scenes of the events described, or from places as near these scenes as correspondents were permitted, appear in *THE WORLD'S WORK* and *Blackwood's Magazine*]

THE TRIUMVIRATE OF GENERALS

TOKIO.

THREE men are standing in front of a large-scale map. The map is of so large a scale that it screens the whole expanse of wall at one end of the room. The shortest of the three men holds a telegram in his hand, and, as he reads from it, one of the members of the Triumvirate runs his finger along the red line which seems to bifurcate the suspended chart. Having satisfied themselves that the reading of the map synchronizes with the information contained in the telegram, the three men group round the table in the centre of the room. They are worthy of close observation, these three, for it is this Triumvirate that is ruling Japan's destinies at the present moment. The small, podgy, pock-marked man, whom no caricaturist could fail to lampoon as a frog, is Baron Oyama, the Roberts of Japan. We use the parallel to the English soldier only as a figure of location. In temperament there is no likeness between the two, except that each in his respective country is a great soldier. And what a history lies behind this diminutive field-marshal! He has seen the latent fighting strength of his nation develop in a single generation from the standard attained in the medieval civilization of the East to that of a first-class Western Power; has lived to command it in the act of overthrowing the vaunted strength of a Western Power. But to few great military leaders has such an opportunity come as has presented itself to the present generalissimo of Japan's army. Twelve years ago, this very marshal was called upon to command the Japanese army in the field against the strength of China. The opening phases of his present campaign are being conducted over the very ground through which he then manœuvred

his victorious troops. Does it come often in the lifetime of a general to operate twice over the same squares of the map? In the present operations, the knowledge gleaned in that first campaign has been worth an army corps.

The little general seated at the marshal's right is the Kitchener of Japan. If we had not known that he was Japanese, his quick, dark eye, dapper figure, and pointed beard would have led us to believe that he was a Spaniard, or perhaps a Mexican. General Baron Kodama is the executive brain of the Japanese general staff.

The third member of the Triumvirate, like his illustrious associates, also is small. He is fair for a Japanese, and the splash of grey at either temple enhances the fairness of his skin. Save for a rare and very pleasant smile, the face is unemotional. The dark eyes are dreamy, and the poorest expression of the great brain that works behind them. This is General Fukushima, whose genius has been the concrete-mortar which has cemented into solid block the material of Japan's general staff.

There is a key resting in the safe-keeping of the chief of the staff which, if it came into our possession, would disclose many score of admirable charts. They are marked in color, and each set has its complementary set to meet each contingency that might arise, favorable or untoward, even to the invasion of Japan. There lies stored within easy reach of the home ports every kind of material that modern forethought has considered necessary for every contingency in war—from railway material suited to the swamps of Manchuria, and baulks of timber to furnish platforms for heavy artillery destined to bombard Port Arthur, to shore-torpedo tubes prepared against a hostile landing on the home seaboard.

These are the three men who hitherto have repeatedly overthrown Russia's military strength in the Far East. Yet stay with me a moment more. They are leaving the modest building which represents Japan's military strength in Tokio—this building which, though so unpretentious and insignificant, yet has such a far-reaching shadow—the marshal and his two chief lieutenants are leaving it, for to-night is their last night in the capital; to-morrow they will leave Japan to control the destinies of the army in the field. They are due at a farewell complimentary dinner given by the heads of sister departments. Just have one glimpse at them, as they sit on the floor in strange alignment round the three walls

of the banqueting-hall. For the moment all that is of the West is forgotten; they are now crude Orientals, trifling with the dainty Geisha maidens, who ply them with food and drink; they are entranced with the semi-barbaric dancing of the *première danseuse* of the house wherein they sup, and they partake of the merriment of the cup as if there were no such distraction in the wide world as war. Yet even as they sit, there has come to the men on duty at the War Department a detail of new ground that has been broken within two thousand metres of Port Arthur's outer works, of grim casualties to covering infantry entailed in this pushing forward of the parallel of attacking forces.

A VISIT TO TOGO'S RENDEZVOUS

Steadily, at half speed, the destroyer held on her course. There were no lights—as far as we could see there were no points at all beyond the stars by which the master could correct his bearings. Silently, almost weirdly, the long, thin streak of a boat slipped through the water. Suddenly, the commander put his hand on the telegraph. He peered into the darkness ahead—we could see nothing, but after a moment's hesitation his hand went down. He had rung the engines off, and almost immediately we were going full speed astern. Then it was, and then only, that we saw that there was a dim shadow of a body in front of us. For the first time, we descried a light. The signal-lamp was in requisition. A call, an answer, and then all was darkness again, and we were going half-speed forward again past the guard-ship. Presently, as it were out of nowhere, we were able to discern the dim outline of a moving body on either beam. These outlined into thin, long streaks like unto ourselves. In short, if the night had not been clear, one would easily have mistaken them for our own reflection on the mist. Then from the port beam came a hail. The answer was given in Japanese; again the telegraph spoke to the engineer. In a few seconds we were being piloted by the port boat right in through the lines of Togo's fleet.

It has not been given to every one to witness the victorious Japanese fleet lying at anchor in its rendezvous. The four squadrons lay at anchor in four lines. Just clear of them lay the transports, colliers, torpedo transports, and the dockyard vessels.

At the entrance to the bay lay the guardship and the destroyers. Three destroyers and one cruiser were on the mud to facilitate the attentions of the dockyard hands. Two of the battle-ships had colliers alongside, and another of the colliers was filling the bunkers of two torpedo-boats. Across the entrance to the bay one could just make out the faint line of a boom. Since we had heard so much of the damage which the Russian guns had wrought upon the Japanese fleet, we looked anxiously for evidence of it. As the morning light strengthened, we scrutinized each of the battle-ships in turn. There were six of them, great gaunt leviathans stripped for the fray. Though the friendly glass made each rail and stanchion clear, yet we could discover no trace of this ill-usage of which we had heard so much. Then for the first-class cruisers—they at least had been knocked to pieces. Here they were, six of them, anchored in line ahead. There was nothing that the non-professional eye could detect amiss with their lean symmetry. The picture was in a manner oppressive: there was nothing within view that was not connected with scientific butchery and destruction in its most ruthless and horrible form. The ships themselves, stripped of everything that was wooden or superfluous, gave the morbid impression of merciless majesty and might. The nakedness of their dressing accentuated the ferocity of the gaping guns. But in all, if not exhilarating, it was a magnificent picture. And one bowed in awed tribute to the diabolical and misapplied genius of man.

safe to say that, if Russia, at the beginning of the war, had expended upon submarines the cost of two of her bottled-up battle-ships, not a Japanese regiment could have landed in Korea and remained a regiment. With cheap submarines, active for fifty miles submerged and for four hundred miles on the surface, attached to every seaport, no transport or slow-going battle-ship would dare approach an enemy's coast.

The battle-ship, with its seven or eight hundred men to die when disaster comes, is an expensive investment. Those who advocate its continuance do not advocate its development. No one argues for the building of battle-ships twice as long and broad and deep as those that now exist, with twice the thickness of armor and weight of guns. Yet, if the big battle-ship be not developed still further, it will cease to exist. For a time, its work can be done by the armored cruiser; then, as the speed and vision of the submarine is increased and perfected, by the

fast protected cruiser and faster destroyer; and, if the speed and vision of this deadly, unseen enemy that strikes out of the unknown in time and place finally encompasses the destroyer, these, too, must give way, as is probable; adopt the submarine features of their vanquishers; and become submergible surface boats.

But that battles will be fought beneath the sea is not likely. Men prefer to fight in the open, and only in flight would they seek the depths. Fighting will go on, of course, in one form or another. But sea-fighting will again become a matter of personal prowess—of speed, marksmanship, and courage; and, while the ultimate disarmament and simplification of types may never reach the point where the unit of a fleet will be a man with a gun in an auto-boat, yet it is certain that armored ships must follow the path of armored men, and the huge, high, soft-bottomed floating coffin for 800 men, called the battle-ship, must be the first to go.

THE EMPEROR OF JAPAN

HIS REMARKABLE RELATION TO HIS PEOPLE—HIS PERSONAL HABITS AND CHARACTERISTICS—HIS DIGNIFIED SIMPLICITY OF LIFE—THE UNIVERSAL LOVE AND REVERENCE FOR HIM

BY

DURHAM WHITE STEVENS

COUNSELOR TO THE JAPANESE LEGATION AT WASHINGTON

MUTSUHITO, Emperor of Japan, was born at Kyoto, the ancient capital of the empire, on November 3, 1852. He succeeded his father, the Emperor Komei, in February, 1867, his accession to the throne being thus coincident with the beginning of those changes which have wrought such a marvelous transformation in Japan's position among civilized nations.

The personality of a sovereign whose reign may truthfully be said to mark an era in human progress could not fail to be interesting under any circumstances. At the present moment, it is doubly so, when the nation he has successfully led so far along the path of peaceful development is engaged in a momen-

tous struggle with one of the greatest Powers of the world. It is not easy, however, to form an accurate estimate, from a prosaic western standpoint, of the reasons for the romantic domination of that personality in Japanese affairs today, however patent may be the effects of the influence it has exercised upon the progress of Japan in the past. One difficulty, and not the least, arises from the fact that, in Japan, there is no exploitation or advertisement of the Sovereign's personality along the lines which the modern newspaper has made familiar even in the most conservative western communities. It is not meant by this that there is no "yellow" journalism in Japan, or that the Japanese do not gossip;

for the one flourishes there, and proneness to the other is as much in evidence as elsewhere. But gossip concerning their ruler, even that seemingly harmless gossip about personal tastes, habits, and the like, which apparently affords pleasure to the loyal subjects of other monarchs, is *tabu* in Japan. This is not the result of laws restricting liberty of speech, but of a mental attitude common to all classes, plainly indicative of repugnance to the familiar discussion of a personality which is to them, in fact as well as in theory, the fountain-head of all that has made the nation great and prosperous.

The time that has elapsed since the Emperor's remarkable career began seems all too brief for the formation of a trustworthy opinion concerning the precise force of his personality. There is not sufficient perspective. Only one thing seems clear—that Japan could not possibly have achieved all that she has in the last forty-five years except under the guidance of a sagacious, progressive, and self-denying ruler.

The Emperor ascended the throne during one of the most turbulent periods in the history of Japan. The Shogunate, which, for two centuries and a half, had been the supreme government in everything but name, was on the verge of dissolution. Nevertheless, the opposition arrayed against it was by no means homogeneous, nor swayed altogether by disinterested and intelligent motives. The country seethed with discontent, in some cases from well-founded complaints of the arbitrary rule of the Shogunate; in others, because of the ambitious schemes of certain powerful nobles to replace the Shogun, and, in still others, by the demand of reformers for the abolition of the dual system, and a return to the ancient and more logical form of government by the Emperor alone. For some time, a little band of agitators had been preaching the doctrine of "Imperialism," advocating the return of the Emperor to his own, and the exercise of the functions of state solely by him. Among those whose united efforts brought about the downfall of the Shogunate and the restoration of the Imperial Dynasty to complete power, these men were conspicuous for disinterested patriotism. Fortunately, they gained from the first, and maintained, throughout, the leading place in his councils.

When the Emperor ascended the throne at the age of sixteen, it would have been

thought presumptuous, indeed, to prophesy for him and his people the tithe of what has followed. His ancestors had for centuries been immured from the gaze of all save a few among the highest of their subjects. That they were the titular heads of State, the only lawful source of its highest ranks, honors, and emoluments, and that the Shoguns, even at the zenith of their power, were no more than chief among the vassals of the throne, were well-recognized facts. But the practical exercise of the important functions of government had been gradually absorbed by the Shogunate, and to the emperors had been left only the nominal honors of sovereignty.

Opportunities of gaining a practical idea of men and affairs, however, had presented themselves to the young Emperor before his accession. The dissensions and disorders presaging the downfall of the Shogunate began during the reign of his father, who took a far more active part in public affairs than any of his immediate predecessors, and the sagacity and strength of will displayed by him on more than one important occasion doubtless furnished valuable object-lessons to the young prince, and aided in preparing him for the discharge of the onerous duties which fell to his lot. He also inherited from his father an unusually fine and strong physique.

It added not a little to the difficulties of the young Emperor's position that his accession occurred at a time of domestic turmoil unexampled in Japan for two centuries. But the Emperor, even at that early age, displayed keen and intelligent interest in the stirring events of the day. He was fortunate, moreover, in having as trusted counselors two noblemen of high character and liberal views—Prince Sanjo and Prince Iwakura, Court nobles, whose families had been connected in official capacities with the Imperial Family for generations. The leaders personally most active in bringing about the Restoration were, as a rule, men of comparatively low rank. They were Samurai, to be sure, but by no means of the highest order in that class. All their plans might have come to nothing had they not had in the Imperial entourage, as coadjutors liberal-minded men, of approved probity and honor, who possessed the Emperor's confidence.

Strong influences were at work as part of the Restoration movement that boded ill for the success of the reformers' plans. To for-

ign onlookers, the struggle appeared to be merely one for supremacy between dissatisfied territorial nobles on the one side and the shogunate on the other, the prize of victory in either case being the continuation of the old order practically unchanged. Little or no account was taken at first of the real reformers—men like Saigo, Okubo, Kido, and Itagaki, with their young lieutenants, Ito, Inouye, Okuma, and others who might be mentioned. But there were others of the same opinion, notably Sanjo and Iwakura, who had the young sovereign's confidence. The trust he reposed in them is the trait of character which must most strongly impress any one who studies the history of those days in the light of what has followed. And, throughout his reign, the Emperor has given repeated proofs of this happy faculty of reposing trust in those who have proved they deserved it. Loyalty, ability, and devotion to duty, once they are demonstrated, gain and hold his implicit confidence.

PERSONAL HABITS AND CHARACTERISTICS

To sagacity of this high order is united, according to those best qualified to speak, a capacity for hard work, and the habit of devoting close personal attention to public business. As one Japanese writer says, "His Majesty makes his appearance in his place of official business at 8:00 A. M., ready to attend to affairs of State, and he will sometimes continue at work till midnight." His ministers always have ready access to his presence at all hours, and the writer has the highest authority for the statement that the attention he gives to important matters is of no perfunctory nature, but that, on the contrary, the Imperial sanction of any measure implies a careful examination of the details as well as approval of the principles involved.

The Emperor has always manifested deep interest in military affairs. In times of peace, he shows this by participation in military reviews and manœuvres, and in the graduation ceremonies of military and naval colleges, and by his indefatigable personal concern at all times in the success of the policy which has brought Japan's military and naval establishments to their present efficiency. This was notably shown when he intervened at the time of the disagreement between the Cabinet, under Marquis Ito, and the House of Representatives of the Diet regarding appropria-

tions for the national defense. The Emperor addressed a message to both the Cabinet and the House, in which he said, among other things, "The question of national defense is one that brooks no delay, and, in order to show Our own sense of its paramount importance, We have ordered the expenses of Our Household to be reduced, so that We may be able to contribute a yearly sum of 300,000 yen for the next six years for the necessary equipment of the national defenses." At the same time, the Emperor directed that all officers of the government should contribute one-tenth of their salaries, unless excused for special reasons, for the same period of years, toward the expenses of naval construction. The result achieved by these methods proves the wisdom of the earnest solicitude thus displayed, and of the resultant "coöperation along Constitutional lines of Ministers and Representatives" which it enjoined.

A DIGNIFIED SIMPLICITY OF LIFE

Any person who associates with his ideas of a Court, especially of an Oriental Court, the anticipation of splendid, possibly gaudy, pageantry will find himself disillusionized by a reception at the Court of Japan. Here everything is on a scale of dignified, almost severe simplicity. The buildings of the Palace itself are not especially noticeable save that they harmonize admirably with the gardens and grounds surrounding them, which are laid out with all that skill in landscape gardening for which the Japanese are so justly noted. The interior of the Palace is impressive, more on account of its chaste simplicity, wherein foreign fittings and decorations in the best style of Japanese art are brought together without discord, than because of any attempt to produce splendid or gorgeous effects. The Imperial receptions, like their environment, are simple yet dignified. The Emperor receives his guests standing, with an affable word of welcome to those whose reception is personal, but with more ceremony, of course, on strictly official occasions. The first impression he gives is that of a person above the ordinary Japanese height, with somewhat irregular features, the lower face denoting firmness, the large, wide-set eyes and broad forehead showing a kindly nature and well-developed intellectual powers. The words of welcome are few, but well chosen; the voice low, clear, and well modulated; the manner quietly

cordial. The same unostentatious dignity pervades his daily life. His style of living is plain and quiet. He is especially fond of riding, and takes great interest in the care of the Imperial stud.

The management of the Imperial finances, including the Civil List, amounting to about \$1,500,000 annually, is under the direct control of the Household Department. The Emperor makes liberal donations for numerous purposes; during the present war, his special contributions have been on a most generous scale. Captain Brinkley, in his history of Japan, gives the following concise summary of the ordinary expenditure of the Imperial income:

"The Emperor supports the whole of the princely families, including that of the Prince Imperial; he accompanies all patents of nobility with handsome sums; he makes liberal allowances to Cabinet Ministers by way of supplement to their salaries; he pays the honoraria that go with orders and medals; he gives large amounts to charitable purposes, many of which escape public attention altogether, and he devotes considerable sums to the encouragement of art. His own manner of life is simple and frugal, and it may truly be said that his record does not show one act unworthy of the reverence with which his subjects regard him."

A ruler, displaying an intelligent and scrupulous regard for the performance of public and private duty, of dignified life, simple tastes, and healthful pursuits—such a one truly deserves to enjoy the reverence of his people. That tribute would be rendered in any country whose people are capable of appreciating the benefits of good government. But in Japan the feeling does not stop here. It is seemingly deeper, and undoubtedly more complicated, and occasionally presents aspects which are phenomenal, and certainly not explicable upon any hypothesis with which experience has made us familiar.

REVERENCE FOR THE EMPEROR

For example, foreign observers have been greatly impressed during the present war by the devotion of soldiers and sailors to the Emperor. As one writer says, speaking of a message from Admiral Togo to His Majesty:

"This language is not accidental, nor is it merely the use of honorific terms in referring to one occupying a high temporal position. It clearly indicates the mental attitude of the Japanese toward the Emperor, who is regarded as a great deal more than

a mere temporal ruler. It is no easy thing to induce even the broadest-minded Japanese to discuss this question. But for the fact that it is being shown in a thousand different ways by soldiers and sailors in the present war, it is doubtful whether strangers would ever have been made aware of its existence, or of the extent to which it enters into, and is an essential part of, the deepest convictions of the nation."

This phase of the Japanese character is no new thing to students of Japan's modern progress. To them there is no surprise in the spectacle of Japanese soldiers and sailors going to death with glad fearlessness for the sake of Emperor and country, sealing with their blood the testimony of their firm faith in the indissoluble unity of the two. Nor are those familiar with the tendency of Japanese thought surprised to hear from even the "broadest-minded" Japanese the assertion that to the Emperor should be ascribed all the credit for what Japan has accomplished under his rule. It did not require the evidence that this war has furnished to prove that an assertion of that kind, however hyperbolic it may sound to western ears, to the Japanese mind is nothing more than the statement of a recognized fact.

There could be no higher tribute to the personality of Japan's sovereign than the survival of the ancient feeling of reverence, not in the form of traditional reverence for a mysterious titular ruler, but as a sentiment of active, vital devotion to an Emperor who is known and loved by his people. It should be noted, also, that this feeling pervades all classes, irrespective of rank or condition of life. In ancient times, loyalty, self-sacrifice, and devotion to ruler and country were supposed to be attributes peculiar to a caste, the Samurai. Examples of their manifestation by members of less favored classes are recorded, but the burden of Japanese song and story, even of history, places the Samurai on a pinnacle inaccessible to any but those by whom the practice of self-sacrificing devotion to duty was more highly regarded than life. Today, the shopkeeper, the peasant, the mechanic, are giving their lives as cheerfully and ungrudgingly as ever did the Samurai of old. The spirit seems to have permeated the whole Japanese nation.

Some observers account for it as the result of an endeavor during recent years to cultivate in Japan an exuberant, even exaggerated,

atriotism. To this, the manifest spontaneity of the feeling which nerves the Japanese people in the present crisis is sufficient answer. Much critics confuse cause with effect, and, because some exhibitions of this feeling are difficult of explanation according to western standards, attribute to artificial stimulus that which is distinctly the result of natural causes. Few peoples have shown greater readiness than the Japanese to adapt practical means to practical ends, whether in their private affairs or in their governmental methods. However deeply stirred they may at times be by such waves of popular emotion as occasionally sweep over all nations, their past history proves that they possess in an eminent degree the capacity of sane recovery. Whatever may be the explanation of the spectacle they now present to the world, it is safe to assert that their zeal and ardor are not the results of motives either transitory or artificial, but of firm convictions of interest no less than of their convictions of right and duty.

A UNIVERSAL PATRIOTISM

Neither, it seems to the writer, is it quite correct to explain the spirit of patriotic devotion which the Japanese are displaying as an effect of the teachings of Shintoism. In an interesting editorial, the *New York Sun* recently expressed the opinion that the courage and notable contempt for danger shown by Japanese soldiers are due to their belief in the so-called "worship of ancestors." These soldiers, it was argued, would be ashamed to show fear, because it would cast dishonor upon those whom they honor, and leave a heritage of disgrace to those who, they hope, will in turn honor them. Mr. Arthur Knapp has the same thought in mind when he says:

"In the late war with China, every soldier of the invading army was nerved to duty and devotion, not only by the knowledge that the entire nation of forty millions was behind him, that not a single disloyal or dissenting voice was raised in opposition to the struggle, but also by the consciousness that another vaster but viewless host was with him. . . . The Japanese are ever surrounded by their dead. It is not simply, as in other nations, that traditions of the knightly deeds, and visions of knightly chivalry of the past, linger in the memory of the warrior. The very actors in the fierce struggles of old are on the field, and in the thick of the fray, urging their sons to victory."

This is a beautiful and inspiring thought, which even the believer in other forms of re-

ligion can admire. But whether it affords an adequate explanation of the valor displayed by the soldiers and sailors of Japan, or of the feeling that inspires them, is another question. Doubtless to the Shintoist nothing could be more exhilarating, nothing more calculated to elevate energy and courage to heroic effort, than the thought that those whom he reveres and honors are at his side in the battle. Yet there are many Japanese soldiers who are not Shintoists. Possibly, these are moved by the example of their fellows, or, it may be, the teachings of whatever other religion they profess have not displaced from their minds all traces of belief in the ancient faith. If that be considered a sufficient explanation, how shall we account for the courageous spirit and the firm purpose which animate the whole Japanese people without distinction of religious belief? Those who sit at home bear no light burden, and have urgent need to be brave and resolute. We have abundant evidence of the fortitude, the patience, and the cheerfulness with which this silent multitude, of all ranks, conditions, and creeds, whose nearest and best-loved are in hourly danger, endure the painful anxieties of their position. No better illustration of their spirit, or of the fact that it is universal, could be given than is found in the story of the little band of boys from a missionary school, who spent days in serving tea to the departing troops, never failing to salute their guests, as they left, with the united cry, "*Tei Koku Banzai! Tei Koku Banzai!*" "Imperial land a Myriad years."

The shout raised by those shrill young voices with such hearty zest shows that devotion to the Emperor, as for the land with which his personality is so thoroughly identified, is not governed by the teachings of creeds, but is the spontaneous outgrowth of popular feeling. Japan is indeed an "Imperial land" to its patriotic people, not alone for its beauty and for the sacred associations which endear it to them, but also because they see in its changed conditions, in the dignity of its position, and in all the material good which the Meiji Era has brought them, evidences of the wise and benevolent rule for which they are indebted to their Emperor.

But, all this having been said, we discover that we have traveled in a circle, and have returned to the point from which we started. Here again the original proposition confronts

us, and we encounter the same difficulty in the attempt to explain, in accordance with western ideals, the potent influence which the Emperor's personality exercises upon his people and the fervid patriotism with which it inspires them. That influence and that devotion cannot be the outgrowth of an artificial cult. Their roots have a deeper hold in the national heart than that; and their spontaneity is too evidently genuine to permit the belief that they are in any sense exotic. Yet it seems equally clear that they are not inherited from old Japan—at least, in their present form. Perhaps it would be nearest the truth to describe them as an amalgam, a survival of the ancient reverence for the throne, and of the feudal doctrine of loyalty and devotion to duty at any sacrifice, permeated and vitalized by the sentiment of personal attachment and devotion.

One thing is self-evident, however, whatever the origin of this national trait—at critical junctures in peace, as well as in war, it has exercised a determining influence in Japan's affairs. Take, for example, the disturbed period which followed the introduction of a

constitutional form of government. There were not lacking signs of the belief in Japan that the experiment would prove hazardous when the Emperor voluntarily announced the purpose of promulgating a Constitution and establishing a parliament at a future fixed date. Promptly at the time named, however, the promise was fulfilled, and some of the Imperial prerogatives were given over to the management of the new legislative body. As had been predicted by some, political strife and struggles, generally strenuous and not always seemly, followed each other in rapid succession. Happily, this was only a transitory phase of what has been aptly termed the "experimental stage" of constitutional government in Japan—a period that has now been succeeded by a well-ordered and well-established system.

It has been a fortunate circumstance for the nation, for the stability of its affairs, and the permanence of its progress at times like these, that loyalty to the sovereign, whose high personal qualities have justified and repaid it in full measure, has always been the controlling principle with the Japanese people.

JAPAN'S FITNESS FOR A LONG STRUGGLE

THE MILITARY AND FINANCIAL RESOURCES OF THE PEOPLE SUFFICIENT FOR A CONTEST LASTING MANY YEARS—THE PART THE EMPEROR, THE CENTRAL GOVERNMENT, AND LOCAL GOVERNMENTS PLAY IN MAINTAINING NATIONAL EFFICIENCY—FOOD SUPPLIES—JAPANESE EXPANSION

BY

JIHEI HASHIGUCHI

JAPAN prospered after the war with China, in spite of the tremendous expenditure of money and the enormous loss of lives. The loss sustained in the temporary suspension of industries was more than made up by the impetus given to revolutionize the ante-bellum national methods and to undertake enterprises on a greater scale than before. For instance, except for this impetus, the government iron foundry at Wakamatsu would not have been established. I was in the port of Wakamatsu after the war. The ground for the site of the foundry had just been purchased. It was nothing but a bar-

ren, grass-grown lot on the empty shore of the bay. Today, magnificent brick buildings, covering an extensive area, stand where my feet then trod.

When this and other instances are considered, one may infer that the present Russo-Japanese War, in case of Japan's victory, will be a double, nay, a treble blessing to the victor. For, if the war with China, which had not been systematically prearranged by the government and the people, was followed by great national prosperity, the fruits of a victory over Russia will doubtless be greater still, since this war has been prearranged for

at least four years—ever since the inauguration of the present Katsura cabinet; while its inevitable coming had long been expected by the nation.

The two wars began very differently. The uprising of the Tonghaks, which was the cause of the war with China, was an internal trouble of Korea, itself of small consequence. The people of Japan had never dreamed that it was to become the cause of a continental campaign. It was not the people that wanted war; the government induced the people to go into it. The late Count Mutsu, the Foreign Minister at the time, was a shrewd diplomat, whose diplomacy has been characterized as variable, full of a hundred and one different plans, like a show of moving pictures. When it was known that the Korean Government, unable to manage the Tonghaks, had applied to China for help, he immediately caused a council of the cabinet members to be called, pushed through a resolution that the General Staff forthwith prepare for a military manoeuvre, and secretly ordered the Nippon Yusen Kaisha—a steamship company—to prepare its vessels for transport service. This happened on July 2, 1894. Marquis Ito, then prime minister, conciliatory man though he was, was induced to make a proposition to China, whose troops had already been reported to have departed, that she coöperate with Japan in subjugating the Tonghaks. But Count Mutsu foresaw that China could not be trusted. He therefore demanded that the Korean government aid the Japanese troops already in Korea, and that Korea answer favorably in three days. And, receiving no answer, he caused the troops to proceed, who forthwith seized the Korean palace, and began to act independently of China. Count Mutsu had delivered the ultimatum of the Japanese Government to China through the British minister in Tokio, on July 19th. Thus the diplomatic negotiations did not continue longer than two weeks or fifteen days.

The war with Russia is different. The people were expecting it, although they were not urged on by jingoism. The government, though aware of its coming, was quiet, thoughtful, never excited by the demands of the war party. Baron Komura, the minister of foreign affairs, a man of cool head, and with a reserve which made him appear irresolute, was a target for the reproaches of the war agitators. But he was far from irresolute. He

was as firm as a rock, never receding an inch from his position all through the period when he exchanged diplomatic correspondence fifty-one times with Minister Kurino, in St. Petersburg, through whom he proposed terms of agreement to Russia. When he received the request for amendment of the terms, he amended them in such a way that the original claims of Japan were not altered in the least; and, receiving the refusal of Russia to accept the terms, he proposed reconsideration three times. He began negotiations in July, 1903, and continued them until February 5, 1904, when an ultimatum was sent to Russia. As a diplomat, Baron Komura may fairly be compared with Mr. Hay, the Secretary of State of the United States.

It is plain, therefore, that the people who reposed their confidence in the government, whose foreign minister was led to send an ultimatum not by jingoism, but by diplomatic necessity, have proved themselves to be a great civilized nation.

Japan is great, not only because she understands the civilized art of diplomacy, but also because she was measuring her resources, while the cool-headed diplomacy of her ministers was going on, to make sure that she should be able to enter, on the mainland of Asia and on the seas, a campaign of years' and, if necessary, of a century's duration, against the occidental spoilers of the Orient.

JAPAN'S MILITARY RESOURCES

Outsiders are not able to form an accurate opinion of the real condition of the military resources of Japan. Even the sympathetic people of Europe and America are in the dark on the subject. I have been informed by an intimate friend, who has been in the service of the Japanese army for three years, that Japan can call into service at short notice 1,500,000 men of strong physique, besides the large national guard; for, according to his information, 539,282 men—which was the number eligible for conscription in 1901—had no objectionable physical defect, and belonged to the first class, as shown by physical examination. The men who belonged to the second class had merely slight defects of the eye or in some bodily function. As for the naval force, 27,865 men—the total number of seamen in the active service, and the first and the second reserves—are of the best physique. In case of necessity, more than double

this number can be recruited from the merchant marine, as well as from the eager applicants for admission to the service. One million five hundred thousand is a large number, but it is a small portion of 8,034,098, which is the number of males from seventeen to forty who were available for conscription service in 1898.

Foreigners are apt to suppose that the flower of the Japanese soldiers and sailors are necessarily the young men of the Samurai class, on whom too much eulogy has been already lavished. True, the Samurai class have long been the flower of Japanese fighters; and, indeed, most of the generals and admirals, and other high officers, are still of the Samurai class; but the rank and file of the army and of the navy today are composed more of the plebeians than of the patrician Samurai class. And these heimin (plebeian) soldiers are today really important elements in battle. For instance, the Fourth Division of Osaka, in which nearly all the men are of this class, was prominent in the battle of Nanshan Hill, while the troops who, refusing to surrender, went down off Gensan, Korea, with the *Kinshin Maru*, which was sunk by the Russian Vladivostok fleet in the early part of the war, were the men of the same division. The heimin class are fast being promoted to higher rank in both army and navy. It will not, therefore, be far from the truth to predict that the Samurai class, as such, will at some near time in the future be obliterated, and the two classes of people will become indistinguishable. The Samurai class, who still claim their hereditary prerogative to be the soldiers, are far inferior to the heimin class in their physical quality. This may be due to the fact that the Samurai young men are neglecting their normal physical exercises, which the farmers, mechanics, and the ships' crews are unconsciously performing by necessity. The jiu-jitsu and the fencing which the Samurai class still practice, and of which much has been written in this country, are not in any sense comparable with the exercises that the heimin class practice in forming their physique.

It is plain, therefore, that Japan's really effective present and future military resources are to be found in the heimin class, which outnumber the Samurai class six to one. With this class to draw on, the military resources of Japan are practically inexhaustible; moreover, the whole population of Japan, which is

45,402,359 according to the latest census, is already too large for an area of 27,062 square miles. The density of population is 1,831 to a square mile.

It is undeniable that the flower of the Japanese fighters are now at the front. Among the dead in the battles of Yalu, Nanshan, Telissu, Port Arthur, and Liaoyang are included some of the best men in the service. Japan can ill afford to lose these men at the front. If the slaughter at Liaoyang be repeated in many other battles, the effective strength of the Japanese army will be greatly lessened. But, in the opinion of many eminent authorities, assuming Japan's continued success, the active warfare will not last much longer after Harbin falls into the hands of the Japanese, although minor details of the war may continue to make slight troubles. Then Japan will not need to maintain such an enormous force at the front. A greater part of the army will be withdrawn, leaving a sufficient force to guard the frontiers of Manchuria, while China, to which Manchuria will be returned, will send her own troops to supersede the Japanese soldiers.

HOW THE WAR EXPENSES WILL BE PAID

But it may be asked how Japan will be able to defray the expenses of the war if it last long. In the first place, the volume of trade has trebled in ten years, according to the following official figures:

FOREIGN TRADE	IMPORTS AND EXPORTS
1893	\$177,970,036
1902	530,034,324

This is thought to be evidence that the wealth of the nation has trebled. Even if the expenses of this war should be three times as great as that of the Chinese war, the nation will be able to pay the cost. But, whereas in the Chinese war the loans were all domestic, in the present war foreign loans were floated at the start. Some have criticised this measure on the ground that the floating of the foreign loans at a price greatly below the face value of the bonds, and with the customs duties as the security, is fraught with menace to the future of Japan's finance, since Japan will have to redeem the bonds at a very high rate of interest—say 8 per cent., on account of the discount at which they were sold. Since the loans were four times oversubscribed at home, these critics maintain that the loans ought to have been floated at home.

These arguments are worthy of note from the point of view of abstract economics. But domestic loans can be successfully floated at any time later, for the patriotism of the people will lead them to subscribe. The foreign loans are different. The sympathy of foreigners may not be so durable as the patriotism of the Japanese. When the war has lasted a long time, and the sympathy of foreigners has become slack, it may be hard to float foreign loans successfully. The Japanese government was wise in thus securing the foreign sympathy expressed in the subscriptions to the loans, while foreigners were willing; for the surplus money at home, subscribed to the war loans, but not called for, is still there. The government can keep it as a reserve fund.

HOW THE GOVERNMENT TRANSACTS BUSINESS

Almost every enterprise of national character is somehow or other connected with the government. This may be because the people, by heredity, have almost implicit trust in the government. The Mikado is, in their eyes, a superhuman being. According to the history of Japan, he is a descendant of the sun goddess, who is supposed to have descended from heaven to rule the archipelago. Thus he retains still the worshipful faith of his subjects. Marquis Ito is a wise man, for, though he was imbued with the spirit of democracy, yet, when he revised the constitution of the Japanese Government in 1888, he used the following language in the third article of the constitution:

"The Mikado is sacred and inviolable." At the same time, the constitutional power of the Mikado is defined in the first 17 articles. His power is much the same as that of the President of the United States, with the single difference that the former is sacred, whereas the latter is not. But, powerful though he is, he does not take personal direction of the affairs of state, beyond a paternal interest in them. All the actual duties of the head of the government are practically in the hands of the prime minister, who is appointed by the Mikado, with the advice of the privy council, which is a sort of self-perpetuating body, consisting of the elder statesmen, like Marquis Ito, Count Inouye, Marquis Yamagata, Count Matsukata, and those who were the main force in the reconstruction of the restored Mikado's government in the beginning of the present Mikado's reign. From

the absence of any reports of such activity, it may be inferred that the Mikado has not as yet exercised his political functions to their full extent. He has never recommended any measure original with himself. All his necessary work is mapped out beforehand by his advisers.

Of all the elder statesmen, Marquis Ito is the favorite of the Mikado. He, oftener than anybody else, calls upon the Mikado at the palace to answer the latter's inquiries. Every report he makes is taken by the Emperor in good faith. While the Mikado is not a powerful monarch in the sense that Kaiser William of Germany is, he is a great monarch because he does not interfere with his subordinates in the exercise of their duties. He daily performs the routine of his office. He reads the daily newspapers with great interest. Since the war with Russia began, he has closely followed the daily reports of the occurrences at the front. All the measures passed by the national Diet interest him profoundly and are remembered by him in detail. But the veto power which he possesses is left to the prime minister, to be exercised in the name of the Mikado. Dissolution of the national Diet, which is at the will of the Mikado, is often resorted to by the prime minister when the Diet is too troublesome for him to manage. Last fall, when negotiations with Russia were still going on, the high-spirited members of the Diet passed a resolution to appeal to the Mikado against the temporizing measures of the government, as they called them. This resolution would have been voted down had the late Mr. Kataoka, the former Speaker of the Diet, lived. But his successor, Mr. Kono, aided its passage. Thus, the national Diet, representing 45,000,000 Japanese, is easily handled by the executive department.

The principles of popular government are not yet fully understood by the Japanese. Whereas, in the United States, the executive department has no right to initiate any resolution, in Japan the executive department initiates almost all the resolutions. The executive department, whenever it wishes to introduce any resolution, sends a committee to the Diet. There a member of the committee reads the message from the executive department. He is asked to explain any points unintelligible to any member of the Diet. Any member of the cabinet who has

the prerogative to be present in the assembly, and who may happen to be present, may assist the representative of the committee.

When any especially important bill is introduced, this committee is often dispensed with, and the minister in charge of the bill introduces it. Three years ago, when the seventeenth assembly of the Diet was opened, Baron Sone, the finance minister, introduced the land tax bill, explaining in a low tone the budget of that year, which included the expenditure for the third naval expansion. After he finished, Baron Yamamoto, the minister of the navy, mounted the platform vacated by Minister Sone, to explain the third naval expansion bill. His dignified manner, with his sharp eyes glowing from his pale face, which was buried in thick black whiskers, as well as his imperative tone of voice and his effective eloquence, showed the onlookers that he was handling the Diet with ease. Meanwhile, a lean, short man appeared in one of the chairs for cabinet ministers. He had no air of greatness, but he had won fame as the man who negotiated the Anglo-Japanese Alliance. He was the Foreign Minister, Baron Komura. When a member of the Diet asked whether the third naval expansion bill was a condition of the Anglo-Japanese Alliance, Baron Komura straightway answered clearly and pointedly, "There is no connection whatever!" The terseness of his language stunned the questioner, who remained silent for the rest of the session. The naval expansion bill had been passed previously, and the land tax bill was then passed. Thus the legislative department is merely an auxiliary to the executive.

LOCAL GOVERNMENT IN JAPAN

The central government is all the more powerful because it has power to supervise the local governments. The governors of prefectures and of the three large cities, Tokio, Osaka, and Kyoto, are appointed in the name of the Mikado by the Minister of the Interior, and are more responsible to the latter than to the prefectural assemblies which represent the people. In order to be responsible to the central government, the governors are once a year summoned by the Minister of the Interior to a governors' council, where they are instructed in things that are for the benefit of the central government. The assemblies of the prefectures are bodies auxiliary to the executive department of the prefectures.

A prefecture is divided into counties and cities. A county is again subdivided into townships and villages. The county government is merely the reproduction of the prefectural government on a smaller scale. It is only in townships and villages that a complete local self-government system is worked out. The chief of a township or a village is elected by the council of the township or the village, and is directly responsible to the people. The chief is a mere executor of the will of the people expressed in the resolutions passed by the council.

While, on the one hand, this local self-government system is expanding its scope, on the other hand, the central government is well suited to the present condition of the country. It can apply a uniform national policy, sacrificing, if necessary, a minor interest of a particular prefecture for the national welfare. Thus the nation's progress is not retarded on account of the discordant elements in the local governments.

THE PRESENT DISTURBANCE OF INDUSTRY

The war with Russia, like the war with China, has brought about temporary economic disturbances. The advocates of frugality, in order to save money for the war fund, have gone too far—so far that the purchasing power of the people has lessened in a marked degree. Osaka, the commercial metropolis of Japan, is not so active as usual with its concourse of merchants from other cities and towns. A merchant of a small city, who used to come to Osaka six times in a year, now comes only half as often.

In spite of these facts, the production of rice this year was unusually good, according to a statement given out by Consul-General Uchida, of New York. But this condition cannot be taken as a sign that, in the coming years, the same condition will prevail; for the good rice crop this year is due to the peace which Japan was enjoying last year, while the farmers had enough farm-hands to work their farms. But this year, and in the coming years, if the war last long, the farmers will lack hands, because the able-bodied men are either at the front or in the service at home. Even if the loss of laborers in the farming industries be not great enough to affect them seriously, yet the concurrent effect of a lack of working-hands in the other industries must necessarily react upon farming.

But, however great the loss caused by temporary economic disturbances, the gain in the expansion of the sphere of influence of the nation will more than counterbalance the loss. In case of Japan's victory, the protectorate already acquired over Korea will afford the Japanese a considerable field of activity. Already the government is at work regulating the Korean policy. An enterprising Japanese recently applied to the Korean Government, whose policy will be decided by the Japanese Government, for a monopoly of the work of breaking up the uncultivated soil. Although he has not yet succeeded, somehow the Japanese Government will find a way to start such work. Rice, which is imported from Korea, will be produced there on a greater scale, and with improvement in quality after the Japanese begin work in the Korean rice-fields; for the Koreans hitherto have not cultivated them with the characteristic thoroughness of the Japanese. The Japanese cultivate rice by the intensive method. Hence, Japanese rice is very much superior to Korean rice. In case

rice becomes scarce in Japan, the improved Korean crop will relieve the scarcity. Moreover, rice can be imported from the southern countries of Asia, such as Siam, Anam, and Burmah, whence Japan has long been importing it.

But Japan, which hitherto has been an agricultural country, now gives every indication that she will become a manufacturing nation before long. China has abundant natural resources. These Japan will draw upon as raw materials for her manufactures.

In Manchuria, after the war, even though the territory be returned to China, the influence of the Japanese immigrants will be dominant. They will enter into various enterprises. And, in a generation, they will doubtless establish a permanent colony; and then make a new nation, as the Anglo-Saxons have done in America. They may become powerful enough to protect the interests of both the old and the new country against the grasping hand of Russia. Thus they will relieve Japan of the greater part of her military responsibility in the new country.

THE PLIGHT OF RUSSIA

THE BURSTING OF THE BUBBLE OF ITS FORMIDABLE
GREATNESS—AN EMPIRE OF "GRAFT" IN HIGH PLACES

BY

JOHN FOSTER CARR

FEAR of Russia has hung over the world for more than a quarter of a century.

But today, after a nine months' war with Japan, its dreaded power has become almost a laughing-stock. War is the tonic that skilled statesmen prescribe for weak and troubled states, but neither hope of conquest nor the blow of humiliating defeat has given energy to Russia. There are signs neither of a coming popular revolution nor of national disintegration. Like the giant in the fable, who was buried under a mountain, it lies and feebly writhes.

And, like a giant, Russia has great size joined with great weakness. Some of the causes of its lethargy are incurable. Others are due to a backward civilization. The

Czar rules over nearly one-sixth of the total land surface of the globe. His empire is the largest continuous national territory in the world, and is more than twice the size of all our possessions. The 25,000 miles of the equator would hardly go half-way around his frontiers. But where we have 196,000 miles of railroads—not counting double tracks—that land of magnificent distances has only 33,000; and they are so poorly built and operated that the Russian rides like the wind when he makes a speed of thirteen miles an hour. Many roads are mere military routes, and not highways of commerce. No economic facts determined their path, and frequently the only merchandise they transport is the grain they carry to the supply of troops from

a famine-stricken province. The wagon roads are poorly made, and are often impassable except when frozen solid. The rivers during the summer are the chief routes of travel and trade, but there is no adequate system of canals. The post-office handles one piece of mail for fifteen that pass through our own. For every two miles of telegraph in Russia we have five, and for each mile of her telephone wires we have fifty-three.

Russian industry tells the same story. For each inhabitant, Russia invests in industrial enterprise four dollars; the United States, one hundred and twenty-five. Our factories outnumber hers twenty-three to one. The value of her cotton spinnings is but two-thirds of ours. She manufactures somewhat more than half as much tobacco; and only in sugar does she surpass us.

Mineral wealth abounds, yet Russia does not mine enough of the precious metals to pay the expenses of her travellers abroad. Her pig-iron equals only one-sixth of ours, and one-twentieth of our coal cars would carry her entire output.

And yet Russia has 130,000,000 inhabitants. More than nine-tenths of them are peasants engaged in agriculture. They live in little villages, often miles away from the fields they till, and their poverty is chronic. Thirty per cent. of all the babies die before they complete their first year, and more than half of them are starved to death. Bred of filth and starvation, endemic typhus rages in whole districts.

Ignorance leads misery by the hand. Three-fourths of the children never see the inside of a schoolroom. Of those who go to school, few are taught more than their alphabet, the catechism, and the elements of arithmetic. In Russia proper, ninety-four people of every hundred cannot write their names, or spell out easy words. Technical education is even more neglected; and, for every 11,000 people, there is but a single physician. The upper class, and, to a limited extent, the middle class, is mentally alert; but the national mind is dull and slow of development.

The condition of the peasant has not been much bettered by the abolition of serfdom. Not the individual, but the village (*mir*) holds the land. Each year, it reallots the tillages, and no man knows in September where he will plow in March. No one fertilizes the ground he tills, and rotation of crops

is impossible. The peasant, therefore, has gained little in gaining the thing named "freedom." Land he cannot sell, for he owns none; nor buy, for there is none for sale. He cannot move from village to village. The old *mir* would refuse to let him go, and, in the new, he would have no share. He does not improve his one year's holding, for it goes the next to another villager. In consequence, the land, naturally rich, has grown so poor that it will not support him. Half the year he tills the poor soil; the other half he seeks work in the factories of the cities. He seems eternally bound to the increasing horrors of starvation. For ten years, there has not been a time when famine was not ravaging some province of the Empire.

Sad as the peasant's lot is, it is made unutterably worse by the government. The best of the peasantry is drafted off to the army. The less able-bodied who are left bear the greater part of the enormous financial burdens of the Empire. Taxes have increased by leaps and bounds, until they have more than doubled in fifteen years. The state now lays hands on perhaps one-quarter of the peasant's income. Meat he seldom tastes; even cabbage he cannot afford. His practically unchanging diet consists of black bread and the cheap tea that is molded into bricks.

As a man, the peasant is dull, brutish, non-resistant to the point of martyrdom. He cannot distinguish between *mine* and *thine*. His ignorance passes definition. In 1888, a cultivated Russian passed through a town of Little Russia. He was anxiously asked, "Will you be so good as to tell us if you have been in the other world?" The peasant is good natured and gentle, but his gentleness has an odd mixture of unconscious ferocity. In a retreat during the Crimean War, a wounded soldier was dragging himself along in great pain. His comrades, in deep sympathy, said: "You are suffering too much. Do you want us to end your pain? Shall we bury you?" "I wish you would," he answered. They set to work, and dug a grave. He laid himself down, and was buried alive. The general, who heard of it afterwards, said to the soldiers, "He must have suffered terribly." They answered, "Oh, no! we stamped the earth down hard with our feet." These are extreme instances, but they mark a depth of ignorance and insensibility impossible to find in any other civilized country.

Such is the Russian peasant, a strange blending of Scythian and Mongol. Such is his condition, his life, his hope—and such the hope of his son's son. And the Russian peasant is nine-tenths of Russia. What of the rest?

Greater Russia, its land and its people, exist solely for the profit of the other tenth. It consists of three classes: landowners, merchants, the only powerful non-official class; and the bureaucrats, who are usually spoken of as the aristocrats—for a landless noble amounts to so little that a prince may be a day-laborer. The Czar himself has only a slight trace of Russian blood in his veins, and his aristocracy is like him. Many of these bureaucrats are foreigners. The commercial world is filled with aliens, many of them Germans and Poles. The greater part of the capital invested in business enterprises is foreign, chiefly French and Belgian. One-third of the urban classes are non-Russian.

The bureaucracy and the merchants in collusion have built up a perfectly organized system of graft. It is openly recognized, treated with tolerance, even thought of with respect. There is no parallel to the rapacity of these privileged and high-placed thieves. Not only do admirals buying coal in foreign ports procure receipts for much larger sums than they have paid, pocketing the difference and dividing it with their under officers, but no contract is let at home which does not allow a liberal margin for a "rake-off." In this way, Russia has paid for her railroads two and a half times the amount which the Minister of Finance estimates as their value—and by American standards his estimate is 50 per cent. higher than the necessary cost. It is said that fully 75 per cent. of the large Red Cross Fund which was subscribed at home and abroad has been stolen. The magnificently equipped hospital train which the Czarina sent to the East was looted between St. Petersburg and Moscow. Not a thing of value was left in it.

Nowhere else has bureaucracy proved such an enormous burden to the state. Department after department has been created, and, before the end of the year, another will be added to the long list. Block after block of useless great office buildings has been erected. It is seriously asserted that there are as many clerks on the pay-roll of the office for dog licenses as there are dogs in St. Petersburg.

This shameless system of wholesale thievery is supported by the terrible power of the autocracy. Its chief instrument is the police, which is a national force with its own minister—the Minister of the Interior. It is in unchallenged control of all the affairs of life. The Minister must issue a permit when a townsman wishes to remove into the country, and *vice versa*. Notice of visitors must be given to the police; all social gatherings, all clubs, and all factories with their workmen, are under its supervision. A Governor of a Province has full power to declare martial law at any time. Police spies are everywhere, and an unarmed people cannot rebel.

Drink is the national vice, and the Russian must buy his *vodka* from a vender in the government employ. What the tax-gatherer leaves, and what bribes to officials do not eat up, the peasant pays into this hopper of the same insatiable machine.

Religion is seized upon as a means of exploitation and control with no more scruple. The tremendous power it wields over an ignorant and superstitious populace is in the hands of the government; for control is direct in the Orthodox Russian Church. All officialdom is in communion with it, and its head is the Czar—divinely appointed alike to throne and headship—"God's anointed." It is administered by the dreaded Procurator of the Holy Synod, a layman, who is one of the most powerful officers in the Empire.

There is less tolerance of other religions than in Turkey. The people are intensely devout, but religion means a combination of bigoted formalism and superstition. Even the Czar, with the Holy Synod and the bishops behind him, would not dare to alter a single word of the ritual. The cursing of evil spirits is as important a matter as the blessing of fields and houses. The sacraments are a matter of bargain. The peasant pays his few wretched *kopecks* to the priest, and in return expects divine protection and aid. Not long ago a luckless priest was murdered because the harvest had failed upon some land that he had blessed.

Religion is almost entirely divorced from morality. The lowest kind of criminals will pray devoutly for the success of the crimes they plan. The parish priests have become a caste, rigidly cut off from the rest of the world and held in universal contempt. It is almost impossible for the son of a priest to

be anything but a priest, and, as a rule, he can marry no one but the daughter of a priest, whose dowry is a pastorate. This lower priesthood is not religious. It is generally ignorant, and extortionate; it is often drunken and scandalously immoral. And yet, through superstition and vigorous government support, it has a strong hold upon the people.

It its way, the Church is as active as the bureaucracy in destroying the prosperity of Russia. The Russian calendar contains 132 holy days, upon which the peasant is strictly forbidden by law to do any work. Ignorant, struggling at fearful odds with disease, working hopelessly an impoverished soil, crushed with taxes, half-starved, the Church yet forces the poor peasant to remain in idleness more than two and a half days each week, that she may wrest a few *kopecks* from him when he comes to her services.

Over landowners, merchants, bureaucrats, and the Church, preying upon the vitals of the people they should protect, is a company of royal vultures—the Grand Dukes and the Czar. As the Bourbons looked upon France, and the Stuarts on England, so this family looks upon the dominions of the Empire as a patrimony personal to them, to be exploited for their pleasure. But neither England nor France has ever suffered as Russia has suffered for the pleasure of her rulers.

The Grand Ducal gang—consisting of three uncles and a brother-in-law of the Czar—have unlimited power. They are at the head of the great national system of graft. They and their understrappers sell and barter privileges, steal from the public crib, and wreck as they choose the national prosperity. They are all corrupt, and so shameless that they are not affected by foreign scandal at their acts. The three Grand Ducal uncles are the trustees of the fund that has been collected to erect a church as a memorial to Alexander II. Work was begun twenty-two years ago. The money has been subscribed several times over by the nation. Nobody expects that it will be completed in this generation, and yet the embezzling trustees are the sons of the murdered Czar. One leads a notoriously profligate and dissolute life. The second, the head of the fleet, is a patron of the actresses at the French Theatre. One of his mistresses lately acted as go-between in a deal for the purchase of foreign ships. The third is military governor of Moscow, and

chief Jew-baiter of the family. He is a rabid anti-Semite that he will not allow a Jew to pass the night in the city of Moscow. The royal domain embraces a territory twenty-five times the extent of Ohio, and the royal family also belong most of the time to gold and silver, the rich output of which would supply no small part of the money needed for education and ultimate reconstruction. But, in want and in debt, the Grand Duke engineered the famous lumber concession on the Yalu; secured the Czar's consent; and then him to invest in the speculation; and, finally, as a direct result of their intrigue, embroiled Russia in the war with Japan.

Autocrat among autocrats, and a beneficiary of this tremendous system of oppression, is the Czar Nicholas II. He is at once the administrative head and the victim, for, fearing for his life, he is like a child in the hands of the Grand Dukes. But, if he were free to act, there is no evidence that he has the will to work reforms. Nor has he the ability or strength for a contest with a system which has become national.

Diminutive and insignificant, when he stands at full height he must peer up to the eyes of a woman. He has an inherent weakness that approaches effeminacy. His voice squeaks in a high falsetto. His education has been grievously neglected, for he has been bred entirely by women. The Czar of All the Russias is weak and vacillating, frightened by signs and dreams.

To sum up: Russia stands at a great crisis in an evil plight. Its aristocracy is rotten and tyrannous, its people sodden in ignorance, without moral sense, dull and brutish; its priestcraft often degraded, extortionate, and sensual; its land of natural resource wasted and consumed; its imperial line counting human souls and bodies as bullion for its gain; and its Czar a grotesque weakling.

The first five months of this war have cost Russia nearly \$500,000,000. Trade is stagnating everywhere throughout the Empire. The new land of Siberia, developing with remarkable rapidity, is suddenly cut off from its supplies and all communication of commerce, because soldiers and munitions of war monopolize its only railroad. The government is spending three times its normal revenue, and, while thrifty and honest Japan gets full value for every dollar spent, Russia is pouring her gold into the hands of thieves.

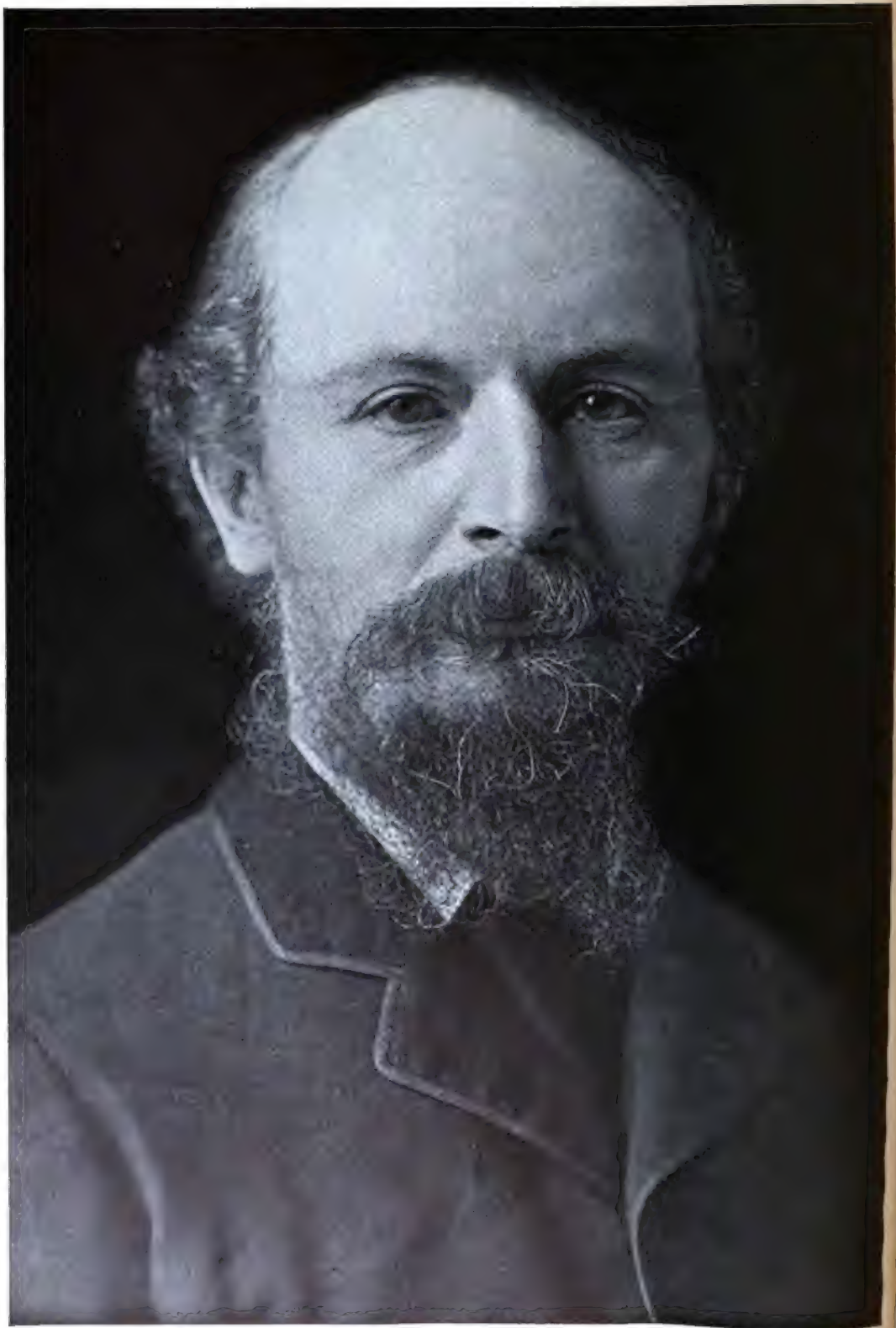


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MR. LAFCADIO HEARN (died September 26th)

His books are considered the best interpretations of Japanese life written by a foreigner at Tokio. The latest of them is "Japan, An Interpretation"

(See page 5539)



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41 HIGHEST AWARDS IN EUROPE AND AMERICA

nomics and languages — particularly French, German, Spanish, and Oriental; law—Roman, civil, canon, common, maritime, and international. It should also embrace commerce—its history, the raw materials of commerce, their sources and distribution; commercial geography; the world's markets; transportation—marine and overland; insurance — marine, fire, and life. After graduating from the consular school, the candidate for consular honors should pass a few months in the Department of State and in a United States Customs office in a large city. Thus he would enter upon his work with the finest possible kind of equipment. Nothing in the system should preclude the appointment of men from newspaper offices, boards of trade, and chambers of commerce. Like the volunteers in army and navy, these men might go in on recognized and well known merit.

The British consular service and those of continental Europe are based on education. Indeed, the public services of the world, now being studied by our consuls and soon to be made the subject of a special report, are far ahead of ours in the element of education. No man is appointed to a foreign customs office, or into a foreign consular service, who has not had an education especially adapted to the line of life to be followed. Almost all European countries have consular schools. Indeed, Germany has a school in which her expert appraisers and higher customs officials give several hours a day in courses calculated to instruct officials and to encourage expert research.

It may not be out of place just here to say a word about consular salaries. As a rule they are far inferior to those paid by American business houses to the thousands of agents who call annually or semi-annually at our consulates; and they are much smaller than those paid by European governments. A man capable of doing the work demanded of

some American consuls would be worth four, five, or six times his salary to American importers. The system of salaries is in every way incongruous, anomalous, and inane. Some men are paid too much; many, very many, too little. No consul should have less than \$3500; and no secretary or clerk should be offered less than a thousand a year. Experience has taught me the futility of trying to live, as an American consul ought to live, on less than \$3500; indeed, \$5000 would be even closer to what is the essential income. Consuls ought also to be furnished with an ample fund from which to pay for expert information. They have now to pay for this out of their salaries. I remember a case in which some expert foresters furnished page after page of facts for a report I was making at the request of the Department of State. When I came to pay for the service, money was refused. They did the work gratis because they loved it. Their salaries were enough. It was all based on a pretty sentiment. I had to find a way of paying, by means of a box of Havana cigars and a case of champagne. Payment for both came out of my pocket.

Another need is lofty ideals in regard to a consul's duties and in regard to the type of men by whom we want to be represented abroad. When a consul is sent out of the country, it must be really and truly for his country's good, and not, as was formerly too often the case, to get rid of an objectionable and pestiferous political "heeler." What commerce was to Greece during the time just preceding the glorious era of Pericles, what it was to Rome and Carthage and Phoenicia, what it was to Venice, Pisa, Florence, Genoa, and the Hansa cities, it is bound to be again to us. We are to have our renaissance, and if the present conditions prevail in the nation and in the executive departments of the government, the new type of American consul is destined to play a very important part.



A JAPANESE MAGAZINE COVER

A war-number cover in colors, drawn by the artist Matsuya for *The Vogue*, a new illustrated periodical issued semi-monthly. At the top of the anchor is the Medal of Kinshi, corresponding to England's Victoria Cross, and below it the special title of the number, "Punishing Russia."

WHAT THE JAPANESE ARE READING

THE LITERATURE OF A SERIOUS-MINDED NATION

BY HAROLD BOLCE

Japan is a nation of readers. More than a thousand newspapers and magazines are published in the empire. The Imperial Public Library at Tokio has half a million volumes, nearly one thousand of which are printed in the languages of Europe.

Centuries before Commodore Perry with the compulsion of Christian guns forced the emissaries of the Shogunate to listen to his marines sing Keith's version of the Hundredth Psalm, Japan had its own poems, songs, and stories. Since the advent of the modern era the literature of all nations has been translated into Japanese. Even Shakespeare, Carlyle, and Emerson have been done into the vernacular; and although the result sends shudders through the sensorium of Western scholars, the little brown polyglots will tell you complacently that they have improved upon the original, modifying the Anglo-Saxon context to suit the more subtle understanding of the Oriental.

Great freedom is frequently taken in the translation of novels. The imported plot is changed to conform to Sunrise standards, and characters are rechristened with Japanese names. The work becomes an adaptation. *Ernest Maltravers*, by Bulwer Lytton, the first Western novel translated into Japanese, appeared in that country in 1879 under a title which meant *A Spring Story of Flowers and Willows*.

Nor is plagiarism considered a literary offense in Japan. On the contrary, it is looked upon as an indication of extensive reading and tenacious memory.

The more a writer can interlard his story or essay with ideas, phrases, and even paragraphs from the works of masters, foreign or domestic, the greater the proof of his scholarship. To advertise a borrowed extract by the parade of quotation marks or their equivalents would be an exhibition of questionable taste; it would serve to indicate that the writer had recourse to this vulgar expedient to announce an erudition which he feared might otherwise escape attention.

And while this literary larceny, under the guise of modesty and art, is an offense to the more scrupulous writers of the Occident, it serves the useful purpose of widening the horizon of the Japanese reader. Instead of the mere thoughts of the single author, there are merged into his novel or homily the fancy and wisdom of the dreamers and sages of various lands and many generations. If a song gave pleasure five centuries ago, why not borrow its beauty to adorn a poem of today? And why cumber a shelf with an unread philosopher when his maxims can be appropriated to illumine a contemporary essay?

It is impossible for the West to comprehend the logic of the East. To incorporate, unacknowledged, another's rhyme or reason is no more of an offense in the Island Kingdom than to seize upon an American or British trademark. It all contributes to the glory of the Mikado, and has the sanction of imperial law. It is evident that it requires the Oriental squint to see these things in their Far Eastern light!

In spite of a Japanese author's slavery to his literary shelves, his productions are peculiarly entertaining. With the modern era has come in a new school of writers whose members are duplicating the career of popular novelists of the United States. A few years ago a Japanese named Murai Gensai published a novel entitled *Asahi-Zakura*, which made a great hit. The story is the dream of a possible conquest of England by Japan. Hong-Kong first falls before the heroes of the ambitious volume, and in turn India, Malta, and Gibraltar acknowledge the power and sovereignty of the Mikado. Finally a Japanese armada sails triumphantly up the Thames and collects a great war indemnity from the vanquished and suppliant millions of Great Britain. However much the leaders of Japan may deprecate the deductions of spectators that the ambition of the empire is to absorb additional domain and rise to political and commercial supremacy in Asia, it is worthy of note that instant literary success attended this jingoistic extravaganza foretelling the downfall of a great modern empire before the advance of the Mikado's squadrons.

America is not the only country where authors build country seats and buy yachts out of the proceeds of popular novels. In a former article I mentioned Mr. Fumio Yano, of Tokio. He had written a number of historic and economic works, incidental to his career as a diplomatist, but while these volumes met the approval of the cultivated they fell short of taking the public by storm. Japanese writers frequently liken the civilization of their empire, especially as to its artistic achievements, to that of ancient Greece. One day it occurred to Mr. Yano that a novel with Theban politics in the plot and Epaminondas for the hero might appeal with peculiar force to his countrymen. So he wrote a romance along that line, and it succeeded beyond his most extravagant hopes. Thousands of readers to whom,

theretofore, the name of Epaminondas would have meant less than a word in a cable code, suddenly began to rave about that ancient general and statesman as a prototype of the manhood of Japan. The result was that Mr. Yano with the help of Epaminondas built himself a charming home, and also bought tickets to Europe and America.

Few of the contemporaneous American writers of fiction are popular, or even known in Japan. Several American scientists, however, are widely read. Professor Ira Remsen, in chemistry, and Professors Newcomb and Holden, in astronomy, are accorded much honor by the Japanese. Japan is the greatest fisherman among the nations. Fish-literature has a great vogue; and it is worthy of note that specialists in that line regard Dr. Hugh M. Smith, Deputy Commissioner of Fish and Fisheries at Washington, and President David Starr Jordan, of Stanford, as eminent authorities in ichthyology. Emerson has a large following among the cultivated people of Japan, and Longfellow and Whittier are enjoyed. The long and lengthening roster of our current celebrities in letters would be almost meaningless, even in the most highly educated circles of Tokio. Even Mark Twain has not succeeded in laughing his way into Japan, a fact in singular contrast to the popularity enjoyed by this humorist in Russia. It was my fortune to meet an educated Russian gentleman in the secret service of the Czar. This man had been in every city, hamlet, and corner of the Russian Empire.

"Tell me," I said, "what American is considered the greatest by the inhabitants of Russia?"

"There are two Americans," he replied, "who enjoy equal honor in Russia; who stand, in fact, apart as unique and splendid types of manhood in the United States."

"And who are they?" I interrupted.

"Grover Cleveland and Mark Twain," was the reply.

A PAGE OF CORRECTED PRINTER'S "COPY"

There is one American writer of to-day who has succeeded in impressing his work upon the mind of commercial Japan. Every clerk in the stores, banks, commission houses, railway and steamship offices, and godowns of the Mikado's empire is familiarly acquainted with "Old Gorgon Graham," oracle of the Chicago stockyards. When Baron Shibusawa visited America he was impressed with the thoroughness of methods employed in the big packing houses, department stores, and other large institutions of this country, and it became one of his ambitions to metamorphose, if possible, the whole commercial procedure of Japan. He realized that one of the indispensable preliminaries in the achievement of the needed reform was the education of the thousands of young men employed as clerks and in other capacities in the large business institutions of the empire. The Baron, who is called

Heads of big houses all over the empire therefore bought the books wholesale and distributed copies among their employees. Published in paper covers, and selling for forty sen, the book reached a circulation of over two hundred thousand, but with no profit to the author, as there was no international copyright. In the Japanese appraisalment of the book its humor was entirely overlooked. The production was accepted solely as a serious gospel to over-confident young man-

hood. The Oriental failure to detect the humor of the work is not to be wondered at when it is recalled that one of the soberest statistical annuals published in America included Old Gorgon Graham's quaint volume among the financial books of the year.

It is when one glances at the strangely assorted books that enjoy popularity side by side in Japan that wonder is expressed at the unexpected preferences of these peculiar people. The same merchant, or manufacturer, or transportation magnate in Japan who read with great seriousness Mr. Lorimer's book, and dis-

and others throughout Japan, asking them to name their favorite foreign author. Darwin was found to be the people's choice by a large plurality. Carlyle is also widely read in Japan. A work which has entranced the Japanese mind is the *Encyclopedia Britannica*. The Mikado's subjects devour these ponderous volumes with as much relish as Americans display in reading the leading novel of the week.

Some of the Western journals have been likening Japan to the Transvaal in war matters. However that may be, in the matter of reading there is an utter

び戦に出づるや、成るべき限りは、修繕の爲めに軍港に引返さしむるを避けざるべからず、是れ此工作船の缺くべから



工等を蒙せ居る船のとなり、無敵の一た
○戦争のため
忙しいもの
我が社の編輯局

THE JAPANESE EDITOR IN WAR-TIME

One of a series of typical cartoons in a Japanese magazine, running successively through the middle of the pages.

tributed it by the armful among his clerks and agents, will confess that when he wants to experience a genuine joy in reading he spreads himself out on a mat, robes himself in a loose kimono, warms a bottle of saké over a charcoal fire, and then proceeds to revel in the absorbing delights of Darwin's *Origin of Species*. To determine with some accuracy to what extent that work enjoys its reputed popularity in the empire, a leading publisher in Tokio sent thousands of blank votes to professors, students, merchants, bankers,

absence of similarity between the Jap and the Boer. I happened to be in the Transvaal in 1895-6 when the revolution planned by the leading citizens of Johannesburg gave promise of success. A committee called at the American consular headquarters and asked me to prepare a charter designed to set forth the reasons for the overthrow of Oom Paul's rule and the establishment of a more democratic form of government. My first thought by way of preparation was to re-read our own *Declaration of Independence*. To that end I entered

a bookstore kept by an Anglicised Boer, who was looked up to by his countrymen as a man of learning.

"Have you a copy of the *Declaration of Independence*?" I asked.

"No," replied the Transvaal book dealer, "I regret to state I have not, but we have a very alert agent in London who keeps posted on all the popular books, and if it is having any sale in England it will undoubtedly be here by the next steamer's mail."

Assuring him that the work in question had never been popular in England, I continued my search elsewhere. An

the story from beginning to end. Nearly all the modern popular fiction of Japan has a serious purpose. Books that are written solely to entertain have a limited circulation. It may surprise Western readers to learn that Nuttall's *Classical Dictionary* has reached a circulation of half a million copies in Japan.

In the Imperial Public Library at Tokio the greatest demand of readers is for works of history, biography, geography, and travel. Next in popularity come books devoted to mathematics, medicine, and natural philosophy. Literature and languages comprise the



THE JAPANESE COMPOSITOR UNDER PRESSURE

The second of this series of cartoons, humorously representing that journalism is about the only rushing business in Japan in war-time.

observation such as this made by the bookseller of Johannesburg could not issue from a Japanese. Thousands of students and clerks and business men in that empire can repeat without faltering the Oriental translation of the American Magna Charta. In fact, one of the most popular of the recent novels in Japan introduces its characters at Washington, D. C., where a Japanese hero unctuously reads to a comrade the *Declaration of Independence*. The principles of liberty breathed into the plot at its inception quicken the action of

topic third in demand, while next on the list are works on law, politics, sociology, and statistics. Following that group come books on engineering, military tactics, and manufacturing industries. Volumes least in demand are those devoted to theology and religion.

Many of the most valuable literary productions in Japan are as Greek to the ordinary native, being written in classical Chinese whose ideographs are meaningless to all except sinologists. One reason why the modern reformer and philosopher, Fukuzawa, was enabled

伊勢物語



Infantry

源氏物語

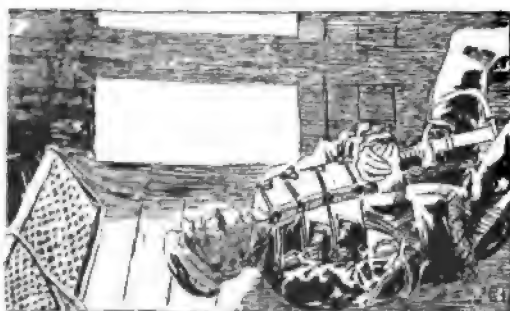


Infantry

千鶴物語



Infantry



源氏物語

Drawn by Kōsō Yamamoto
Hakubun Ken

Officer of the Train

DRAWINGS BY A JAPANESE NEWSPAPER ARTIST, ILLUSTRATING A POPULAR SERIAL ROMANCE OF THE WAR

to exert a revolutionary influence over Japan was that he wrote his many books in the colloquial.

The histories of Japan have been potent factors in molding the thought of the people; and to an alien this is remarkable, as many of these annals scarcely rise above the dignity of chronological tables. The *Nihon Gwaishu*, before the fall of Shogunate, which it did much to bring about, was read diligently by every Japanese with any pretense to education; and many of its interminable pages of births, marriages, wars, and deaths were committed faithfully to memory. This huge historic Japanese catalogue, so exasperatingly uninteresting to a Western reader who expects a history to be more than a chronological tabulation, succeeded in arousing the millions of the Mikado's empire to enthusiastic, tumultuous, revolutionary patriotism.

The histories of Japan, which without a break solemnly trace the lineage of the Emperor back to Oriental gods, have succeeded in impressing that pleasing fiction as an auspicious fact upon the mind of the race. Even university professors and poets in that land will, without a quiver of historic conscience, recite the unbroken genealogy of the imperial household, notwithstanding the fact that many of the emperors died without issue.

The historian's manipulation of facts in Japan—this

interfusion of things that should have been into the record of things that were—is not regarded as a departure from the functions of a chronicler of events. A curious and altogether convenient idealism has been developed in Mikado-land which gives both the man of letters and the ordinary citizen great latitude in many phases of their activities. It is a system which provides for the substitution of the fanciful for the real whenever the happiness and general welfare of the individual, family, or community concerned can be promoted by the exchange. The practice, which has exerted a decided influence upon Japanese character and has permeated the empire's literature, transforming its seemingly dry histories into works of imagination, is called *yumei-mujitsu*, which means: "Having the Name, but Not the Reality."

The interpretation of events through this happy medium makes it possible to ignore the unpleasant record of centuries of puppet emperors forced to abdicate in favor of infants selected by the usurping houses of Fujiwara, Taira, and Minamoto. And it is a handier thing still for the historian when confronted by the story of how retainers in these families became as much greater than the head of the household as that aristocratic pretender was superior in power to the nominal emperor. These puzzling ages of intrigues within conspiracies, when imperial dynasties were made to appear and vanish like moving pictures thrown by a biograph upon a screen, are readily straightened out into orderly succession by invoking the literary magic of *yumei-mujitsu*. Mikados who in their day wielded no more power than a ventriloquist's manikins are made to flourish as august potentates, wielding undisputed sovereignty over a loyal empire, and seated upon a throne graced by an unbroken succession of their imperial ancestors.

Such fanciful presentations of history

form a conspicuous part of what is read by the people of Japan. The work of the modern historians in the Sunrise Kingdom has been thorough, and the conviction that their Mikado is the lineal descendant of that emperor who in remote ages descended to Japan from the heavens now permeates the empire, and is a leading source of the patriotism that animates the nation and stimulates the valor of the fighting thousands beating back the might of Russia.

It is not alone in the so-called histories of Japan that this principle of *yumei-mujitsu* is invoked to dignify and splendor a dynasty which, in reality, has encountered as many breaks and other vicissitudes as some of the reigning houses of Europe. The poetry and romance of the empire are full of allusions to the unparalleled antiquity of the imperial line, and this manufactured succession of rulers provides a favorite and popular editorial theme in the daily press. Every native reader in Japan is glad to encounter the topic. Even if he knows it to be simply a dignified fiction it thrills him none the less, and he glories in the record as if it were an unassailable fact.

So thoroughly has the idea of *yumei-mujitsu* diffused itself among the people through the medium of the widely-read books of Japan, that the principle has become indispensable in the perpetuation of family honors and traditions. Whatever the West, with its franker ethics, may think of a system that tolerates and even encourages the pruning and grafting of genealogical trees into a beauty and symmetry pleasing to the living, it has this value in Japan—that it makes immortal in domestic annals every commendable deed. For example, when an unmarried youth or a husband without issue dies on the field of battle fighting for his emperor, the fallen hero becomes the founder of an honorable house. It is accomplished in the following manner: his sacrifice for his country is

rewarded by certain honors bestowed by the Emperor upon his memory. To perpetuate these, relatives apply for registration in his name, and from generation to generation his glorious death is cherished in the family circle. It not infrequently happens that a Japanese is registered and legally recognized as the son of his own brother. No good deed is permitted to die in Japan. Even the rickshaw man who trots in front of you between the shafts of his vehicle is likely to have a family crest on the back of his blouse. In all probability he enjoys only vague collateral descent from the ancestor who won the right to this emblem, but the coolie or his forebears managed to secure registration in the name of some worthier man who died leaving no children or immediate relatives to reap the benefit of his achievements.

Let us suppose that Washington Irving had been a Japanese author. At his death, his relatives would have applied for legal inheritance of his fame, and thus the House of the Author of Rip Van Winkle, or of some similar title, would have been founded. In the course of a generation or two, scores of proud Japanese men and women would have claimed direct descent from the renowned man of letters, the trivial circumstance of his having lived and died a bachelor in no wise interfering with the boast of unbroken lineage.

While the West, therefore, may inveigh against a nation's histories, poems and polemics that commend and even glorify all evasion of commonplace and undesirable realities, the splendor of genealogies from the cottager's family to the household in the imperial palace, and the general literary illumination which lends brilliancy to the dullest chapters of Japanese life, have given to the people of that empire, both in war and peace, an incentive to diligence and aspiration, unrivaled among the inhabitants of other lands. Every home in Japan is in some degree a temple of

fame. If an ambitious man is handicapped by the absence of an illustrious ancestor, he simply adopts one. The humblest citizen, by keeping track of death-notices, can manage sooner or later to seize upon the name of some man who has accomplished enough to make him desirable as a household god. It is all, of course, a colossal farce, and the whole structure of Japanese life, with its borrowed plumes and appropriated traditions, offers an unrivaled opportunity for an Oriental Cervantes. A Japanese *Don Quixote* may some day be able to bring down upon the fantastic ideals and theatrical annals of the land a ridicule that will laugh them out of existence.

One of the wonders of literary Japan is the universal tendency to write poetry. Nearly every person in the empire, from rickshaw-men and geisha-girls up to the Emperor and members of the cabinet, is a poet—from a Japanese standpoint. The present Mikado has written nearly fifty thousand odes. He dedicates a portion of every evening to the production of poetry. While the spectacle of the ruler of nearly fifty million peoples solemnly writing verse every night is unique, the number of his creations is not so remarkable when it is realized that a Japanese ode rarely exceeds thirty-one syllables in length, and more often consists of two lines containing altogether seventeen syllables. The latter style is called *hokku*. Anything in the heavens or on the earth or in the waters under the earth is a proper subject for a Japanese *hokku*. Rhyme, reason, and metre are alike ignored. No rule of grammar need be obeyed. It is not even necessary to complete a sentence.

"November, with a butcher bird
Perched on a post in the open moor"

is a complete poem in Japan. The idea frequently is to suggest a picture, rather than to tell a story or to express deep and complicated emotions. A curious thing is that two lines which do not



THE JAPANESE EAGERNESS FOR WAR-LITHOGRAPHS

measure up to the requirements even of a distich will, when published in Japan, incite hundreds of literary analysts into penning elaborate reviews of the couplet, pointing out with categorical completeness the many marvelous things the poet must have kept in mental reservation, since he managed to express so little in his ode! The following commonplace *hokku*, for example, has been the topic of many explanatory essays:

"She wraps up rice-cakes, while one hand
Restrains the hair upon her brow."

Japanese critics of penetration see in that the romance of a high-born dame, forced by harsh circumstances to earn her bread behind a baker's counter, or perhaps at some fair, but ever mindful of her tresses truantly straying from an all too hastily arranged coiffure. It seems incredible that scholars, equipped with knowledge of the literature of all nations, could

dignify mediocre lines like those in the rice-cake stanza as a great poem.

With such canons of poetic art it is not strange that Japan is an empire of poets. The writing of verse is an absorbing passion of multitudes. Cultivated Japanese women have poetry days, similar to reception days of their Occidental sisters. Themes are sent out to the ladies on their calling lists, and everybody comes with a poem on the subject. Sometimes the topic selected is poetical enough, such as "Thoughts of Love on Waking," "The Moon Setting Behind the Mountains," or "A Nightingale in a Village." But more substantial matters have recently asserted themselves as worthy of poetic treatment. "Lucifer Matches," "Annual House Cleaning," and other affairs of domestic importance are now being worked into the social minstrelsy of Japan.

The Emperor himself sets the example

followed by Japanese society in dedicating certain days to poetry. Every January the people of the empire are invited by the Mikado to participate in a poetical competition. The theme is chosen and advertised by the imperial household, and the efforts of the thousands of ambitious competitors must be written on a certain kind of paper, the quality, color, and size being fixed by royal decree. Here are some of the topics selected by the monarch and his counselors in recent years: "The Stork on the Pine-Tree," "Pine-Trees Reflected in Water," "Bamboos in the Snow." None of the poems, or *tankas*, submitted must exceed thirty-one syllables in length, and the unwritten exaction is that the authors must embody in the diminutive ode some subtle laudation of the dynasty, and if possible suggest the unbroken succession. Obviously a poem of two lines with a stork and a pine-tree for a text, and the eulogium of the Emperor and his more or less imaginary ancestors as the underlying *motif*, must assume literary contortions to accomplish its bizarre purpose. The most highly-cultivated people in the empire take part in these peculiar contests.

Although extreme contempt for syntax is displayed, there are certain classical standards that must not be departed from; and so seriously do the Japanese take their compositions that teachers are employed to give instruction in the art of writing verse, long lectures are delivered to students on the subject, an appalling list of technical niceties must be mastered, and the pedagogical nomenclature of all these forms of expression committed to memory. After the students have taken a thorough course, they are required to spend an additional term in writing poems; and when the amateur poet has acquired sufficient dexterity to put into two lines enough picturesque ambiguity to render it impossible for the astutest critics to agree upon his meaning, he is awarded the diploma which he has striven for.

Thus the poet of Japan is made, not born. Much of the verse produced is merely involved paraphrase of accepted models. But while the over-mastering idea that diligent gleaning from the lines of other poets is a distinguishing mark of ability, the racial daintiness of the people frequently finds commendable expression in their little odes. Some of these creations are as exquisite as their pictorial art. It is sublimity that is lacking. Japan is a land without an epic. Its greatest poems seldom rise above the dignity of clever epigrams.

A number of undeniably pretty poems have been molded into a household game, and are known by heart by every man, woman and child in the empire. It is not altogether unlike the American parlor pastime known as the game of authors. Inasmuch as the beauty of these abbreviated odes has impressed itself deeply upon the Japanese mind throughout many centuries, and continues to the present to be a daily inspiration to the multitudes, the verses are well worth the study and attention of other races. One of the favorite selections from the game of poets reads like this:

"But for its voice, the heron were
A line of snow, and nothing more."

And much Japanese philosophy is crowded into these lines:

"Did it but sing, the butterfly
Might have to suffer in a cage."

Perhaps the most important couplet in the unique Japanese game is this:

"If but the wheel be diligent,
The water hath no time to freeze."

In all their industries the Japanese repeat this to themselves as an incentive to labor.

It should be kept in mind that these couplets, which have been instrumental in molding the Japanese character, are not lines from one long poem or from any one author. They are the choice selections of anthologies many centuries old. Few Japanese poets are able to

launch their productions in their own volumes. In nearly all cases books of poems are collections. A volume containing as many lines as there are in Tennyson's *In Memoriam* would represent about fifteen hundred poems in Japan, and as many poets.

Turning from poetry to every-day prose—since the beginning of the war with Russia the commonest sights on the streets of Japanese cities are men carrying armfuls of newspaper extras and running at full speed, sleigh-bells suspended from a cord at the waist warning pedestrians of their riotous approach. And as these *yomi-uri* dash ahead they cry out: "*Gowai, gowai*," which is the Japanese equivalent for "extra." Every now and then some intrepid citizen manages to plant himself in the path of the headlong news-vender and stops that frantic individual long enough to secure a copy of the *gowai*. Instantly the fortunate purchaser is surrounded by an eager crowd, to whom he must perforce read the news, if indeed the sheet contains any, which it rarely does. I learned that these extras are little more than advertisements of what the newspaper soon to be issued will contain. The *gowai* is about the size of one sheet of an American theatrical program, and is printed on one side of the paper only. Before the war they were usually distributed gratuitously, but now they are sold. Why the crier rushes at a breakneck speed, heedless of the many opportunities he might have of disposing of the extras if he got down to a gait favorable to commercial transaction, neither he nor his publishers managed to explain farther than to say this, that the province of the *yomi-uri* was not so much to sell the dodgers as to provoke a curious public into buying the daily journal he represents.

Many of the Japanese dailies have large circulations, the *Jiji Shimpō* of Tokio and the *Osaki Asahi Shimbun* having passed beyond the one hundred thousand mark. Every party and fac-



A YOMI-URI CRYING "EXTRA"

tion has its organ; and prominent men, like Marquis Ito and Count Okuma, have their personal newspapers which are more or less "inspired." Most of the Japanese newspapers printed in the vernacular are largely unintelligible to the foreigner, even when ably translated; for the press censorship is so severe that native journalists have cultivated the art of saying one thing and conveying to their countrymen a meaning totally different from the one seemingly expressed. The Minister of War, the Minister of the Navy, or the Minister of Foreign Affairs can, without taking counsel of his colleagues, suppress a newspaper

and confiscate the entire plant. Yet this is seldom done. The editors are sufficiently astute, however caustic they may be in condemnation of policies, to avoid utterances that would bring upon them and their establishment extreme penalties.

Moreover they have a "prison editor" on every newspaper staff in Japan, whose duties consist in going to jail and standing trial for any offense committed by the journal. This representative of some of the more independent papers spends a large portion of his time in prison, either awaiting the hearing of his case or in serving out the term of his sentence. Even when out of the toils, he has no editorial duties to perform. His salary is larger than that of most of his colleagues, and his position is in demand. He enjoys the sonorous title of Editor-in-Chief, and when he is behind the bars the actual editor is classed by the journal in question as merely a contributor. Everybody, including the authorities, is fully aware of the subterfuge, but nevertheless the trial proceeds of the imprisoned editorial dummy, who perhaps is incapable of writing a news paragraph.

Quite a number of dailies in Japan are published in English. Most of these are edited by Britishers, but I was assured that the larger part of the circulation is among the educated Japanese. Although America started Japan on its modern career, it was an Englishman who established the first real newspaper in the country. Today in the empire there is but one journal conducted by an American. It is the *Japanese Advertiser* of Yokohama.

It is almost impossible in Japan to buy a copy of any of these English-printed newspapers without going to the place of publication for it. There are no news-stands in Japan like those in the United States. At a few of the bookstores Japanese newspapers may be obtained, but none of these establishments handle papers printed in English.

And there are no newsboys in Japan. The nearest approach to that product of the strenuous civilization of the West is the full-grown *yomi-uri*, tearing down the street like a runaway horse. And that man of flight, jingling bells, and raucous shouts has no time nor inclination to handle sheets printed in foreign characters.

Nor are these English journals usually to be had at the desk of Europeanized hotels. Morning after morning in various hotels of the empire I tried to buy the *Japan Times*, the *Japan Mail*, the *Advertiser*, and the *Kobe Chronicle and Herald*. On rare occasions the Japanese clerk would dig down behind the counter and exhume a copy of one of the papers in question, dated the day before.

"Where can I get a copy of today's issue?" I asked.

"Take a rickshaw and ride to the publication office," was the reply.

I marveled at the lack of enterprise of the business managers of these English-printed papers, particularly in Yokohama, where steamers crowded with passengers, denied the world's news for many days, are constantly arriving. In San Francisco Bay tugs piled with the morning papers meet every incoming steamer from the Orient, and the supply is devoured by the passengers. The same demand exists at the Japanese end, but there is seemingly no American or Britisher in the empire enterprising enough to take advantage of it.

"If I were in your place," I remarked to a Yokohama editor of an Anglo-Saxon sheet, "I would get boys and sell copies of the paper to the great crowds of visitors arriving daily."

"You think so now," he replied languidly, "but if you had lived twenty years here, as I have, you'd have that Yokohama feeling just like all the rest of us."

I made inquiries of other editors in regard to the subject, and the explanation, or rather the lack of explanation

vouchsafed was of the same character. Why Anglo-Saxon men, who have sufficient spirit of adventure to set up in the publication business fifteen thousand miles from home, should sink into such an editorial and commercial indifference is beyond comprehension.

Of course these publications have their regular subscribers and advertising patrons. The news they print is of the briefest and most unsatisfactory character. In this respect they are little better than the vernacular sheets. Cable interruption creates small disturbance in Japanese newspaper offices. In fact, I have among my collection of things Japanese a number of dailies whose leading news stories are articles taken from London and New York journals. Bill Nye used to say that the *Boomerang*, when he edited it at Laramie, never failed to come out with the news except when the freight train was late. The American and European papers carried across the oceans to Japan are indispensable to the journalism of that empire.

All the papers published in English, even the *Advertiser* with its American management, are made up like British journals. The vernacular sheets are modeled on the French style, including the feuilletons containing serial romances. The Japanese, committed to brevity in their poems and to daintiness in most of their artistic achievements, are incredibly long-winded in their tales. The most popular of all the modern romancers in Japan is Bakin, and the work from his pen most rapturously read is a story

that fills one hundred and six volumes. So, to the Japanese, the almost everlasting serials that trail through the vernacular dailies are alone more than worth the price of subscription. These stories, which are usually illustrated with pen-and-ink drawings, are eagerly read by all classes. Leave your rickshaw coolie, who is virtually a human horse, in the street, and when you emerge to resume your ride you will in all probability find him reading a soiled collection of papers containing instalments of a serial novel.

The magazines of Japan are many, and devoted to every conceivable branch of letters, art, and industry. The Haku-bunkan Publishing Company, of Tokio, alone issues a dozen weeklies and monthlies, largely patterned on American magazines, and in some instances even partly adopting their names. One of the most interesting of the magazines of the empire is the *Japanese Graphic*, published at Tokio. Although printed in the vernacular, the pictures have underlines in English.

To Americans and Britons the most valuable magazine in Japan is the *Sun Trade Journal*, half of it being published in English. It is edited, owned, and entirely conducted by Japanese. While one of its purposes is to encourage exchange of trade between America and Japan, it bristles with forecasts of Japan's "inevitable supremacy of the Pacific."

Harold Boker





VAUCLUSE, THE POET'S RETREAT

In his chateau there—the ruins of which are seen on the hill at the right—practically all of Petrarch's literary work was done, including the immortal sonnets to Laura.

A POETIC FESTIVAL

THE GREAT PETRARCH FÊTES OF 1904

BY ALVAN F. SANBORN

In a letter to a friend of his childhood, the aged Petrarch, reviewing his life, recalls a visit they made together as school boys to "the beautiful fountain of the Sorgues, which, formerly famous for its own sake,"—I quote freely from his own words—"has become more famous, if it is allowable to boast a little to a friend like you, by the long sojourn which I made there later, and by my verses. When we arrived at the fountain—I remember as if it were but yesterday—struck by the extraordinary beauty of the place, I said, among other childish things after my childish fashion: 'This is the spot which suits my nature best, and, if one day it should be possible for me to come here, I should prefer it to a great city.' . . . I passed there subsequently several years interrupted by worldly affairs and by severe trials which often distracted me. Yet I found there a peace so profound and so seductive a charm, that, since I have known what the life of man is, I have scarcely *lived* anywhere but there; all the rest of my life has been for me a torture."

"No place in all the universe is more agreeable to me than Vaucluse," says Petrarch in a letter to its seigneur, the Bishop of Cavaillon; "no spot is better adapted to my studies. A child, I visited Vaucluse; a young man, I returned to it, and this charming valley warmed and coddled me in its sun-exposed bosom. In ripe manhood, I passed sweetly at Vaucluse my best years and the happiest moments of my life. An old man, it is at Vaucluse I

desire to eke out my last days, it is at Vaucluse I would die in your arms."

As cordially as Petrarch loved Vaucluse he hated Avignon all his life, in spite of the immense debt of gratitude he owed her. "All she possessed," said the president of the Academy of the Department of Vaucluse, in the course of the recent Petrarch celebration, "Avignon lavished on the young political exile. She consoled him with her blue sky, she warmed him with her sunshine, she invigorated him with her mistral, she charmed him with her green horizons. She gave him her river which lulls, her star-lit nights which make to dream, her spicy isles, the intoxication of her fêtes, the pomp of her ceremonies, her enthusiasms, the elegance of her salons, the caresses of her plaudits, the seduction of her daughters. The warmest friendships, the most efficacious influences encouraged the first flights of this rare intelligence open to the most diverse conceptions. In this palace of the Colonna in which we are at this moment sitting, in this cardinal's mansion of which he was an assiduous visitor—the familiar and almost the master, since he called it 'my own house'—gathered all the celebrities of the period, the members of the Sacred College, kings and princes on official visits to the Pope, foreign ambassadors, the Italian Colony. Through daily contact with savants and philosophers, professors and artists, he felt his creative faculties develop within him. God had given him the wings to soar; the environment gave him the impulse."

Petrarch depended more or less directly on Avignon—which had welcomed with unstinted hospitality his banished parents—for subsistence and encouragement during forty years. Through the complacency of the ecclesiastical dignitaries there, he was awarded church sinecures which insured him a living and left him free to cultivate his special talent. There—at the Church of St. Claire on Good Friday, April 6, 1327—he saw for the first time the blonde Laura, “attired in a green gown sprinkled with violets.” There he was captivated by her beauty and consecrated to her his muse. There, in 1346, at a *Bal Paré* in honor of Charles of Luxembourg, Laura received from the Prince the kiss on the forehead which Petrarch celebrated in one of his most splendid odes. And there at Avignon—April 6, 1348—Laura was laid to rest in the Church of the Cordeliers.

Nevertheless, he could never forgive Avignon for having ravished from his beloved Italy the splendor of the Papacy; and he never mentioned her, except in terms of opprobrium, in either his poetry or his prose. He referred to her as Babylon invariably, and called her time and again “the impious city.” He characterized her, further, as “the most boresome city of the world,” as “a miasmatic marsh,” “a cess-pool of vices,” “a sewer where all the filth of the universe is collected,” “a pestilential odor that poisons the entire earth.” “The people of Avignon despise God,” he said; “they worship money, they trample under foot all laws both human and divine, they ridicule the virtuous. . . All that you have ever heard recounted, all that you have ever read, in no matter what books, of perfidy, of ruse, of inhumanity, of pride, of lecherousness; all that exists here, there and everywhere in the world, of impiety, of detestable morals—is to be found heaped up on the banks of the Rhone.” Petrarch left Vacluse finally—as he

explains in a letter to one Piétro Stefano—dear though it was to him, because he could no longer support the near presence of Avignon. “My love for the one spot caresses and soothes me; my hatred of the other stings and irritates me. . . I am expelled chiefly by that Babylon which they call the *curie Romaine*. Verily her proximity, her sight, and her odor dismay me, and are absolutely inimical to my happiness. Her stench alone would be enough to drive me away.”

The Avignonnais, however, are so constituted—thanks probably to their Latin origin—as to be able and willing to pardon anything and everything to poetry or the tender passion. Furthermore, they realize that the greatest glory of their city—after that, possibly, of having been the seat of the Papacy—is that of having been the foster-mother of Petrarch and the mother of Laura. As the Papacy connects Avignon with world-history, so Petrarch and Laura connect her with world-literature and world-passion; with the line of Homer and Virgil; with the line, likewise, of Hero and Leander, Daphnis and Chloe, Dante and Beatrice, Abelard and Héloïse. Hence, from Petrarch’s day to this, the Avignonnais have been unwearying in returning Petrarch good for evil, and have let no occasion slip to “heap coals of fire”—if the expression may be permitted in such a connection—on his laurel-crowned head.

Avignon is proud of her checkered career: of her early conflicts with the Alamans, the Visigoths, the Burgundians, the Franks, the Ostrogoths, the Lombards, and the Saracens; of her rescue from the Saracenic control by Charles Martel; of her military and civil prestige under the Counts of Orange, Provence and Toulouse and the Duke of Bourgogne respectively; of her rôle in the religious wars of the sixteenth century; of her part in the Revolution; and of her resistance to the *coup d’Etat* of 1851. She is proud



IN THE VALLEY OF VAUCLUSE

It remains fresh and fair, the earthly paradise it
appeared to Petrarch's eyes.

of her immense plain studded with cypress-girdled *mas provençaux*—farm-houses—and with vine-and-olive-traced rock-hill towns; of the sweep of her majestic Rhone and the insinuating beauty of its islands. She is proud of her fourteenth-century citadel, the Palais des Papes, the most colossal French medieval fortress in existence, which witnesses grandly to the time when she replaced Rome in the world—"a mass which," as Maurice Barrès has aptly phrased it, "possesses a beauty so rare that one experiences in contemplating it an almost abstract pleasure analagous to that which a law or theorem inspires." Avignon is proud of her admirably preserved fourteenth-century walls and gates; of her mutilated bridge of St. Bénézet with its quaint twelfth-century chapel sacred to St. Nicholas; of the Gothic tower of her

Hôtel de Ville—the Tour de Jacquemart—whose bell opens all her national and local fêtes, sounds the tocsin in case of fire or public disaster, summons—in perpetuation of an ancient usage—her municipal councilors to their sessions, and proclaims the result of municipal elections; proud of her seventeenth-century mint which was constructed after cartoons said to be by Michel Angelo; of her archiepiscopal palace; of her curious medieval mansions, her moss-grown water-wheels in the Street of the Dyers, and her churches, so numerous that she was called by Rabelais "the city of bells." She is proud also of her modern municipal creations; of her Garden of the Rocher des Doms and its superb points of view; of her sycamore-shaded Cours de la République, rival in point of animation at the hour of the apéritif of



THE PALAIS DES PAPES, AVIGNON

This citadel on the Rhone was the residence of the Popes during the greater part of the fourteenth century. It is the most colossal French medieval fortress in existence.

Marseilles' Cannebière; proud of her spacious, handsome Place de l'Horloge; of her new Hôtel de Ville, her theatre, her promenades along the river-banks, her fountains and her statues; and proud of her cafés, her women, her bull-fights, and her oleanders, her savants, painters, sculptors and pléiad of modern troubadours.

She is proud, I say, of all these things, but she is prouder of her relation to Petrarch and Laura, and she has gone out of her way repeatedly to prove it.

Three times within a century she has paid signal tributes to their memory: in 1804—the fifth centenary of Petrarch's birth—when she dedicated in the central square of Vaucluse a Petrarch column, with appropriate literary ceremonies; in 1874—the fifth centenary of his death—when she held a three-days' fête, which included a memorable cavalcade representing "the triumphal march of Petrarch to the capitol to receive his laurel-crown," and a magnificent open-air mass in the square near the Palais des Papes; and, finally, in July of the present year—the sixth centenary of his birth—with another three-days' fête at Avignon and Vaucluse, which the writer was privileged to attend.

The valley of Vaucluse is little changed since Petrarch found in it a sweet retreat from the trials and tumults of the world. He not only said that of all the works of his pen, "there is not one that was not either written, conceived, or begun at Vaucluse"; but in one of his letters he uttered the prophecy: "I was persuaded that the whole universe might be turned upside down by war, and this spot still remain calm and peaceful." And, indeed, though it has not been entirely exempt from vicissitudes—it was ravaged before Petrarch's death by a roving band of plunderers who attempted to burn his château—its atmosphere of tranquillity has never been disturbed for long. It remains fresh

and fair, the earthly paradise it appeared to Petrarch's eyes. It is scarcely more thickly populated than in his time. Its Roman tunnel is intact. Petrarch's château is in ruins, but his little country-house is still standing, not too much the worse for wear; and the adjoining garden contains practically the same vegetables, herbs, and flowers it contained five centuries and a half ago. The echo of the valley is still phenomenal, its *cicadæ* multitudinous and musical, and its oleanders flourishing. It is still a site whither a world-worn, love-lorn poet might well retire to rest and dream.

The emerald waters of the Sorgues, untamed in earlier times, are now utilized for mills. But these mills are of stone, and, being operated by water-wheels, are not of the noisy, smoky order; they take their place in the landscape readily enough, and do not shock in the scene itself as they do in the photographs of the scene.

The exercises at Vaucluse were as chaste, rustic, and reverent as the gentle Petrarch could have desired. They were exclusively literary, and were participated in by practically all the literary celebrities of the Midi—of whom Frédéric Mistral, now aging but still handsome as a god, is easily chief—and by many from Paris and the rest of France. They consisted of the delivery of selected and original poems and improvisations, invoking the souvenir of Petrarch and Laura before the world-famous fountain and at a modest and intimate open-air lunch; and in the traditional *jeux floraux* of Provence under the century-old sycamores that over-arch the Petrarch column. In a word, a poet was celebrated by poets with poetry, as a poet should be; and, what is more, with the distinctive Provençal ardor of which no words can convey an idea. Lyricism was lavished as freely on Petrarch's love for Laura as on his poetical gift; wherein was but justice, since the fountain of Vaucluse



COSTUMED FOR THE PETRARCH CELEBRATION

Typical daughters of Provence arrayed in the traditional Provencal costume, still frequently worn in the vicinity of Vaucluse and Avignon.

is immortal less by reason of genius than of love. The opportunity the occasion offered to extol the beauty and charm of the daughters of Provence—of whom Laura was one—was likewise made the most of; and this too was eminently just.

The Avignon of today is but the shadow of the well-nigh fabulous cosmopolis—arbiter of empires, world-centre of diplomacy, of learning, letters and art—that it was under the papal domination, when it could lose one hundred and twenty thousand citizens in three months, as it did by the pest of 1348, and not be depopulated nor too much demoralized by the loss; and when a king of France felt obliged to found a massively fortified city, Villeneuve-les-Avignon, over against it, to offset its tremendous power. Nevertheless, it has as much spirit and tact for the organization of anniversary festivals as most cities of many times its size and importance.

The literary exercises at Avignon—an official banquet and the presentation of prizes in a poetical contest instituted expressly for the Petrarch celebration—seemed cold and academic after the splendidly spontaneous exercises at Vaucluse; but the popular festivities evidenced afresh the peerlessness of the Provençal temperament where carnival rites are concerned. For three days and nights the entire city was gay to the point of giddiness with streamers and bunting, lantern, gas, and electric illuminations; with sound of fife and tambourine, and open-air dancing; with the flicker and flutter of myriad fans and decorative tissue-paper trifles; with the flashing of dark eyes set off by the incomparable Provençal *coiffe*; and with the buzz of merry voices, a sound which at Avignon as at Marseilles, and as everywhere in the garrulous Midi, habitually dominates every other; and with several special features of a spectacular nature, chief of which was the Petrarch Cavalcade. The floats and groups of this Caval-

cade depicted with admirable fidelity a number of the salient features of the court life of Petrarch's time and of the succeeding centuries up to the present; presented the simple, frugal country life—to which Petrarch referred so frequently and affectionately in his books and letters—by means of groups of harvesters, vintagers, and others, in the traditional Provençal costumes; and symbolically glorified poetry and its kindred arts, and love. Its transcendent feature was a realistic reproduction of the Valley of Vaucluse, animated by the presence of Petrarch and Laura, and attendant nymphs.

The Petrarch Cavalcade of 1904, while an adequate tribute and a fresh illustration of the magnanimity of the Avignonnais Petrarch-ward, was less brilliant—if the testimony of the older residents of Avignon is to be trusted—than the Petrarch Cavalcade of 1874, probably because of the terrific heat, which quickly wilted many of the *figurantes*.

On the other hand, the Petrarch fêtes of 1904, considered as a whole, had an unprecedented international interest and significance in consequence of the just-concluded Franco-Italian *entente*. All the exercises were participated in by the Franco-Italian League and by official representatives of both the French and Italian governments; and the speeches, toasts, and even the poems, were replete with feeling allusions to "the Sister Nations," with invocations of "Latin Unity" and "the Latin Spirit." The dispatching to Arezzo, Italy, where Petrarch was born, of a messenger bearing a wreath of flowers gathered in the garden of Laura, deserves to be noted as the most typical, the most graceful, and not the least effective of the numerous acts of international courtesy the Petrarch centenary inspired.

Alphonse F. Sauton



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WASHINGTON GLADDEN

From a photograph by Elmer Chickering, Boston



SIUZO AOKI

JAPAN'S FIRST AMBASSADOR TO THE UNITED STATES

BY WILLIAM ELLIOT GRIFFIS

NOW that "all is peace under Heaven" and Nippon becomes once more The Country of Peaceful Shores, she signalizes her triumph by sending an Ambassador to "The Nation's Friend." The personal representative of the reigning sovereign, in the oldest dynasty in the world, will meet face to face the stalwart President of the American Republic, youngest among nations. It is not the least among her sons, or even an average man, that the Emperor has selected to represent Japan. Ripe in years, rich in experience as statesman and diplomatist, Viscount Siuzo Aoki is superbly fitted for his grand task of cementing anew and solidifying on larger and deeper foundations the traditional and (may we

not say?) the real friendship between the United Empire and the United States. As early as 1798 the American flag was mirrored in the waters of Japan, but it was Matthew Perry in 1854 who "discovered a new nation." Yet not to him, but to Townsend Harris, belongs the honor of discerning behind the veil of the Yedo bureaucracy the true sovereign of Japan. Let us glance at history, in order to note the significance of the Ambassador's advent.

The subordinate authorities of Yedo sent an embassy, of courtesy merely, in 1860, which was composed of men of inferior rank. For seventeen years after the Perry convention Japan had no consul or diplomatic officer abroad to look after her interests. Her petty trade

was then of but cradle proportions. The Bakufu (Curtain Government) of the Tycoon, during these long seventeen years, was trembling for existence against the forces, then terrifically awakening, not of revolution but of restoration. But the moment a true national government took the place of feudalism and bureaucracy, Japan sent her initial representative abroad, and to the United States first of all.

The Junior Prime Minister and four members of the Cabinet, with over sixty elect commissioners—over half of them pupils of Verbeck—traveled six months in the United States; Ito reading "The Federalist" and Kido learning international law and studying constitutions. From 1871, by *chargés d'affaires*, by ministers resident, and then by envoys plenipotentiary, Imperial and Constitutional Japan had a legation at Washington. All these were of appropriate rank, and some of marked abilities, such as Mori, the educational reformer, who first proposed the abolition of sword-wearing and fell martyr before the reactionary assassin; Yoshida, the brilliant financier; Terashima, the radical-conservative, who feared that Japan was going too fast; Kuki, later peer and now in the Privy Council; Takahira, the Peace Commissioner, and others. These, with many a brilliant secretary, naval and military attaché, formed the legation household in the edifice at 1710 N Street in Washington.

To-day Japan's few dollars' worth of trade have swelled to hundreds of millions. Her little budget of feudal fractions, once ground out of the people chiefly for the support of a privileged class, has now, in a library of ledgers, become a mighty proposition marching to the billion figure. Hers is the brown man's burden. Like all great nations, she wears the necklace of a national debt. Helmed and panoplied, she is the triumphant victor in four wars since the cannon thundered at Fushimi on January 27, 1868. The first victory of the brocade banner secured internal unity. The mighty insurrection of Saigo in 1877 gave Japan's new peasant army its fire-baptism and its victory wreath. In 1894 the red-rayed banner "flamed

in the forehead of the morning sky" to make a New Asia. The Murata rifle blew to atoms the Chinese doctrine of whang-ti or world-sovereignty, and showed what a public school army with modern science could do. In the fourth, in 1904-'05, a united people fought for food, for commerce, for national life, and the right to grow. The David nation, but yesterday in the wilderness with but a few sheep, laid low the Slavic Goliath. Now the world-power, Dai Nippon, sends a veteran and a victor in that thirty years' war, which she waged bloodlessly from 1870 to 1900, with untiring patience until she gained the world's recognition as an equal. She won by the *jū-jūtsu* of finesse.

Siuzo Aoki first saw the light in January, 1844, in Choshu. His inheritance, therefore, was of civic abilities. The silver spoon in a Satsuma baby's mouth is that of assured success in arms. Nine-tenths of all Japan's heroes on deck or in the field are from sea-girded Satsuma, that bore the brunt of the fighting in 1868, and then furnished the first four infantry regiments of the new Imperial army created in 1871. Choshu is of age-old fame for giving birth to sons of the ermine and to children of the pen. Out of Choshu came Yoshida Shoin, Kido, forefather of the Constitution, the Marquis Ito, Count Inouye, and many a long list of Japan's most distinguished statesmen, councilors, diplomatists. Aoki began early his appointed work in life, showing power of insight, grasp of details, and vision of the whole field. Apparently, to the writer at least, Japan does not trust green diplomats, even though Aoki's name means "green tree." Indeed, no Japanese plant, tree, or flower is better known in Europe and America than the common *aoki* (*Aucuba Japonica*), which got to Europe during our Revolutionary War and is now seen all over central Europe and the United States. Behold the laurel-like shrub with purple flowers and red berries! Though exotic, it is capable of withstanding the dust, smoke, and gases of our manufacturing cities. This, let us hope, is a true emblem of Japan's ability, when transplanted from the age of art and idyllic seclusion into the Black Country

of smoke and steam, to live, despite the withering influences of industrialism. Aoki soon made himself master of the German language—which Verbeck had already recommended as the vehicle of medical science in Japan—and in 1873 was made the Secretary of Japan's legation in Berlin, soon becoming Minister. He was made Viscount in 1884.

But the battle was waxing hot at home, and Aoki was wanted by Count Okuma, who was giving his whole energy to the work of treaty revision. Japan was determined to obtain recognition of her sovereignty at the hands of European Governments. The United States had already been willing to grant it, but was hampered by the entangling alliance of a "concert" with European Governments. The routine of the whole department was in 1888 left to the care of the Vice-Minister, Viscount Aoki, who became full Minister of Foreign Affairs when the Ito Cabinet fell in 1889. On account of the attempted murder of the Czarevitch, now Emperor Nicholas, by a fanatic, Aoki resigned, but before doing so carried through a piece of work which was as high an honor to the United States as it was to the alien whose history, opportunities, dignities, and rewards are absolutely unique in the history of Japan. This was nothing less than giving to Guido F. Verbeck, Dutchman, American, Japanese, Christian missionary, but a man without a country, the privilege, with all his children, of coming under the powerful protection of the Empire of Japan, with right to travel freely through the Empire, and to sojourn and to reside in any local-

ity; and this when Japan had no naturalization laws. It eventuated that Lord Salisbury and the British Government finally, because of our "entanglement," plucked the feather out of the cap of Washington and stuck it in the crown of Victoria.

Aoki was twice Minister in Berlin, and for a short while held the same office and duty in England. A thorough German scholar, he married, in the seventies, a German lady. The faces of both the Viscount and their only child, whose grief when ten years old over the injury to the Czarevitch is so vividly described by Mrs. Fraser in her *Letters from Japan*, are to be seen in that book. Grown to womanhood, the pretty little maid, married in Germany, is now the Countess Hatzefeld.

Aoki, as Minister of Foreign Affairs, held his post during the exciting days of the Boxer uprising, and his energies had much to do with the quick grappling with and rapid settlement of that difficult problem. Then, ceasing his diplomatic toil, he became a member of the Privy Council, the livest wire in Japan's electric machinery. Only the Privy Councilors have anything to say about treaties—at Portsmouth, Peking, or elsewhere.

As one of the early enlightened ones of the Meiji era, ever a true, patient, forceful leader, servant of the Emperor, and teacher of his people, richly deserving his rewards, Japan honors herself in Aoki. Americans, so quick to recognize ability, and remembering his courtesy to their fellow-countrymen, bid him hail and welcome.



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and he decided at last that a dead man was dead.

To his amazement, he discovered that the preliminaries of courting the lady of his affectionate admiration were not nearly so difficult as he had anticipated. She was cordial, almost as much so as to the boys who flocked about her and told her their love-stories. Parker made up his mind that he would begin by getting her to confide in him. He would lead up to the romance and make her tell it to him, and then he would assure her that her heart-story should never be disturbed if she married him; that he respected memories, but that it was her duty to try and live in the real world again.

One brilliant day, they went for a walk up the beach. The air had almost a touch of frost, and sea and sky were asparkle with blue, and the sand was firm to the feet from the autumn tides. Parker tried to lead up to his subject.

"To you Southern people the war was a terrible thing."

"Why?" she said, in a surprised way, "I think that it was a very good thing in many ways. It united the country."

"The war with Spain—yes," Mr. Parker went on hastily. "I was speaking of the war of the Rebellion."

"I hardly know. You see, my father was a Northern man who couldn't go to war against my mother's people because it would have made her unhappy, so at the first hint of trouble they went to London, and I was born there."

Parker mentally kicked himself. Like many other people, he had come to think of "the war" as something that had no date, but a thing that explained everything in the South that needed explanation. Of course, she was not more than thirty-seven or -eight. It must have been the railway accident. He flattered himself that he could follow on.

"Death by battle is not the most terrible thing. When our heroes fall, we

can think of them dying gloriously for their country. It is when they are taken from us by accident that we are unreconciled. It seems so unnecessary." Mr. Parker was affected by his own words. There was so much of a tremble in his voice that Miss Marsh turned her head and looked at him with sympathy. "That must be a heart-breaking experience," she said. "All of my friends seem to die of old age. I have never had any terrible shock of that sort."

Mr. Parker recovered from his grief and took another tack, but he held manfully to the current that was leading him on.

"Death is not all," he said, gloomily. "Sometimes we lose those who are dear to us through treachery. We find that we have been deceived by those we trusted the most. Sometimes we nobly give up those we love, from a sense of duty." Here Mr. Parker met Miss Marsh's humorous gray eyes, and he winced. There was no suggestion of a smile on her face, but those tented eyelids made him feel as though he had been talking like a cub of a boy.

"I am awfully afraid I am not very sentimental," she said. "I am not very ready to trust people unless I know something about them, and I am not at all sure that I should think I was 'giving up' any one who did not want to be held. Love isn't to my mind like that."

"Do you?"—he was taking the plunge now—"think you could love anybody?"

"Why not?"

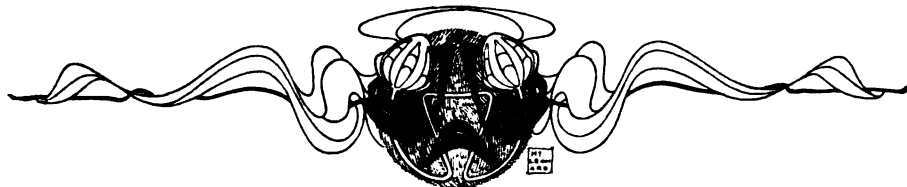
"Me?"

She smiled very sweetly at Mr. Parker and he stopped and kissed her.

On the way home, he was suddenly taken with a retrospective jealousy; he wondered what the romance really was.

"Why haven't you ever married? How is it that you were free for me?"

"Why did I never marry?" she repeated. "Because you are the first man who ever asked me."





Drawn by Gustave Verbeek

CHRISTIAN SAMURAI FLEEING FROM THE SOLDIERS OF IEYASU.

THE EARLY DAYS OF CHRISTIAN MISSIONS IN JAPAN

By ADACHI KINNOSUKE

Reproductions of old prints are from the records of the Society of Jesus

IN the sundown days of the Ashi Kaga shogunate, a few years past the middle of the sixteenth century, a few years before the dawn of perhaps the most remarkable period of our history, there walked the streets of Kyoto a singular and striking shadow. Slender and alien in figure, feature and raiment, his complexion seemed to have known the tropical sun, and the eyes which lighted it were bright with the luster of religious exaltation, almost fever. He was a Jesuit priest; his name was Francis Xavier; the laurels of his missionary work in India were still fresh. The Jesuit statesman-missionary had read the glowing pages of Marco Polo, who dreamed, while a guest at the court of the khan, of the lands of the gods which lay off the coast of China. And there he was, this Jesuit missionary, in the capital city of the Land of Gold paved with gems, of the Venetian's rosy pages. The flower-capital, that gentle city of palaces, of poets and of beautiful women, called Kyoto, was ashes then; wars had trod thickly over the Miyako of the mikado. Before the man was the horizonful of burnt desolation, gray with ashes—a rather pointed comment of the prose world on the poetry of the Venetian traveler. But the ashes were the cradle of the phenix. The Periclean age of Nippon statesmanship was already white over eastern hills—Nobunaga was forsaking the modest castle in the province of Shinano and was coming to his own; Yokutomi Hideyoshi was showing himself a little more than a bad boy, although no prophet was abroad telling him and the world that the mantle of Nobunaga was cut to the fashion of his shoulders; far in the snow of Mikawa was Ieyasu, the founder of the Tokugawa shogunate, already putting his dream of the unification of the lands of the gods into history. Xavier as he stood there could hardly see, even

in his prophetic imagination, that a few years later, in the temple called Honno-ji, Padre Organtine, a comrade of his in faith, would stand face to face with Nobunaga in the brilliant gathering of generals, nobles and statesmen, and charm them with a glimpse of world-politics, with stories of the splendid majesty of his holiness the pope and of the power of God.

On the coast of Satsuma, in the year of 1542, the good people under our Lord Shimazu saw a vessel of unwonted complexion. The appearance of the people who came aboard her, it was quite clear, was innocent of the gentle ministrings of culture of the lands of the gods. They spoke in an unruly tongue; aboard the ship in their company was a man of the Middle Kingdom. Over many seas they had come—so ran the Chinese ideographs which the interpreter wrote upon a piece of paper—to pray for the trade and good will of Nippon. They asked to be presented to their gracious Lord of Satsuma. They accompanied their prayer with bird-guns. The appearance of the far-away people, their prayer for trade, entertained his sense of humor, but the firearms commanded the more serious thoughts of our Lord Shimazu. Trade was granted, and long before the introducer of the gentle tenets of Christ, the grandfather of modern firearms made good its title to the distinction of being the forerunner of the latter-day civilization. Aboard the foreign ship was a Portuguese adventurer called Mendez Pinto. To him his men looked for orders.

There lived in the city of Kagoshima a man-of-market whom his friends knew by the name of Anjiro. After the manner of the bad man, he fell upon a fellow villager over a difference, and killed him. After the manner of the cowardly, he fled. He was without a country; more serious even than that, he was without a good name among his

fellows. He was none too choice; the company of the foreign adventurers was gracious to him; in a ship bound to an unknown port he saw a goodly home. And Pinto, not being a saint himself, knew how to appreciate Anjiro's fortune. Heaven, which knows how to teach wisdom to the wise through the lips of a babe, permits also the lips of a murderer to carry the messages of salvation to his fellow men. About seven years later—in 1549, that is to say—Francis Xavier and his fellow workers, Torres and Fernandez, landed on the coast of Satsuma, in the town of Kagoshima, among the powerful clan of our Lord Shimazu. Anjiro was with them—an interpreter, a convert. And once again the good people of Kagoshima were made to see how short, after all, is the road between the criminal and the saint.

Xavier had not even a casual acquaintance with the language of the islander; he could neither read nor speak it. Nevertheless, he had a copy of the Gospel according to St. Matthew, translated by Anjiro, and spelled out in Roman letters. From Satsuma he made his way into the province of Bungo, up through the domain of our powerful Lord of Choshyu.

Historians and critics—especially those from abroad—know only that the impression the Jesuits made upon the public was that of innocence; that it was very wide-spreading, and, what is more remarkable than that, lasting. They cannot understand it. But there are harder things than this in history to read. The new cult was something novel to the Athenians of the Far East. Some people—they sometimes sin grievously against the sense of humor by taking themselves seriously as scholars—who find it both pleasant and convenient to fall in love with the varnish of things and find it too much hard work to go a few inches below the skin, are in the habit of saying that we have always hated the foreigner, have always been exclusive in inclination and policy. They have read our history only for a few hundred years—perhaps are not quite guilty of even that much. A little knowledge is dangerous, even for an every-day mortal; for a judge of a

nation, it is heinously calamitous. This new faith came in a striking manner. We had never seen such a prophet as he who preached it in our streets. New, even to the hem-edge of his garments. Yet there was something much more striking than the complexion and the costume of the preacher of the new faith. The story he told was that of a life. How amazingly new was the life! It was heroic, that life; it was unselfish; in spite of its striking novelty of conduct, there was that in it which went straight to the heart of the samurai. You can see this for yourself if you think of it a little—nothing gives the imagination of the race of hero-worshippers called samurai quite so heady a wine as the life of Jesus Christ. The amazing originality of his courage, of his unselfishness, of his ever-persistent fidelity to his duty, his way of looking upon this life of earth lightly—considering these, we see it was not by accident that the Jesuits achieved their almost incredible success in those happy days of the first flush of our foreign intercourse. Moreover, the land, from Satsuma to Matsumai, was thoroughly weary of bloodshed. Here was the type of heroism that was without blood. As if the new cult were not striking enough in its novelty, the way it was preached was quite as striking as its creed. In two ways the Gospel was preached. Both of them were extremes. The one was after the time-honored manner of the mendicant, the ascetic, common to the life of faith in the Far East. The other, through a princely pomp and the pageants and trumpetings of a royal ceremony. To the lords of many castles, especially in Kyushu, to the daimio in Bungo, the new faith introduced itself with many a costly present. Francis Xavier, who stood in the sad and empty streets of Kyoto in the last days of Ashikaga Yoshiteru, received from home in two years one thousand doubloons (fifteen thousand dollars) to spend for this end.

In his Shinano castle, Oda Nobunaga found Nippon divided against itself and the daimios and the lords of castles as a perplexed mass of tangled skeins. He dreamed a dream; it was not modest;

in his dream he saw one united Nippon. "Hug the Tenshi, the Son of Heaven, and dictate to the four seas," he had said. True to his wise policy, he directed his forces ever toward the conquest and occupation of the capital of the emperor. Almost before other daimios could rub their eyes, he had translated his dream into solid history; he was in the capital city of the Son of Heaven.

On an eventful day of his stay in Kyoto, there came to him a stranger. Nobunaga was at the Honno-ji, the temple in which he had his headquarters. Lordly presents had paved the way for Padre Organtine, this representative of the church of Jesus. Far from being hostile to the new faith, Nobunaga took to it with kindly enthusiasm. He had not known anything of Jesuits or of Christianity. He had known, however, a deal of Buddhist priests — those warrior-priests and priest-statesmen had given him no end of trouble. One hardly loves those who supply one with sleepless nights in so extravagant a number. On many a battle-field Nobunaga had met those sable-garbed warriors, and with no little satisfaction was he occupying at the time one of their temples for headquarters. It did not displease him to see a new faith, doubtless a rival, a deadly enemy of Buddhism perhaps, crowned with royal favors.

He opened his ears, and perhaps somewhat of his heart as well—and Nobunaga was impulsive, a child of imagination, as a historian called him—to what the Jesuit priest had to say. Things that were strange to him and to the counselors



ST. FRANCIS XAVIER, "THE APOSTLE OF THE INDIES"

about him were told by this guest from far away. Many things Nobunaga did not understand. But certainly one thing the strange messenger from over the seas did for Nobunaga. The words of the Jesuit gave Nobunaga, a dreamer of a statesman, a political horizon which had about it a touch of the world-wide. One of his generals rose in the council and opposed the new faith with bitter words: "In this country there are already too many religions!" "Buddhism, too, came from abroad," Nobunaga made answer, "and do we not know that it has done us much good?" With kindly messages and good wishes he dismissed the Jesuit missionary. A little later, there rose not far



ST. FRANCIS XAVIER AND HIS FELLOW WORKERS, TORRES AND FERNANDEZ.
RECEIVED BY THE DAIMIO OF BUNGO, 1549

from the city of Kyoto a singular temple. It was dedicated to the worship of a strange god that had been brought over many seas from the land unknown. After the name of the period, it was called Eiryaku-ji. Nobunaga, who permitted its erection, changed its name to Namban-ji. Five years after Francis Xavier had walked through the silent, ash-gray streets of Kyoto, there rose round about the capital seven churches dedicated to the worship of the Christian God. "With the rapidity of a fire sweeping over the ripened field of rice before a hurricane"—said a native historian of Nippon of the progress of the Jesuit missions in Nippon. Just as Nobunaga had dreamed, planned and indeed succeeded in hugging the emperor in his arms and dedicating to the "underheaven," so also the happy Jesuit missionaries succeeded in taking the reigning shogun in their arms and dictating, so to speak, the religious fashion "under the heaven."

"What the above fancies, the below follows also," had said a Chinese poet long before the days of Nobunaga and the Jesuits. In the Far Eastern society the saying is eminently correct. Very soon, here and there in the castles of powerful daimios throughout the province of Kyushu, along the coast of southern seas, you could see the men of alien complexion preaching the doctrines that had never been known to the land of the gods. Very soon baptismal rites were performed in the ancient halls of these great castles, and there rose into history a strange race



JESUITS BAPTIZING JAPANESE CONVERTS. 9,231 OF WHOM THUS PROFESSED CHRISTIANITY BETWEEN THE YEARS 1655 AND 1659

of powerful statesmen and generals under the name of Christian daimios. With even more enthusiasm than that of the lords of the clans and castles, did the ladies of high rank take to the teachings of the new cult. Christianity in those healthier days succeeded in stimulating the pious imagination of these cultured women. In those days, as in the days that had gone before, the brain of Nippon was with our women and not with our men.

Francis Xavier landed at Satsuma in 1549. In 1581 there were two hundred churches dedicated to the worship of the Christian God; and that was the



THE BURNING OF SIX FRANCISCAN PRIESTS. THREE JESUITS AND A NUMBER OF CONVERTS, AT NAGASAKI, BY ORDER OF HIDEYOSHI, 1597

year which marked the conversion of the daimio of the province of Bungo to Christianity. In 1583, there was sent by the daimio of Kyushu an embassy to Rome. It was then that a native historian entered this simple record: "The converts to Christianity number two million souls." Perhaps he was somewhat imaginative, this historian; nevertheless the early progress of the missionary work in Nippon is strikingly indicated.

Not many years after that, Nobunaga, at the pinnacle of his power, awoke and found himself in a somewhat humiliated frame of mind. The great statesman

this religion now, there is fear that disturbance would be created among your own retainers. I am therefore of opinion that you should abandon your intention of destroying Namban-ji." To Nobunaga the new faith was a mere sword-play, a pretty trick of fence in the art of diplomacy. He was far from being a saint among statesmen and diplomatists. The methods employed by the Jesuits in reaping the harvests of new converts, however, shocked even Nobunaga and his days. The Jesuits had persuaded a number of powerful daimios to issue proclamations which compelled the people under them to change their faith. As

under whom the first of the successful efforts for the unification of the different clans of Nippon had been brought about, had to confess to himself that he had made a mistake. It was not a small mistake, either. The consequences of it seemed to his penetrating eyes rather grave. In one of the military councils at which his leading generals were present, Nobunaga said to them: "The conduct of these missionaries in persuading people to join them by giving money, does not please me. How would it be, think you, if we were to demolish Namban-ji?" And a wiser voice than that of Nobunaga rose from Mayeda, one of his generals, and made answer: "It is now too late to demolish the temple of the Namban. To endeavor to arrest the power of this religion now is like trying to arrest the current of the ocean. Nobles, both great and small, have become adherents of it. If you should exterminate

Nobunaga remarked, these Jesuits were well supplied with money. That was not all. In their attitude toward the Buddhists, they behaved in such a way that one would have supposed they were about to perpetuate the dark traditions of the European Inquisition. In the year 1586, while Nobunaga was sleeping peacefully at the temple called Honno-ji, in Kyoto, at peace with himself—for he was at the pinnacle of his fame, and as he supposed, pretty well at peace with the rest of the world—he was cut down by the hand of a man called Akechi Mitsuhide, who was famous as the brain of the Nobunaga camp. And that is the reason why, perhaps, history has not given us the name of Nobunaga coupled with the bitter days of Christian persecution which followed.

It was next the turn of Toyotomi Hideyoshi, for whom was created the now-famous title of taiko. If he lacked the impassioned imagination of Nobunaga, Hideyoshi certainly had a pair of keener and more penetrating eyes than his predecessor. As a tactician, as a general, he gave meaning and dignity to that much-abused word "genius." He was not slow in seeing the destructive work of Christian converts upon society, upon the government of the time, upon his own prestige. A tradition has it that one day in 1593 Hideyoshi received from a pilot of a Spanish galleon, which had been driven into a port of Tosa, a rather serious communication. It had something to do with the papal ambition for territorial aggrandizement; it had some-

thing to do with the history of Catholic missions in connection with the politics of the newly converted lands. It had also something to do with a number of Jesuits, and by this time Franciscans, who had come from the Philippines among our people. Hideyoshi said nothing, only he kept his far-seeing and deep-penetrating eyes upon the movements of the Christian missionaries. Hideyoshi had known of the bitter moments of his master and predecessor Nobunaga when he had been forced to accuse himself of being a block-head in matters of Christian missions. After the assassination of his master



FATHER HIERONYMUS XAVIER, NEPHEW OF ST. FRANCIS XAVIER, DISPUTING WITH A MOHAM-MEDAN, BEFORE THE DAIMIO OF MOGOR

Nobunaga, however, Hideyoshi had a more important matter to attend to. The question of the centralization of military chieftains, lords of clans, masters of many castles, gave him more than a mortal could do. Meanwhile, his eyes never slept in their gaze upon the movements of the foreign priests. Just one year after the death of Nobunaga, in 1587, there came a thunderbolt out of the sky: Hideyoshi issued the order which humiliated to the ground the Christian churches near about the city of Kyoto, in Osaka and in Sakai. In the following year you could see posted on the crossings of roads, at the corners of market-places, at the gates of castle-

towns and cities, all over the empire, a decree. It was issued by Hideyoshi. Among many unkindly things, it commanded all Christian men, women and children, both native and of foreign birth, to gather themselves together at the modest port of Hirado and prepare to be deported from the country. On what Biblical ground we do not know, but certainly these converts to the Christian faith saw fit to put at naught the commands of the ruler of the country. It was not difficult for them to disobey, either. They found many a powerful asylum throughout Kyushu and a number of other provinces. Historic castles and the protection of powerful daimios

were theirs. They disappeared from public view. Hideyoshi, an impatient and sometimes a rather impulsive man though he was, was at the same time a great diplomatist and statesman. Rarely had his personal vanity or anger dictated his policy of state. He was the last man to create an unnecessary enemy. Then came the memorable year of 1591.

In that year there arrived from the Philippines an embassy. It was accompanied by four Franciscans. Hideyoshi, like Nobunaga before him, found that the coast-lines of Nippon were entirely too small a horizon to fence in his imagination of a world politic. Like his predecessor, he was delighted to receive the representatives of the far-away states. He was very far from being anti-foreign. But he was wise enough to see that the undermining of the very foundation of the Nippon social structure—



DROWNING CHRISTIAN CONVERTS IN THE HARBOR OF NAGASAKI, 1627

which indeed was the work upon which the Christian missionaries seemed to have spent the overflowing of their pious zeal in those early days—was too high a price to pay for foreign intercourse. However, even in this year, that is to say 1591, Hideyoshi was liberal enough to admit these Franciscans who came in the train of the Philippine embassy. To them was given a section of the country wherein to stay; but, made wise by the experience of the past, Hideyoshi exacted from these priests a solemn pledge that while they were in Nippon they would agree not to preach the doctrines of the foreign cult. It was a strong and tempting bit of piety on the part of the Franciscans to break this pledge.

In the blindness of their zeal, these priests carried the work to an extreme. In entering upon this new field, white unto harvest, they left all ideas of prudence far behind them.

In 1597, had you been in the city of Nagasaki, you would have witnessed a scene such as those for which the days of Nero were notorious; only, in this town of Nagasaki, the scenes were somewhat picturesque because of the striking ceremonies of the Far Eastern land which was about to rewrite the sad stories of the early days of Christian persecutions in Rome. In the city of Nagasaki you would have seen six Franciscan priests, three Jesuits and a number of Christian converts. They were not, like their great master on Calvary, nailed to the crosses; they were tied to them. With these crosses standing sharply against



EXECUTION OF JESUIT MISSIONARIES, BY HANGING AND BURIAL ALIVE, 1637

the green of the hills which fenced in the outskirts of the city of Nagasaki, Hideyoshi meant to write an impressive chapter, by way of warning, as to his administration. In the light of the funeral pyres which were built at the foot of the crosses, Hideyoshi wished his people to read, once for all, the rigor of the law of the land over which he ruled.

And the days that followed this grim incident in the city which had served as the introducer of men and things foreign to the people of the land of the gods, spoke in no uncertain tones.

In 1598, the Christians were delighted to say that heaven had called

Hideyoshi to a higher court to answer for his crimes. Hideyori, the son of Hideyoshi, succeeded him. From him the Christians had a great deal to hope. Unhappily, however, the real successor of the taiko was not his weak son, and already Tokugawa Ieyasu was coming to the stage which stood ready for his genius. It was some years before the historic battle of Sekigahara, however; that was the battle in which Ieyasu laid the foundation of the Tokugawa shogunate. And Ieyasu did nothing against the Christians. In 1606, the victor of Sekigahara saw united Nippon placed definitely under his sovereignty, and the same year was marked by a decree issued by Ieyasu forbidding mission work, and commanding his subjects who were Christians to abandon the foreign faith. Ieyasu was, perhaps, the greatest constructive statesman even in that Augustan age of Nippon statesmanship. The supreme gift of heaven which distinguishes a great statesman is a keen vision to see the relative importance of things—of men and of events. Ieyasu was endowed by a partial Providence with this supreme faculty. To the building of the foundations of his shogunate, the most important of his works, he devoted his earlier years. It was as late as 1614 that he turned his serious thoughts to Christians and their work, and that year marks the beginning of the real days of Christian persecution.

Ieyasu found two million converts throughout his domain; two hundred foreign missionaries were ministering to their spiritual needs. All of the provinces of Kyushu save Hyuga and Osumi were under Christian influences. At Osaka, as well as in the ancient city of Kyoto, in Sendai in the north, in Kanagawa in the province of Kaga, there were already seen enormous fruits of the missionary enterprise. In fact, only eight out of the sixty-six provinces of Nippon were free from the missionary zeal. Dominican friars were in Satsuma, while Franciscans in Yedo, and Jesuits in the provinces round about the capital city of Kyoto, and also in the southern provinces down to Satsuma, helped to divide the empire. Ieyasu, who did all

things thoroughly and with well-studied system, established a special commission, under the picturesque name of Kiristan Bugyo, or "the Christian commission," whose duty it was to investigate carefully into every phase of the Christian propaganda, into every corner of his realm for the least trace of it. From Nagasaki he deported twenty-two Franciscans, Dominicans, Augustinian friars, as well as one hundred and seventeen Jesuits, and native converts by the hundreds. But this wholesale deportation of the year 1614 was a mere feeble preface to the reign of terror and persecution which was next inaugurated in earnest. The Christian commission did their work more than thoroughly. In carrying out the amiable work of persecution, all the devices of torture known to human ingenuity were brought into execution.

In the province of Bungo was a lady of high rank. She had fallen in love with the life and character of Jesus Christ; she had given her heart to God. Simple in her faith, yet so strong was her belief that friends had often said of her that she stood in the living presence of the mother of God in all her pious dreamings. From the officers of the shogun came a summons one day. As she stood erect before the officers, with her head bent a little, she held in her arms a baby. In front of her upon the ground was a huge crucifix. The rich train of her brocade overgarment was in the dust, but for this she did not care. Her eyes, which faced the officer of the shogun, were frank; they seemed to look straight through the officer to something beyond. And the officer spoke to her and told her the decree of the shogun, explained to her that there were only two ways before her. If she would live, then she must step upon the crucifix with her foot and renounce this strange faith. The only other path led straight to a cross planted in a heap of pine logs, ready for the torch.

Then she made answer with her soft voice, with her eyes dreaming into the far away:

"All the possessions of earth, the castle of my lord, this life of the humble one,

the house in which the humble one is permitted to dwell and the raiment in which she is clothed, are at the command of my sovereign liege the shogun. But that which is within the humble one and which passes not away with the things of earth, belongs not to the shogun. There is only one prince to whom my soul bows; he is dearer to me than life, even much dearer to me than this child I have in my arms. Step upon the holy cross, the emblem of the saving grace which speaks of the sufferings of our Savior, through whom alone we may be saved — that is impossible."

She was led to the cross. When her baby was torn rudely from her arms, there was only a nervous twitching of the muscles; she did not resist. Only her eyes

closed, her face uplifted slowly to where she, in her inner eyes, saw her divine master. A drop or two of tears upon her pallid cheek told that she, too, was human—that was all.

Some of the native converts were

sealed in rice-sacks made of straw and flung into the fire; others were marched up to the edge of a precipice from which they were hurled into the chasm below, down many hundred feet; others were

thrown into graves to be buried alive; others were forced to starve to death in an iron cage in front of a richly laden tray of tempting food. More sinister forms of torture even than these were served to the Christian converts of the seventeenth century. Without a murmur and with perfect composure these converts went to meet death, and they commanded the respect of the samurai.

In the autumn of the 14th year Kwanei — in the year of grace 1637, that is to say — there gathered together in the old castle at

Hara, in the village of Arima, in the district of Korai, in the province of Hizen, some thirty thousand men, women and children, all converts to Christianity. Some of them had been in the service of the famous general Konishi,



Drawn by Gustave Verbeek
"As she stood erect before the officers, with her head bent a little, she held in her arms a baby"

a Christian lord who died in disgrace. These retainers of Konishi, lord of Settsu, were the brain of the body of Christians. The old castle which now housed them had been abandoned for sixty years. It stood twenty miles south of the castle-town of Shimafara. On north, south and east the promontory sheers sharply down into the sea. The almost perpendicular sides of the promontory are of soft rock. Crowning it was the castle. There is a narrow valley which leads up to the castle from the northwest; that was the only access to it. The passage up the valley could be defended effectively with a small body of men. The old and abandoned castle was an ideal position to hold out against a large army of men. The lord of the new castle of Shimafara, which stood in the town of Shimafara, found himself powerless against the Christians well fortified in the old castle. The shogun called upon all the daimios of Kyushu to attack and reduce this "peasant revolt" of Hizen. The samurai under the shogun's standard looked upon the reduction of the Christian castle as a mere joke. "A handful of peasants," they had said—"why, it is not worth while to trouble our swords." Nevertheless, these Christians were in part supplied with Western firearms. The old castle, well defended by nature and desperate men, gave the Kyushu samurai much more than they could handle. At last, the shogun sent the famous general Itakura Shigemasa as the commander-in-chief of the shogun's armies. And yet the old castle held out. For sixty days the cream of the shogun's army hurled itself up the slope, through the valley, to the northwest of the castle, and it was swept back time after time, through all hours of night and day, down from the heights, as if it had been slapped in the face by the viewless hand of Fate. In one of the last days of the siege, the commander-in-chief of the shogun's forces looked upon the failure to reduce the castle in a shorter time as a disgraceful comment upon his ability and upon the courage of his men. And disgrace is the one thing that the samurai might not stand. One morning, arrayed in his

ceremonial robe, in the helmet and armor handed down through the illustrious line of his forefathers, Itakura Shigemasa rode at the head of his men up the slope to the old castle. In his hand he carried a lance, at his belt was a sword of a famous swordsmith. He was a superb swordsman, a master in the handling of a lance. In a straight line, as the historian has it, he charged up the slope. His men, who were powerless to restrain him from this recklessness, were inspired by his daring example and charged also. The sun struck out a star on the helmet of the commander-in-chief. What a shining mark for death that was! The Christians saw it, and desperately they fought. Shigemasa was charging against death. Fifty-one years old, he hurled to death hundreds of men at the point of his superb lance. When that broke to pieces, he took to his faithful sword. Straight in front of him he opened a path ruddy with blood. Even the faithful steel which enshrined the lifework of a famous swordsmith, broke in his hand. His helmet crushed, buried under the weight of the men whom he had slain, the commander-in-chief of the shogun's army apologized in his brave way for his failure in accomplishing his duty toward his master the shogun.

There is a little island at the entrance of Nagasaki harbor called Deshima. That was the island given to the Dutch traders. At last, the shogun's government called upon the Dutch at Deshima to furnish cannon under compulsion; and it was the Dutch cannon that battered down a corner of the castle wall, through which the shogun's men charged and reduced the old castle. Thousands of prisoners were taken to a rock in Nagasaki harbor—the rock which is called Pappenberg—and hurled into the waters of the harbor.

In the village of Tomioka, in the district of Amakusa, not far from the castle of Shimafara, there stands a monument. If you were to go and stand in front of it, you could read on it the following:

"The principles of Christianity were mainly established in false doctrine, and have no other end than the seizure of the country."

was making? That would be a serious handicap for a runner; and so is, to a statesman, a haunting wonder how his deeds will *read*. Such a secondary conscience, literary in its nature, impairs absorption in the work at hand; and *totus in illis* is still the recipe for success in great affairs. Let presidents pant for posthumous fame as dying Garfield did, and as may be done in all honor, but let them know that intent and unconscious present achievement is the root from which alone the future bays can grow. You know that saying of Seneca's: "Fame follows merit as surely as the body casts a shadow." He added that the shadow sometimes falls in front, sometimes behind. In your case, your friends would urge you not to be too anxious that it fall in front. Tacitus anticipated Milton in saying that the lust of fame is the last infirmity that a wise man shakes off. For such a glutton of work as you, however, it should be easy to jettison that perilous cargo earlier in the voyage, and to face the future in the proud spirit of the line: *Nulla est fama tuum par aequiparare laborem.*

You have assured your countrymen that you model your public conduct upon Lincoln's. Let us hope that this is not because your published list of the poor creatures among your predecessors in office did not come down to him. But your imitation should include his quality of "dreading praise, not blame." And President Harrison, who said that your chief fault was wanting the millennium (all but the beating of spears into pruning hooks) *right off*, would scarcely have thought of fitting to you the truthful lines on Lincoln:

He knew to bide his time,
And can his fame abide

Till the wise years decide.

It is one of the misfortunes of the literary statesman that he jogs the literary memory. Suggesting one comparison, he invites others. You somewhat rashly challenge measuring by Lincoln, but it is safer to turn to the ancients. In your

reading of Thucydides, — and your admiring friends have told us, with pardoned indiscretion, how your habit is to read the speeches which that historian put into the mouths of Greek statesmen, between train-stops for speeches of your own, in like manner to go down to posterity, — one wonders if you never were startled by coming upon unconscious prophecies. There was that description of the Athenian character, for example, made by a Corinthian orator: "They deem the quiet of inaction to be as disagreeable as the most tiresome business. If a man should say of them, in a word, that they were born neither to have peace themselves nor to allow peace to other men, he would simply speak the truth." And if you are ever tempted to think that you succeed because you hit off perfectly the passing mood of your day, you might do well to re-read what Thucydides had to say of popular standards in times of unrest in the Greek cities: "Reckless daring was held to be loyal courage; prudent delay was the excuse of a coward; moderation was the disguise of unmanly weakness; to know everything was to do nothing. *Frantic energy was the true quality of a man.*"

No one has ever accused you of being among the "wiry logicians." Yet they, according to Cobden, make the most "reliable politicians," because, although they may be "liable to false starts, . . . when once you know their premises you can calculate their course and where to find them." Jefferson and Calhoun were of this stamp. In unpleasing contrast to them, Cobden mentioned a man of what he called the *genus sentimentalist*. "They are not to be depended on in political action, because they are not masters of their own reasoning powers. They sing songs or declaim about truth, justice, liberty, and the like, but it is only in the same artificial spirit in which they make odes to dewdrops, daisies, etc. They are just as likely to trample on one as the other, notwithstanding."

With you, however, it has not been a

question of a body of political principles, rigorously held and rigidly worked out. You have been content to make your election among the current doctrines of parties. And your procedure seems now to be pretty clearly established. Your violence in denouncing political opponents is equaled only by your coolness in appropriating their programmes. The old motto used to be: Find out what your antagonists want to do, and then do the opposite. But you have improved upon that, so that your own maxim seems to read: Discover what the other party proposes, hold it up to scorn, warn the country against it, and then do it yourself. Great men before you have stolen the clothes of the Whigs, but no one has rivaled you in abusing them for not having better clothes to steal.

Yet you believe devoutly in your own party. The fact that it sustains you is proof enough that it deserves your alle-

giance and your praises. And you depend upon it as the means to your ends. But there are two sides to that. It also depends upon you—temporarily. If you propose to use it, it intends to use you; and where you think you have wings, you may any day find that you have a weight. Hence no more friendly advice could be given to you, in this great crisis of your political fortunes, than the advice which was given to that other aspiring young man, Vivian Grey: "If by any chance you find yourself independent, never for a moment suppose that you can accomplish your objects by coming forward to fight the battles of a party. They will cheer your successful exertions, and then smile at your youthful zeal; or, crossing themselves for the unexpected succor, be too cowardly to reward their unexpected champion. . . . There is no act of treachery or meanness of which a political party is not capable."

PRESENT TENDENCIES OF RUSSIAN LIBERALISM

BY PAUL MILYOUKOV

EVERY one knows, or thinks he knows, what Russian Nihilism is; every one has heard of the Russian revolutionary movement; but not every one understands what Russian Liberalism is. Until a few weeks ago it was generally thought, and with reason, to be something amorphous, everything and nothing, a disposition of mind rather than a political programme. But a few weeks ago the Associated Press correspondent began to mention the Russian Liberals as a political group, and Russian Liberalism as a political programme. Just what this group and this programme are is not quite clear to the correspondent in St. Petersburg. Now he mentions a group which he calls the "Conservative Liberals," which, he says, stands with Prince Sviatopolk Mirski. Now he refers

to some "Extremists," wicked people who put sticks in Mirski's wheels and endanger the progress of Russian reform. Again, after the Czar's manifesto, he seems to join with the Extremists' criticism of Mirski's programme. And now that M. Witte is elbowing M. Mirski out of his berth, to take it himself, it is not clear whether M. Witte is with the Extremists, or with the Conservative Liberals, or with any Liberals at all. The correspondent seems to be at sea, and we are at sea with him.

A few suggestions by one who is not entirely foreign to the Russian Liberal movement may perhaps help the American reader to find his way among the intricacies of late events in St. Petersburg.

Liberalism is not a new creation in Russia. In a sense it has always existed there, as long as there has been any public opinion, for Russian public opinion has always been liberal. But in its present meaning of a political current tending to political reform, Liberalism has existed only since 1861, the year of the emancipation of the serfs. In the forty years which have elapsed since then, Russian Liberalism has passed through three stages. In the sixties it was tinged with landlordism, and was quite unacceptable, in consequence, to the radical political group. Nor did this make it acceptable to the Government. In the eighties, Liberalism was more definite and determined in its demands, but it still was willing to side with the autocracy against the growing revolutionary movement at that time. For a moment the Government was inclined to listen to the Liberal representations, but it turned a deaf ear to Liberalism as soon as the revolutionary movement was stifled. No wonder that now, when the revolutionary movement is rife again, and stronger than ever before, Russian Liberalism is in no hurry to play the part of a mediator. It is now in a radical third stage, in the sense that it does not wish a revolution, but it is uncompromising in its demands that autocracy shall be abolished, as this seems to be the only peaceful issue possible.

One can see, therefore, that Russian Liberalism is very much changed in temper and in its political psychology, so to say. Where it was aristocratic and conservative, it is now democratic and radical.

But does this mean that the aristocratic and conservative elements have entirely disappeared from Russian Liberalism? Not in the least, though these elements are not what they formerly were. They no longer have the lead, and therefore they are the more easily alarmed by the plans of the Extremists.

But what are the Liberals themselves planning? Here again we must state the great difference between the Liberal

schemes of to-day and those of twenty years ago. Twenty years ago, in the eighties, the programme of Russian Liberalism was as wavering as its mood. If we re-read the political pamphlets and papers of that time, we shall find at least five different proposals for political reform, all of them "liberal," but no one of them generally accepted. The most moderate at that time was the scheme of the Nationalistic Liberals of the elder generation, who dreamed of reviving the ancient Russian popular representation of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, the so-called Zemsky Sobor, which possessed only a consulting voice, and was thus quite compatible with the preservation of autocracy. Another scheme discussed in some influential circles among the higher officials was the plan to take the existing board of legislation, the Council of State, for a starting-point, and to admit into it some representation from the local self-governing bodies, the so-called Zemstvos. A third scheme was to form a separate representative body out of the representatives of the Zemstvos, but to make of this body an upper house, while a lower house should be directly elected by the people. A fourth scheme was to constitute only one chamber, directly chosen by the people, and to give the people general suffrage. The fifth scheme was to convoke a constitutional assembly freely chosen by the people, and to let this assembly decide what should be the new order of things. This last scheme met the wishes of the Revolutionists and Socialists, who at that time expected from such an assembly a more or less complete overthrow of the existing social order.

In comparison with this medley of programmes and schemes, our present Liberalism shows a much greater unity of opinion. No Liberal questions that representation must be real and not fictitious, that it must represent the people directly, and not the local self-governing bodies; nor is there any doubt among Liberals that the representative body must be given

real political rights, that is, the right to legislate, and this means to limit autocratic power. Thus any possibility of satisfying Russian Liberalism by granting a sort of consulting assembly, or by introducing representatives into the existing legislative body chosen from the officials of the Czar, is out of the question. There has been some doubt among the Liberals as to the advisability of the extension of suffrage, but this vacillation is nearly over, and the necessity of granting the people suffrage is coming to be recognized by all who speak in the name of Liberalism.

There exists still a difference of opinion as to whether it is better to have one or two chambers, but people who defend the two-chamber system do not do it in any class interest. They use two arguments for their view: First, that side by side with representation of the whole people in the lower house there must be a representation of provinces, and of their particular interests, in an upper house elected by local assemblies. This argument is not unfamiliar to Americans, but it loses a great deal of its force when applied to Russia, as there are no historically conditioned provinces in Russia proper. All our provinces are foundations of the central power, and their configurations, if necessary, could be entirely remodeled tomorrow, without meeting with the slightest protest on the part of local patriotism. There are, of course, provinces with a past quite distinct from Russia's, such as Poland, the Caucasus and Baltic Provinces, Little Russia;¹ but their interests cannot be met by the mere organization of a second chamber. What they need is an increase of local autonomy.

The other argument used by the partisans of the two-chamber system is that the upper house will represent a better degree of intellectuality, and therefore, perhaps, more Liberalism. This argument is founded upon a disbelief in the political ripeness of the people and upon a certain

fear of demagogism. It is essentially the same argument which may be used against general suffrage, and so far it tries to make up for concessions on that point. Now, if we consider that peasants even at present have the power to vote in local elections, and that they were never accused of misuse, or negligence, or ignorance in the practice of their right; if we consider, further, that in Russia there are no powerful companies or syndicates that would like to get their private bills passed through the legislature; that thus there will be infinitely less will and less power to bribe electors, the proposal of general suffrage does not seem so indefensible. If in addition to this we consider, that electoral districts in Russia will necessarily be enormous, embracing on the average some two hundred thousand persons, and that thus only well-known men will have any chance of being elected to office; that in Russia a man connected with politics is not a professional, but an idealist, a philanthropist, or a patriot,—if we take into consideration all these peculiarities of future political life in Russia, we shall necessarily come to the conclusion that there is no danger of the general vote being misused, that in all probability men of the same type will figure in both houses, and that the case for the upper house constituted by election from the self-governing districts is not a strong one. If these members of the elective lower house be disposed to stand for the interests of the lower social strata, which is generally expected by public opinion, they will only do their duty, and it will be high time for them to work in that direction, because only some efficient help to the lower classes can bring salvation to Russia in her present crisis.

The danger, indeed, is on the other side, for a crisis cannot be summarily cured by legislation, and however strenuous the lower house may be, it is not likely to satisfy the expectations of the Extremists. Now under the system of two houses this partial failure will be ascribed to the insufficiency of the organization, and strug-

¹ I do not mention Finland, because that country possesses a separate political organization.

gle against the upper house will immediately begin, and the force of the representatives will be spent in further struggle and mutual friction, instead of in useful work. An upper house will always be suspected of defending class interests, and its introduction would undoubtedly be considered as a contradiction of the principle of direct and general representation.

But, as we have said, these discussions are concerned with matters of detail, while, as a matter of fact, Russian Liberals are unanimous in their demand for political representation, and a share in legislation. Of course these are not the Conservative Liberals of our Associated Press correspondent, and this brings us to the question, Who are the Liberals? In such moments as the present, every one in Russia is a Liberal. Trimmers like M. Soovorin, the editor of the *Novoye Vremya*, are Liberals because there is a probability that the Government will be Liberal tomorrow, and if such should be the case they will cheerfully make themselves the first exponents of Russian Liberalism. These people do not create the situation, they only use it; and that is why real Liberals often dislike that title. They would be glad to concede it to Nationalist Liberals of M. Soovorin's type, and even now they assume the name of Democratic Constitutionalists. These, I guess, are the "Extremists" of our Associated Press correspondent in St. Petersburg.

If that is the case, he is on a false track. The issue would be easy to find, indeed, if it were to be sought between the Government and the Conservative Liberals; but in that case there would be no need to search for an issue. For this group was never inclined to importune the Government with positive demands. The demands are formulated by the real Liberals, not by the Conservative Liberals, and if the Government is forced to negotiate with the reformers there is no need for it to negotiate with the Conservative Liberals, who do not represent any opinion but their own. It will negotiate with the real Liberals, who represent the opin-

ion of the country, — at least the public opinion that now is.

We have already demonstrated that the political opinions of this group are by no means so discordant as they have seemed to our correspondent, and it is impossible to be mistaken on the subject of their political programme, particularly now that this programme has been more than once formulated and proclaimed, not in the name of single persons as their individual opinion, but in the name of a political group.

Russian Liberalism — the real, not the Conservative — is now the creed of a party, as far as a political party can exist under the present conditions of political life in Russia. This party had organized as its nucleus a body which has the official name of the Alliance for Emancipation, and it is supported by a large circle of adherents and sympathizers, whose number increases daily. The programme of the party has been more than once discussed in a Russian fortnightly paper published abroad. This magazine, though not an official party organ, is called the *Osvoboshdenneya* (the Emancipation). It is edited in Paris by M. Peter Struve.

These are the Extremists of our Associated Press correspondent. Are they really extremists? We advise the correspondent to look in the Socialistic publications edited abroad. He will see that the character of the *Osvoboshdenneya* is violently accused of moderatism by these papers, and that it is always found guilty in advance of representing the class interests of the bourgeoisie.

Socialism in Russia has been until these last days the only active and militant political propaganda there. As such it is widely spread and largely influential. Its influence goes far beyond the circle of those sharing its doctrine. There exists no outlet for legal and free political activity in Russia. Socialism is revolutionary, and every political party is bound to be the same, because the most elementary political action, a petition, a public meeting, are in Russia revolutionary acts.

Under these conditions, all parties — as political parties — are extremists; whatever be the difference in their opinions, they are bound to be allies until the conditions of political life in Russia are changed.

This change, then, in the conditions of political life is a common endeavor of all politically active groups, and nothing short of that will pacify the country. But will political reform — a constitution, even — pacify Russia? Will not some extremists always be ready at hand to continue the struggle toward some more Utopian conditions? To be sure, where there is life there is struggle, and absolute pacification would mean death and stagnation. The question, then, is not how to avoid all struggle, but how to introduce the necessary amount of it into channels worthy of a civilized nation. Every one will agree that a state of things under which death from murder becomes an habitual form of the responsibility of ministers toward the people cannot be called worthy of a civilized nation. The question is only whether anything short of a definite surrender by the Government of its irresponsible power is likely to have done with that state of affairs.

The Conservative Liberals have no decisive answer to this question; they tergiversate and try to pour new wine into old bottles. The answer of the real Liberals, on the other hand, is clear and decisive.

But have the real Liberals the public opinion on their side? Are they backed by a majority?

We shall never be able to answer this question by resorting to statistics, or by enumerating with Prince Meshchersky, the reactionary editor of *Grashdanin*, how many Russians know how to read and write, and how many are illiterate; or how many read the newspapers, and how many do not. Prince Meshchersky is able to read and write, and he sometimes reads newspapers, but he is not with the reformers, while the immense majority of illiterate people who might have backed

him do not know the very fact of his existence. Meantime, on the other side — that of the educated minority — there are popular leaders whose every step and every public act is at once known to their adherents and applauded or resented. As a result, these leaders are the more inspired by that minority, which, in turn, grows daily more closely organized. It is the few who are conscious of their aims, not the unconscious many who vegetate, that always determine the course of political events; and if the question is put thus: on which side is the majority of men politically self-conscious? we do not hesitate to answer that this majority is on the side of the reformers.

The only doubt can be whether it is with the "Democratic Constitutionalists," or with the Socialists. This doubt is partly removed by the fact of a formal agreement between the two groups, opposition and revolution party, as to the chief point in dispute, political representation on the basis of a direct universal suffrage. The agreement recently signed in Paris by representatives of the different parties does not include all of them, and it is not free from mental reservations on the part of each party. It does not change any of the methods or programmes of single parties, but as it now stands it points out the fact, which would exist even if there were no agreement, that a political reform is considered necessary by every one, — that all parties must make common front against the Government on that ground.

The Government is isolated. This is the most characteristic feature of the situation. How long it will continue, and what will be its final issue, is difficult to foretell. "We must let history have her whims," as one of our most brilliant writers, M. Herzen, used to say. The one inference possible can be drawn from the general trend of events. The information previously given may, perhaps, throw some light upon these events, of which I shall now venture to recall some of the most important and recent to the memory of my readers.

Few people in this country know what was the beginning of the present conflict between the Government and Russian Liberalism. I mean, of course, the conflict in its present acute stage, because in its latent stage the conflict is as old as the liberation of the peasants, and even goes back to the reign of Catherine II. It has now become endemic in Russia, and in our narrow meaning of the word, we can trace the open conflict between the Government and public opinion to 1902. At that time, M. Witte was still the Minister of Finance, and Russia was already thrown into a state of crisis as the consequence of M. Witte's administration. M. Witte is a clever man, who saw the difficulties under which the country was laboring, and he saw the state of public opinion also. So he realized that the only outlet for the crisis was to let public opinion express itself more or less freely upon the subject of the crisis. He proposed for that end a particular sort of assembly, not elected, as the *Zemstvos* were, because that would have been too liberal, and not nominated by the Government, because that would have been too conservative, but nominated by the elective presidents of the Board of *Zemstvos*. These elective presidents are considered by the Government as officials of the Civil Service under the Minister of the Interior. Nevertheless, many of them are liberal, and they proved it by summoning to the Assemblies planned by M. Witte such members as were even more liberal than the average of the *Zemstvos* members themselves. Thus in more than three hundred local district committees about eleven thousand people were permitted to deliberate on the subject of the agrarian crisis in Russia. A programme proposed for their discussions by the Government suggested that they should find the cause of the crisis in the insufficiency of technical methods in agriculture. Instead of this, many of the assemblies concluded that the agrarian crisis was only a part of the general crisis in Russian affairs, and that it could be helped only by liberal reforms. Some few even hinted at popu-

lar representation as a remedy. M. Plehve was then Minister of the Interior. For him this was too much. He accused M. Witte of a demagogic propaganda, and, forcing him to tender his resignation, sent into exile the most daring of the members of the District Committees, and made himself president of the Central Committee, which had to summarize the work of the local ones, and to prepare a draft of a law for the peasantry as a result of the discussion. And yet M. Plehve himself understood that something must be done to conciliate public opinion. He told the present writer that in his opinion a country like Russia could not be ruled by a ring (he used the Russian word *shaiika*), and that the more active elements were to be gradually admitted to the Government. He sought these active elements among the Conservative Liberals, and very soon he was disappointed. He must have seen that these elements were powerless, and that an alliance with them was not likely to strengthen the Government. Now M. Plehve was the man who had stifled the revolutionary movement of twenty years ago, and he is quoted as saying that the only difference between the movement of that time and the present was in the number of leaders, — that "there were a dozen then, now there were fifty." He must have seen that here again he was mistaken. He grew pessimistic, his friends say, as he must have been perfectly aware that he who "believed in no catastrophes" was preparing one for himself. As a reward, immediately after his murder he was disavowed by the very people whom he had served, and his name became an object of aversion and a symbol for tyranny.

Abroad, newspapers so moderate as the *Neue Freie Presse* of Vienna, the *London Times*, *Le Temps* in Paris, were unanimous in recognizing that there was nothing accidental in that death. It was a sort of historical necessity, easily to be foreseen, a necessary conclusion drawn from historical premises by the logic of events. All this was no encouragement

for M. Plehve's successor, and thus neither the man nor the programme to succeed Plehve was readily to be found.

After long hesitation, a man has been found who represents, not the programme, but the momentary disposition of the Government. The man is Prince Mirski, and the disposition he represents is that of a benevolent autocracy. By postponing the formulation of a programme, that nomination seemed to present this particular convenience, that the issue remained open for further solution. Thus M. Mirski was at once the man of M. Witte and the man of his opponents in the reactionary camp. But the trouble was that events did not wait, and the programme was to be decided upon immediately. A programme being lacking, one was dictated to the Government by public opinion.

This programme is known as a petition of the Zemstvos. Whatever may be done, this document will always remain the Russian Petition of Right. The preliminaries to that petition are interesting. The Zemstvos as a rule are not permitted to meet together, even for discussing such matters as are within the jurisdiction of a single Zemstvo, to say nothing of state affairs. Even simple correspondence between the Zemstvos is forbidden. But the necessity of unifying the opinion of the Zemstvos was keenly felt by the members, particularly after the debates of the District Assemblies of 1902 on the agricultural crisis. The presidents of the Board of Zemstvos have had since that time regular private meetings in Moscow, and though these meetings were illegal, the personalities of the men were so much beyond suspicion (we have noted that the presidents of the Board of Zemstvos are considered as officials of the Civil Service) that the Government tolerated these assemblies, and M. Plehve even tried to negotiate with the President, M. Shipow, who is President of the Board of Moscow.

This last autumn, the members of the Moscow assembly were surprised to receive a formal intimation by the Govern-

ment that they could meet and discuss their subjects freely, if only they would consent to meet at St. Petersburg instead of at Moscow. This proposal was gladly accepted, because in this way the meeting of the Zemstvos received an official character, and its decisions at that particular moment were of very great importance. The members of the future assembly met at an early date in St. Petersburg, and they unanimously resolved to take up at their assembly the subject of political freedom and the fundamental rights of a man and a citizen. M. Mirski knew of this, and he decided not to forbid the assembly which he had himself invited to gather at St. Petersburg, but rather to postpone it until January, 1905. But now the spirits of those concerned in the movement were so aroused, and the state of public opinion so excited, that the members of the assembly took courage, and made up their minds to stand by their guns. They declared to the Minister that the assembly should be held none the less, precisely as if no suggestion of its meeting at St. Petersburg had been received. M. Mirski took the middle way. The assembly was to be held at St. Petersburg, but "privately." It is known, however, that the resolutions of the assembly were communicated officially to the Minister, and that a deputation of four prominent members of the assembly (one of them, M. Petrunkevich, a leading man in the Constitutionalist movement of twenty years ago, who had just been permitted to come back to the capital after twenty years of exile) was received by the Czar, and had a long conference with him. This stirred up the general expectation.

The petition presented to the Czar through the intermediacy of his Minister was as follows:—

"The Private Assembly of the members of the Zemstvos, in their meetings of November 19, 20, and 21, to discuss the question of the general conditions necessary for a regular course of our public life and state functions, has come to the following conclusions:—

"1. The abnormality of the existing system of the Government, particularly as manifested during the last twenty years, consists in the fact of its entire isolation from society, and in the lack of that mutual confidence which is a necessary agent in political life.

"2. The Government in its relation to society was guided by the feeling of anxiety lest society develop some initiative of its own, and by a constant tendency to withhold society from any participation in the internal administration of the Empire. For this reason the Government wished administrative centralization to be carried through in all departments of local self-government, and it extended its tutelage over all sides of public life. The only form of coöperation in public affairs left to society was to conform their activity to the views of the Government.

"3. The bureaucratic régime, by alienating society from the supreme power, leaves ample scope for administrative arbitrariness and personal whim. Under such rule society is deprived of any guarantee that the legal rights of each and all shall be protected, and no confidence in the Government is possible.

"4. The regular course and advance of public and social life is possible only upon the condition of continuous intercourse and solidarity between the Government and the people.

"5. To make administrative arbitrariness impossible, it is necessary to recognize and to carry into life consistently the principle of the inviolability of the person and of the private home. No one should be subject to impeachment or be curtailed in his rights without trial in an independent court of justice. To secure the principle of legality in administration, it is necessary to establish the rule that any official can be indicted in civil and criminal courts for transgression of Law.

"6. To make possible the full development of the spiritual forces of the nation, the many-sided discussion of their wants, and the free expression of public opinion,

it is necessary to secure liberty of conscience and belief, liberty of speech and of the press, and also liberty for meetings and associations.

"7. The personal (civil and political) rights of all citizens of the Russian Empire must be equal.

"8. Self-help is the chief condition for a regular and progressive development of political and economic life in a country. Since a considerable majority of the population in Russia belong to the peasant class, this class must be particularly favored so far as private initiative and personal energy are concerned; and this can be attained only by means of a radical change in the present state of the peasants—disfranchised and downtrodden as they are. To this effect, it is necessary (a) to equalize the personal rights of the peasants with those of the other classes; (b) to make the peasants free from administrative tutelage in all manifestations of their private and public life; and (c) to protect them by a regular form of legal procedure.

"9. The Zemstvos and the municipal institutions in which the local public life is preëminently concentrated must be given more competence and larger share in local self-government, to wit: (a) The Zemstvos representation must be organized on other than class principles; all the local population must so far as possible be admitted to participation in local and municipal self-government. (b) A smaller unit of the Zemstvos representation must be created on the principle of active participation of the local population, in order to bring the Zemstvos institutions in closer touch with the people. (c) The sphere of action of these institutions must be extended over the whole field of local needs. (d) They must be invested with proper stability and independence, which alone can secure their regular work and lay a foundation for the normal interaction between the governmental and the elective bodies. Local self-government must be extended to all parts of the Russian Empire.

"10. Majority report. [71 votes.]

"But, for the coöperation and solidarity between the Government and society to be always alive and present, and for the regular progression of public life to be secured, it is unconditionally necessary that a popular representation should be created, which must participate in legislation, *in settling the budget and in controlling the legality of the administrative action*, as a separate elective body.

"Minority report. [27 votes.]

"But, for the coöperation and solidarity between the Government and society to be always alive and present, and for the regular progression of public life to be secured, it is unconditionally necessary that a popular representation should be created, which must participate in legislation as a separate elective body.

"11. Considering the gravity and intricacy of the internal and external situation in Russia, the Private Assembly expresses its hope that the supreme power will summon freely elected representatives of the nation, in order, with their coöperation, to lead our country out upon a new path of political progress in the spirit of Right and of Coöperation of the people with the Government."

It is perhaps difficult for an American to realize the enthusiasm which was produced in Russian society by these traditional axioms of state wisdom. To help his imagination, he must bring back to his memory the times of Hampden and Pym. Writers, lawyers, students, workmen, in banquets, meetings, and street demonstrations, urged their consent and approval to the petition of the Zemstvos. Newspapers spoke things they had never spoken before, with perhaps the exception of the years 1861 and 1881. Threats and repressive measures of the Government seemed to have entirely lost their power.

Meantime, in the Czar's Palace at Tsarskoe Selo, a meeting of ministers took place December 15; and this meeting will remain on the pages of history, together with the Russian Petition of

Right. M. Muravieff, the Minister of Justice, tried to prove that the Czar has no right to curtail his power; and M. Pobiedonostsev came to the same conclusion in the name of religion. M. Mirski made an attempt to prove that M. Muravieff was wrong, and M. Witte grimly remarked, that "if it shall be known that the Czar cannot achieve the fundamental reform, on the ground of Religion and Law,—then a part of the population will be brought to think that these reforms must be reached by force. It would be an actual appeal to revolution." M. Witte was the prophet.

Then the manifesto of December 26 was published. Near the beginning is a declaration that "when the need of this or that change is proved ripe, then it shall be considered necessary to meet it, even though the transformation to which this may lead should involve the introduction of essentially novel innovations in the legislation." But some few lines before that is a declaration that "the undeviating maintenance of the immutability of the fundamental laws must be considered as an established principle of government." Thus the essential innovations are not to go so far as to interfere with the immutability of the fundamental laws. Such innovations as would interfere with it are classified by the manifesto as "tendencies not seldom mistaken and often influenced by transitory circumstances." With this limitation, no promises made by the manifesto could be considered as serious, and this the more because they were stated in ambiguous terms, and accompanied by restrictions which made them illusory. The only positive result of the manifesto was to show that concessions had been withheld by the Government at former times, not in consequence of a premeditated system of wise statesmanship, but simply because there was no urgency in the demand for reform by public opinion. Evidently the *onus probandi* was now upon public opinion to show that the need for this or that change was ripe, in order that the Government

should "consider it necessary to meet it."

Public opinion has done its duty. The fault is not this time with public opinion. Its propositions are not found to be right. But pending that diversity of opinion, the conflict remains open. A new step is made necessary by this state of things,—a step backward or a step forward,—and this is recognized by the Government itself, which looked forward to such a change of administration. Facing that coming change, whatever it may be, Russian Liberalism must prove that it can stand by its convictions, that it does not consider its "tendencies mistaken," and that its readiness to define its standpoint, as well as the unity of its opinion and its solidarity with other groups of Russian opposition, are not to be numbered among such "transitory circumstances" as are mentioned by the manifesto.

After these pages had been written and set in type, one of those "whims of history" of which I spoke above, which everybody foresees, and which always come unexpectedly, came to pass in Russia. A powerful wave of the people's wrath has risen from unfathomable depths of the people's soul, and rolled over all Russia. St. Petersburg found itself before the horrible alternative of slaughter or anarchy. My St. Petersburg friends,—the "Extremists" of the Associated Press correspondent,—after having vainly tried to avert the slaughter, did their best to avert the anarchy. The Government arrested and put into prison some of them. If I can believe the American press, after having perpetrated that act of courage, the men of the Government cynically boasted that they had suppressed the powerless "humanitarian scholars," while the powerful, the "real" popular leaders are left at liberty, and the Government is ready to transact with them the cause of the people. I by no means grudge the privilege of the latter, if they are "real" popular leaders, but I must point out the new mistake which the Government is seemingly ready

to commit. Instead of transacting with the Liberals,—M. Witte thinks that he can deal at a cheaper price with the "real" popular leaders. This is a grave mistake, and M. Witte will pay dearly for it. The "real" popular leaders know too well and have known too long that the way to the attainment of their aims goes through the same elementary concessions which are claimed by the Liberals. In other words, the Liberal programme is only the *minimum* of what is desired by other active parties. The attempt to prove that the Liberals go too far, in comparison with the "real" popular leaders, is simply ludicrous. Moreover, this attempt implies a deliberate misconstruction, and its obvious aim is to fool the people. Evidently, the Government has learned nothing, in spite of all its previous failures in bargaining with public opinion. The attempt will never succeed, and the Government will soon repent of having arrested the representative men of the only political group which still clings to the idea of a peaceful issue. I permit myself to finish these remarks with a quotation from Prince Kropotkin on the occasion. The noble words of Prince Kropotkin are doubly precious to me, because they come from a personal friend, and from a theoretical antagonist. "What a monstrous thing," he says, "what a piece of official shame and self-conviction! Where will one find any defense for a government which must imprison the flower of its people? The men committed to the dungeons of the fortress of SS. Peter and Paul are absolutely guiltless. They never performed an illegal act in their lives, and never wrote nor spoke a word of incitement to disorder. They simply saw that reforms must come, or Russia must break into revolution, and tried to make the bureaucrats understand that fact. That is the length and breadth of their offense. They comprehend the terrible nature of anarchy and know that the government fabric is difficult and slow to weave; they desire to preserve the existing machinery in order, but to inform it with ideas of right and justice before

the infuriated masses have hurled against it their unreasoning wrath. The autocracy could not understand. There was no wisdom in it. It was blind, deaf, in-

sane. Hence Russia must rise, cities must be wrecked, and unarmed people must fling their naked strength against lead and steel."

CHICAGO, January 26, 1906.

THE ETHICS OF TRUST COMPETITION

BY GILBERT HOLLAND MONTAGUE

WHOEVER has attentively followed the recent literature of the trust problem must be impressed with the tendency to extend the condemnation, which has been properly called forth by certain flagrantly dishonest practices, to methods of competition that till lately have never been questioned. In Professor John B. Clark's books and recent articles on the trust question, in Miss Tarbell's elaborate history of the Standard Oil Company,¹ and in the recent report of the Commissioner of Corporations in the Department of Commerce and Labor, — to cite only the more conspicuous examples, — methods which were considered blameless when practiced by businesses of equal size are denounced as criminal when practiced by trusts against smaller independent dealers. Professor Clark assimilates with illegal railway discrimination the trust practices of making factors' agreements with dealers, and of selling at cut prices in the territory of rivals. Miss Tarbell's most serious charge against the competitive methods of the Standard Oil Company, in its present phase, is its practice of underselling the independent dealers in competitive localities.

Against the arrangement of binding contracts with agents and the practice of underselling in competitive localities, these writers seek to array, not only the prohibition of statute, but also the moral sense of the community. In the days

when trusts were not prominent it is generally admitted that these forms of competition were in fair repute. At just what point and for just what reason these practices became ethically unjustified has never been shown. Yet the remedies for trust evils which Professor Clark proposes are obviously confiscatory, unless they proceed on the assumption that these competitive methods are ethically wrong. Miss Tarbell has crowded two large volumes with accusations against the Standard Oil Company, and evidence offered in support of them. But the greater number of them, even though substantiated, must fail to fasten any moral guilt upon the Standard Oil Company, unless the hypothesis upon which she argues — but which she nowhere has sought to establish — be proven, — namely, that it is morally wicked for a trust to undersell a smaller rival. The only assumption on which competitive underselling and factors' agreements are now condemned is that conditions have so changed as to require new moral standards in trade competition. Before assenting to the advanced ground taken by these serious writers, one may be pardoned for inquiring whether the change in economic conditions warrants so different a standard of business ethics.

Whenever a business is substantially controlled by an individual or combination — to state the premise of the new doctrine — there a new code of business competition must be established. Factors' agreements, for instance, must be for-

¹ *The History of the Standard Oil Company.* By IDA M. TARBELL. 2 vols. New York: McClure, Phillips & Co. 1904.

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NOTES ON THE CENTURY MAGAZINE

MRS. HUMPHRY WARD'S new novel will begin in an autumn number of *The Century*. It is announced that, like "Lady Rose's Daughter" and "The Marriage of William Ashe," the story will have an historical basis of fact.

THE articles by Mr. Gilbert H. Grosvenor on "Inoculating the Ground" and "The New Method of Purifying Water," which have appeared in *The Century*, have attracted very wide attention, especially the first-named, which appeals to the great audience of people who are interested in the cultivation of the soil. The announcement of the discovery of soil-inoculation made in a bulletin of the Department of Agriculture, two years ago (in an edition of half a million copies), did not begin to attract the attention of the press and the public that was at once centered on the same subject when it was treated in *The Century Magazine*. The number of daily inquiries received by the department increased, on the publication of the article in *The Century*, from 100 to 500 per day, and has since grown to 1000 per day. The article has been translated into many languages (including Chinese), and has been the subject of editorial mention in papers all over the globe.

Mr. Grosvenor is now engaged upon several articles for *The Century* on timely subjects connected with agriculture, the first of which, on the Weather Bureau, will appear in the June number. Mr. Grosvenor is the editor of the *National Geographic Magazine*.

HOW far-reaching is the influence of a magazine like *The Century*! When Ambassador White's impressions of the Russian Czar appeared in *The Century*, the Japanese minister at a European court cabled to his chief at Tokio, calling attention to it, and the article was immediately translated into Japanese for the Emperor's reading.

THE first of *The Century's* articles on "Great Inventions Described by Their Inventors" begins in the present number with Mr. Brush's article on "The Arc-Light." It will be followed by papers on "Electric Traction" by Frank J. Sprague, "The Transmission of Power" by Nikola Tesla, and "The Air-Brake" by George Westinghouse.

Important articles on two great engineering projects will soon appear: one of them on the Simplon Tunnel.

THE novelette "Under Rocking Skies," which begins in this issue, is a capital sea-yarn. Its author, Mr. L. Frank Tooker, is on the editorial staff of *The Century*. Readers of the magazine have had a taste of his work in the strong poems of the sea which he has printed from time to time, and in the two "Kerrigan" stories which appeared in recent numbers. Born in a seaport town, the son of a sea-captain, Mr. Tooker spent much of his early life at sea, and his knowledge of ships and sailors is intimate and complete.

Among the prominent and popular writers of short stories whose work will be seen in *The Century* this year are:

Rudyard Kipling, Jack London, F. Marion Crawford, Booth Tarkington, Owen Wister, Julian Hawthorne, Joel Chandler Harris, Myra Kelly, Anthony Hope, Miriam Michelson, Irving Bacheller.

THE CENTURY'S side-lights on the war in the East, and on the peoples who are engaged in it, have been highly appreciated by its readers,—such articles as Ambassador White's giving his impressions of the present Czar; "The Siberian Railway" and "Manchuria" by Mr. Davidson; the articles on Korea, by Mr. Hulbert and Dr. Brown; Mr. Macgowan's on "The Russian Lourdes," "The Cossacks," "The Conflict in Finland," "The Outlook for Reform in Russia"; Baron Kaneko on "The Magna Charta of Japan"; Mr. Adachi's character sketch of Admiral Togo; Dr. Anita Newcomb McGee on "The American Nurses in Japan"; Oscar K. Davis on "Japanese Devotion and Courage"; Richard Barry on "New Siege Warfare at Port Arthur," etc.

Of unusual interest is Mr. Melville E. Stone's article on the Czar and foreign press censorship in the present number. Other articles to come are: "Court Life in Russia," by a former member of the American Embassy; "The Honorable Flowers of Japan"; "The Crisis in Poland," by Mr. Macgowan; "With Perry in Japan," by a member of the expedition of 1853, who is still living.

THE press notices of recent numbers of *The Century* are more than ordinarily full of praise; indeed, the magazine seems never to have been better liked by the reading public than it is now. The *New Haven Register* said recently: "It must be accounted a distinct gain that *The Century Magazine* has an editorial department which discusses pressing matters in a fearless and wise manner. The influence of the magazine has grown enormously within past years."

HOW THE JAPANESE SAVE LIVES

BY ANITA NEWCOMB MCGEE, M.D.

WITH PICTURES FROM PHOTOGRAPHS



TYPHOID, that dread scourge of soldiers, has been almost eliminated from the Japanese army in the present war. This is only one of a number of achievements in the prevention of disease and death which I observed while supervisor of nurses at the great base of the army at Hiroshima, while on the hospital-ships, and while at hospitals on the Yalu River in Manchuria. At these and at other places I had exceptional opportunities for noting the medical, surgical, and sanitary precautions which have produced such remarkable results.

In the three months following the battle of the Yalu (May, June, July) General Kuroki's army had only eighty-three cases of typhoid. There were only one hundred and ninety-three cases reported in General Oku's army from its landing in Manchuria, May 6, to the end of the following January. Of the many thousands of patients treated at the great base hospital of Hiroshima, Japan, prior to the end of September, there were only fifty deaths of men who had typhoid, and a large proportion of these deaths were actually due to beri-beri, wounds, or other complications. Contributory to these results are undoubtedly the facts of the great attention paid to sanitation, of the daily consumption by every soldier of several pills of germ-destroying creosote, and of the isolation of every case of typhoid, which is treated as a contagious disease. Our own country showed a sad contrast to these figures at the time of the war with Spain. According to the board of experts who examined the sanitary condition of our army, about one fifth of the troops in the camps of mobilization

had suffered from typhoid, which had caused four times as many deaths as all other diseases combined.

It is a well-known fact, shown by statistics of the last fifty years, that Russian soldiers suffer more from disease than soldiers of almost any other civilized army; and direct information which I received last summer confirmed the opinion that General Kuropatkin had been seriously handicapped by the great amount of disease in his ranks.

In the Japanese army there is more dysentery than typhoid, but its great disease-enemy is beri-beri, or "kakké." Of the sick from General Kuroki's army who passed through Antung on their way to Japan last summer, seventy per cent. had beri-beri; while, taking a single day as an example, the records of October 7 show that of all patients then at the Hiroshima hospital eighty-four per cent. had this disease. Beri-beri is unknown to Americans, but is common in the Orient. It attacks mainly the nerves and the circulation, and produces more or less paralysis and swelling, principally of the legs. It may last for months, or involvement of the heart may prove suddenly fatal. Very light cases may show only a slight difficulty in walking, while in severe ones the persistence of the disease may necessitate the use of a cane for the rest of the man's life. In Brazil and Argentina it is ranked with yellow fever, cholera, etc., as a contagious disease, but the Japanese do not so consider it. Dampness, heat, and poor food predispose to beri-beri, and some eminent physicians claim that a well-balanced dietary would eradicate the disease. This course has, indeed, been followed in the



FOOD-STORES OF THE JAPANESE ARMY AT DALNY (NOTE SOLDIER STANDING ON TOP), AND A CANNON CAPTURED FROM RUSSIANS

Japanese navy, where a greater proportion of nitrogen and fat in the food of the men, with a general improvement in the sanitary conditions on shipboard, had the much-desired result. The physicians of Japan are now working vigorously on the great problem of achieving a similar result in the army; and when they succeed—as they undoubtedly will—their country will lead the world in military sanitation.

Japanese surgeons as well as sanitarians are making great strides in saving soldiers from unnecessary death. The main division of the Hiroshima hospital (which was the principal station of the American nurses) was devoted to the more seriously wounded of the men from the front, especially to those requiring operation. Out of over three thousand such patients received there before the end of September, only forty-seven died. This is a striking figure compared with earlier records. Even more notable is the saving of limbs; for although this division contained what might be called the principal operating-room of the whole army, only nineteen amputations were performed there in the time mentioned, and of these five were of fingers only.

Owing to the constant movement of the disabled from the front hospitals to those in the rear, no one yet knows the complete statistics of wounds, disease, and death which are being compiled, except the authorities of the army department in

Tokio; but, though some figures were given me confidentially, I am permitted to say that the patients who returned from Manchuria to Japan up to the end of September were in the proportion of four sick to three wounded.

From the figures available I estimate the total number of deaths from wounds of the whole army of Japan during the year after the declaration of war to have been less than 40,000. When one reads of 10,000 casualties in a prolonged battle, it means, on the average, that approximately one fifth, or 2000 men, are killed on the field and enough more die of their wounds to bring the total deaths to about one third the casualties, or 3300. Probably 2500 or more of the wounded are able to walk from the battle-field without assistance, and of these 1500 recover in the field-hospitals and soon return to active service. The remainder, or 5200, are sent to Japan (almost all to Hiroshima), and either they are found incapacitated for further fighting or, after a varying period in hospital and health-resort, they return to take up their weapons anew in Manchuria. Probably only between twenty and thirty of these men are operated on before reaching Japan (generally in order to stop hemorrhage) and several times that number require operation at Hiroshima.

An interesting fact, and one quite contradicting the opinion of some military

authorities that bayonets are going out of use, is that seven per cent. of all wounds, or 700 of the 10,000 casualties, are from "cold steel." This is due in part to the Japanese unwillingness to surrender, which leads them to fight even when overwhelmed at close quarters. Private S. Nakano was one of our patients who had

hospitals. In other words, the men recorded as dying from wounds are actually killed by the enemy and not by germs or by careless treatment.

Most of this admirable result comes from the intelligent use of the first-aid package of sterile bandages which every soldier carries, and from the rule (explained in "The American Nurses in Japan" —see the April CENTURY) of not operating in the field. Modern bullets are small and "humane," the Japanese even more so than the Russian, for the former is only six millimeters in diameter, while the latter is seven



received no fewer than twenty such cold-steel wounds, and yet five weeks later he was virtually a well man. He was with a night scouting-party which was suddenly surrounded by the enemy. In a hand-to-hand conflict, after receiving five bayonet wounds in the chest, one of which narrowly escaped the heart, he fell.

On rousing from his faint, he was liberally punctured in the back, arm, and head as a warning to lie still, and was rescued only after the enemy was driven away. When I met him returning to Japan on a hospital-ship, he expected, after a short stay at some hot springs, to rejoin his regiment in the field.

The Federal army in our Civil War lost a slightly larger number of men from wounds after reaching the hospitals than died on the battle-field itself. In the Japanese army, for every one hundred men killed outright about sixty-six wounded die, and almost all of these deaths occur before the patients can be sent beyond the field-



HIROSHIMA: RECRUITS EXERCISING IN AN OUT-OF-DOOR GYMNASIUM

millimeters. Owing to their composition and high speed, they are virtually sterile; and unless they strike some vital part, the injury, if not dirtied by handling, is likely to heal quickly and without complications. Shell and shrapnel, making open wounds, are much more dangerous forces. While I was at Antung I was told that eighty-two per cent. of the Japanese wounded at the battle of the Yalu had "clean" wounds, without pus. The Russian prisoners, on the contrary, many of whom had been hidden for days in Chinese houses, had bandaged themselves in bits of dirty underclothing and were consequently in a shocking con-



MALE NURSES CARRYING A PATIENT ABOARD THE "KOBE MARU" FROM A LIGHTER

dition. Scarcely any were bound with a regular first-aid dressing; but whether this was due to a shortage in the supply, so that the men did not all possess them, or to inability to put them on for themselves after the medical attendants had retreated with their army, no one could tell me.

Such life-preservers as these little packets lose a large part of their value in the hands of soldiers who have not learned their application; and their success with the Japanese is largely due to the fact that when a surgeon or medical attendant cannot reach a wounded man, he, or a comrade, is able to apply the bandage successfully. In curious contrast to this is the comment of a Spanish surgeon at Santiago, in 1898, who reported that after the fighting there he had found only one person, and he a captain, who knew how, and was able, to apply the first-aid bandage himself. The American surgeon who translated this report commented that such "was decidedly not the experience of the American military surgeons" in Cuba.

Back of these achievements is the Sanitation Corps of the Japanese army. This is the body corresponding to our Medical Department, but its key-note is struck by the very difference in the title. Sanitation, or keeping the soldier in good fighting condition, is its first object, and healing

him after he drops from the ranks is the secondary consideration. This corps includes twelve surgeon-generals, of whom eight are in the Reserves (serving only when needed in war); other surgeons down to the rank of second lieutenant; pharmacists of all grades up to a colonel; male nurses and chief nurses, stretcher-bearers, attendants, and clerks. These are supplemented by a body similarly organized, including also women chief nurses and nurses, which is under the orders of the Sanitation Corps, but is supplied by the Japanese Red Cross Society and wears its uniform. At the present time all the surgeon-generals have the rank of brigadier-general, and from them is appointed the chief of the corps and the chief sanitary officer in the field. Baron Ishiguro, now retired, who was a surgeon-general at the time of the war with China, was given rank corresponding to our major-general, and a similar promotion may be made again. This method has the evident advantage that not only does it supply several armies and important hospitals with medical officers of rank commensurate with the importance of their duties, but it gives considerable choice, when war comes, in the selection of the most capable man for the work of heaviest responsibility. Our system of having only one surgeon of the

rank of general, who is, *ex officio*, the head of the Medical Department, is satisfactory enough in peace, but utterly lacking in that elasticity which is so important in the stress of war.

In even greater contrast is the Russian system, for its army surgeons have no military rank whatever, but are graded as civil officials. The nursing force of the Russian army in Manchuria includes highly trained male nurses, orderlies, and many women. All the last are called "Sisters," though all degrees of training, or the lack of it, are to be found among them; and a Russian surgeon with a group of prisoners told me that these "Sisters" belonged to several parties, and that there was no general, comprehensive organization.

The Japanese nursing body, on the other hand, is thoroughly organized and is graded in several classes according to degree of training. In addition to the regular bearer companies, each regiment has some of its fighting men specially trained to carry stretchers; and besides these are the regular male military chief nurses, nurses, and attendants, and the nurses and stretcher-bearers furnished by the Red Cross Society. The most highly trained of any are the women nurses, all of whom are supplied to the army by the Red Cross, and serve in what is considered the most important posts, namely, in the base hospitals and on the hospital-ships.

Our own chief surgeon with the China Relief Expedition in 1900 reported that the organization of the Japanese provided three skilled men to take care of their sick and wounded for every two provided by our own or the other armies, and this without counting the supplementary Red Cross personnel of the Japanese. This one precaution must be an important, perhaps an essential, factor in the Sanitation Corps' success.

In olden times it was thought cheaper to obtain a new soldier than to cure a sick or wounded one. The whole idea of life-saving in conjunction with such a pre-eminently life-destroying thing as war is modern, and, indeed, almost anomalous. But a progressing world demands that reckless and useless sacrifices of life shall stop, and at last military commanders, and even appropriation voters, are beginning to appreciate the importance of keeping soldiers in fit condition to fight. At least, the Japanese appreciate this. Whether Americans do is exceedingly doubtful. The former provide a large Sanitation Corps; make each man in it, from chief surgeon to stretcher-bearer, an expert in his line; and then supplement this with a mass of equally trained Reserves. The United States has the nucleus of a Medical Department, it is true, but from the beginning of the Spanish War to the present time it has been lamentably deficient



PRIVATES IWASAKI AND NAKANO ON THE "KOBE MARU"



SICK PATIENTS ON THE "KOBE MARU"

in numbers. We trust to chance or politics for the health of our soldiers in war, but in 1898 the civilian doctors suddenly transformed by official appointment into military experts failed to recognize camp typhoid until it had spread like wildfire. In the Japanese army there is no place for either chance or politics, its experts are not made by fiat, and they can recognize camp diseases.

In 1901 our army was reorganized and officered on a basis of 100,000 men, yet the Medical Department was made only large enough to care for 45,000. Consequently, it has been necessary in peace to employ hundreds of civilian doctors to meet the army's needs. If the United States Congress has not appreciated the potential horrors of such a situation, how can it be expected to go further and provide a reserve personnel of trained military sanitarians and administrators?

In one respect we have this year taken a step forward. Heretofore we have been without any official permanent aid society. Now an effective and comprehensive Red Cross Society is being organized, and a large and active membership is hoped for.

The guiding opinion that money is worth

more than lives is unfortunately found also in naval matters. In our navy the nursing is done by enlisted men, and the surgeon-general has repeatedly appealed for authority to employ a corps of trained women nurses to take charge of the work in shore hospitals and help prepare the men for their duties as nurses on shipboard. But all in vain. Congress will not even consider the matter. In this respect the army is fortunately better off than the navy, for its nurse-corps of trained women is now firmly and permanently established.

From the purely military point of view, of course, every non-combatant is an additional handicap to an army in the field; yet every nation ought to supply enough men to furnish prompt aid after an ordinary battle. The Japanese are certainly of this opinion, but there have been times when they have been confronted by no "ordinary" conditions, and when they felt that even their comparatively large number of surgeons and nurses fell far short of the needs. In the early months of the war a field was cleared of the dead and wounded within twelve hours after the end of a battle. The experience of Lieutenant K—— is an example. He was shot simul-

taneously in both thighs while his company was attacking Kin-chau on the 26th of May. When he fell, two of his men carried him behind a native house near by and bandaged his wounds both with his and with one of their own first-aid bandages; but a large artery had been cut, and the bleeding did not stop until he tied his belt above the wound. This happened at eleven in the morning, and only four hours later, while the battle was still raging, bearers found him and carried him to a dressing-station two kilometers away. Fresh bandages were there applied, but he was not operated on until he reached Hiroshima.

As the fierceness of the fighting increased, prompt bearer-work became increasingly difficult. In the latter part of August, for example, there was such continuous close-range firing near Port Arthur that at one time the bearers could hardly be sent on the field at all, and many wounded lay without attention for days. It chanced that I learned of the experiences of three of the patients at this time. The first, who was wounded in a night attack, was a tall, fine-looking fellow, a student of the Imperial University at Tokio. He was struck in the knee, but was fortunately able to drag himself the whole distance of two thousand meters to the dressing-station, and thus escaped further danger.

A few hours later Private Matsura received five wounds in a daylight attack on the same fort, some of them while he was crawling down the hill toward shelter. He succeeded in reaching a ditch or hole, in which he lay from morning till nine that evening. The bone of his right arm was badly shattered, but he was able to wrap his bandage tightly about it, and so stop the bleeding. Of course this wound had pus; but, for the rest, even the bullet that went quite through his side did no serious damage.

Orders from General Nogi continued to hurl one body of men after another at this same fiercely resisting fortress. A single regiment, which at one time counted three thousand able-bodied members, was reduced to two hundred men and ten officers. One of its battalions made a night attack two days after Matsura was wounded, and at last entered the fort—at least what was left of them did so. By that time their ranking officer was Second-Lieutenant

S——. He was also their standard-bearer, and when wounded in the right hand he wrapped his flag about it and fought with his sword in the left hand. When this also was disabled, and he fell to the ground with a broken leg in the stronghold of the enemy, he thought to kill himself as some of the wounded about him were doing. But at that moment reinforcements came, so that one of his own soldiers who was hit only in the head was able to lift the lieutenant on his back and carry him to safety. When, at last, overwhelming numbers of the Russians drove the fierce intruders from their fort, only one officer and seven men of the whole battalion returned unhurt.

When you hear stories like these from the brave, uncomplaining victims, and have the terrible evidence of the truth under your eyes, you do not need to be on the firing-line to realize keenly what war means. And, in view of the enormous sacrifices which are sometimes necessary, there can be no surprise even if the far-seeing and careful Japanese on such occasions find their hospitals overflowing and their lines of communication taxed to the uttermost.

In transportation of the wounded all the skill of the sanitation officers was called into play, and the sight of it afforded human pictures of striking vividness. In July and August, both at Antung and on the hospital-ship *Kobe Maru*, I had occasion to see this; for the sick and wounded of General Kuroki's army were sent to the mouth of the Yalu River to take boat for Japan. A day's journey between rest-stations was twenty miles or less, and the roads were notoriously bad. A few men came over them in little carts, each drawn by one coolie, and others rode in the returning hand-trucks which were constantly carrying supplies up the Japanese-laid tracks to the fighting army. All the severe cases, however, had to be transported on stretchers, each carried on the shoulders of two Chinese coolies.

The hospitals in Antung were simply the best native houses obtainable, or the stone structures built by the Russians; and in these the men were made comfortable until places could be found for them on a hospital-ship, or, if very light cases, sometimes on a returning transport. In the spring the army controlled but three hos-

pital-ships, which number was increased to eleven by the middle of autumn. In the summer there were at times many sick and wounded awaiting transportation, but in spite of this the men were made comfortable, and everything went on in a perfectly orderly and systematic manner. The commanding officer of the hospital at Antung worked in a way to reflect credit on his nation, and surprised me frequently by the constant thoughtfulness and kindness which he showed in small things as well as in great.

While at Antung and Wiju there was opportunity to test the much-discussed field ration of the Japanese army. It includes much canned beef, canned salmon from America and sardines from Japan, rice, peas, beans, and other vegetables, excellent hardtack, tea compressed into hard cakes, powdered sugar, sauce, dried plums, and some *saké* for special occasions, all supplemented by Chinese food supplies. But I was not able to find that the army has anything corresponding to our elaborate ration system; and from the difficulties met with, and the beri-beri scourge, it would seem that the Japanese commissary work is open to improvement. Rice, the staple food, is difficult to utilize under field conditions. As an officer wrote from near Kaiping: "Owing to the scarcity of water, and especially of fuel, it is impossible to cook food and boil rice on any large scale sufficient for a battalion. This makes it necessary for each man to cook his own rice and other food." He adds that they were then receiving a pint and a half of rice daily, supplemented with millet, Chinese vegetables, and cucumber. Unfortunately, boiled rice sours so soon that it must be transported raw, and the men are not infrequently in positions where it is impossible to make a fire. Cooking, however, is facilitated by the equipment of each soldier with a black-coated aluminium food-carrier, cooking-utensils, and dishes ingeniously combined.

On the other hand, when one considers quantity and not quality, and notices the astonishingly small amounts of food habitually consumed by these sturdy troops, another question arises. Does not this fact, by the lighter work required in the commissary department, give a military advantage to the Japanese over a country such as ours, whose troops are accus-

tomed to being, as our Secretary of War puts it, "the best fed in the world"?

Although in every place visited there were some officers with whom I could converse, I am indebted for much of the information obtained outside Japan to the kind interpretation of my charming companion, Miss Sato, of the Tokio Red Cross Hospital, and the nurse of highest rank in the society. With her and a number of officers I visited Yongampo, Korea, where the Russians had left fine permanent buildings and supplies that gave evidence of a hasty and unexpected departure. Later, we took a delightfully interesting trip to Wiju and the little hospital of the soldiers in northern Korea, and went over the ground and into the trenches where the battle of the Yalu had been fought. Those nurses of my party who were at work on a hospital-ship running to Dalny were much nearer the actual conflict, however; for they not only heard the sound of the perpetual firing at Port Arthur, but saw the injured vessels of the fleet after the naval battle of August 10, while their own ship took strict precautions against a possible surprise. At the same time, the ship I was on and several others lost two days by waiting at the mouth of the Yalu till all danger from the escaped Russian vessels should be over. Within three days after starting, however, our two hundred and thirty-five passenger-patients were landed in Japan.

The *Kobe Maru*, on which the trip was made, is one of the two hospital-ships belonging to the Red Cross Society, used as passenger-steamers in peace, and in war quickly altered, according to plans made when they were built, and transferred to the military service. Like its sister ship, the *Hakuai Maru*, it has three decks and a net tonnage of 1423. The ample promenade space is used by all the patients, regardless of rank, and its state-rooms are occupied by the very ill privates as well as by the officers. Where the saloons and inside state-rooms had been, there were now iron frameworks almost filling the large spaces and supporting the simple beds, one row above the other and close together.

These ships also contain small rooms for typhoid and other contagious cases, a beautiful operating-room (ready for any emergency, but virtually used for dress-

ings only), pharmacy, morgue, X-ray room, and steam disinfection plant.

The numerous hospital-ships provided directly by the army department, and also the two belonging to the navy, average considerably larger than those of the Red Cross Society, but are otherwise much the same. All are kept in the most thorough order, and are cleaned to the very bottom of the hold after each trip. This is done with a twenty-five-per-cent. carbolic solution thrown by a hand-pump in a strong spray over everything, and followed by scrubbing with a brush. All drinking-water is supplied at Ujina, the port of Hiroshima, which is the transport base; and it is tested chemically and bacteriologically both before and after being put on board. The tanks containing it are regularly emptied, cleaned, and refilled. An officer from headquarters and a surgeon inspect every hospital-ship and transport after each trip. No matter what the need for haste, these precautions are never neglected. The Japanese characteristics of thoroughness and caution are so strong that no amount of pressure leads them into the "hustle and get there, somehow, anyhow" of the Americans. If time were as important and careful prearrangement as relatively unimportant in their minds as they are in ours, and if, consequently, the Japanese had dashed into Manchuria as we did into Cuba, and caught the small Russian army wholly unprepared, would the campaign have been more—or less—successful? But whatever one's opinion on this may be, it is certain that the Japanese will continue to prearrange everything. On the contrary, we Americans are only now beginning to form a comprehensive Red Cross Society, while our Congress prefers trusting to luck for the health of its army rather than to a well-organized medical department!

Relief corps supplied by the Japanese Red Cross Society serve on many of the hospital-ships. On the *Kobe Maru* there are four doctors, a manager, two pharmacists, two clerks, thirty-three women nurses, and eleven male nurses. All the relief personnel of the society are under vow to serve at any time called on during a specified period, which varies from fifteen years for the nurses to five years for the doctors. Merely as a recompense for taking this vow, and regardless of service

rendered, all except the nurses receive small fees annually. Besides this, the society salaries its personnel while on military or relief duty; but the special training given by it and the distinction attached to its service are the principal rewards offered for taking the vow.

At Dalny and at New-Chwang the hospital-ships go directly to a wharf and receive the patients from trains which land them only a few feet away. But the Yalu River is so shallow and full of sand-bars that lighters must be used between Antung and the anchorage, thirty miles away, and from these the patients walk or are carried aboard the hospital-ship through large openings in the side.

The *Kobe Maru* was on its thirteenth trip when I bade a sad farewell to Manchuria, where so much work was still to be done, and started homeward toward Hiroshima. The perfect weather made the trip delightful and the work not so difficult as usual. There were many interesting patients on board, but none had more narrow escapes than Private Iwasaki, a man whose wounds had been healed, but who was returning to recover his strength after an attack of malaria. His story was written for me by one of the English-speaking officers, and is worth repeating in its original form.

At the battle of Motien his section, hearing that the enemy are now attacking to recover the pass, was obliged to go forth under the commandment of special Sergeant-major Ishiwara to help their comrades. So as they were going forth within the limit of five hundred meters, there appeared some troop, but are not certain whether they are the Russians or Japanese, no answering to his inquire once or twice; but finally they were ordered to retreat, and he knew that it was a Russian troop. All of his comrades retreated from there except Ishiwara and Iwasaki are only left alone, surrounded by the Russians great majority. So Ishiwara fought so bravely and killed his enemy just eight, but he died as the dewdrop at the ninth. Private Iwasaki fought so bravely too, he killed down his enemy just three, but he finally captured by a giant Russian soldier who embraced him from backward while he was just killing his fourth enemy.

Iwasaki says: "My gun and sword were taken from me, and now I am almost naked one, for I have no arms to protect and to kill myself. And now I had to march over the miserable roads with five guards who were chattering and pleasing their triumph, know-

ing not that Private Iwasaki was intending to escape from them at any chance." At the negligence of Russian guards, he usurped the enemy's arms and stabbed two of them so quickly as the flashing of light and fought with three remaining soldiers. In this fighting he had slight sword cut on the chest and left arm, but paid no attention.

By good fortune he came to the edge of a hill and let himself fall over the cliff into a tree which was just half down of the hill. Little later he could look down from amidst of tree. The Russians were searching on him, but fortunately they could not find him out, as the light was dim and dense fog had settled over. Knowing that the Russian soldiers had passed by, he let himself fall down again over the cliff into a bed of stream, holding his captured weapon. But unfortunately there were many Russian soldiers in the upper course and a few cavalry in the lower course of the river. As he could not escape from his enemy, he scratched the following words on a big black stone:

Here died on the battle-field
Private Iwasaki Gokichi
30th Regiment, 2d Division.

And he tried to kill himself by harakiri, but succeeded only in making a wound through which water ran out of his stomach when he drank water.

It was the involuntary movements to reach a hill, crawling along the bank of stream; and here he stayed and slept amidst of deep grass, leaving himself to his fate. Awakening from his dream, he knows that the shooting was at far distance, and some troops were gazing at the top of hill where he was. Oh! it was the third company of his own regiment. He concludes: "So the male nurse of the company came and dressed me, and I was sent to the battalion with scratch!"

Besides the disabled Japanese on the *Kobe Maru*, we carried forty Russians. All except two officers were badly wounded privates, and all were provided for and treated exactly as were their captors. The Russians asked for little besides, but that little was given them at once. I can speak of this with confidence because, as it so happened, all the communications between the two peoples went through me as interpreter. The intricacies of such interpretation were well illustrated when the Japanese surgeon wanted to ask a question of a Russian patient; for he put the inquiry to me in English, I repeated it to one of the Russian officers in German, and finally he to the person addressed, in his own lan-

guage. The answer, returning by the reverse process, was finally recorded in Japanese on the official record of the case.

As we steamed past the coast of Korea, the captain gave a delightful dinner-party at which the guests were the principal ship's officers; those of the wounded Japanese officers who could walk about; the two Russian officers; Miss Sato, my companion; the American nurse of my party who was on duty this trip; and myself. If the polyglot conversation sometimes lagged, there was certainly no lack of picturesqueness in the appearance of the company.

But to me the most beautiful sight on shipboard was the spontaneous friendliness shown by Japanese patients who happened to be on deck whenever a bandaged Russian appeared there. The Japanese would at once offer him a seat and a cigarette and make attempts at a gesture-and-tone conversation for his amusement. The rôle of victor was never assumed; their relations seemed those of host and guest. So greatly did the gloom of the prisoners lift in this atmosphere that on the evening we steamed along the Inland Sea they joined in an international concert which began with American airs, continued with Russian folk-songs, and ended with the grand national hymn of Japan.

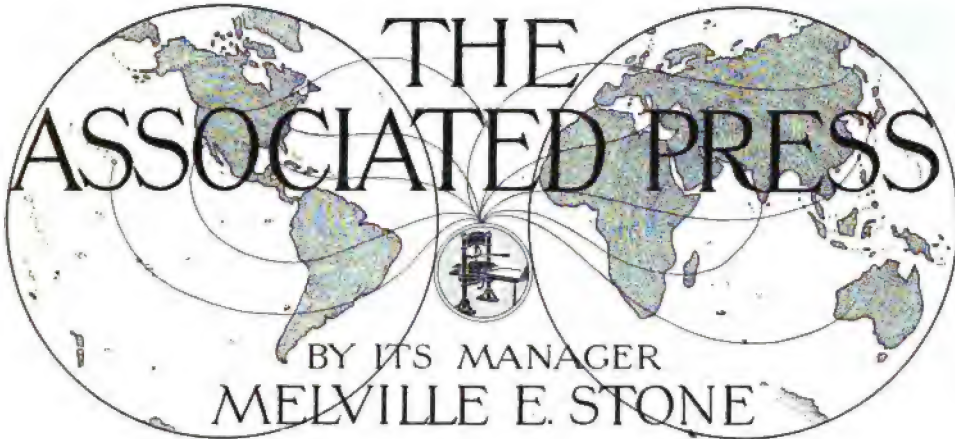
These pictures of the never-failing courtesy and good breeding of every Japanese, from whatever station in life, seemed a condensed illustration of the whole conduct of the war. The same traits shown by these simple soldiers actuate those in authority, whose aim is not merely to win military victories, but also to conduct this war according to such high and humane principles that the whole world will recognize in Japan one of the most enlightened nations of the earth.

Japan has learned much from the United States. Now the time has come when America should learn from Japan. The incalculable value of a large and well-organized medical department, supplemented by trained reserves, is the first lesson. The second lesson is that the efforts of the military sanitarian, to be effective, must be supported by the officers and men of the line. Medical officers cannot order: they can only recommend; and their knowledge of preventive measures is of small use if line officers do not appreciate their impor-

tance and if soldiers are too ignorant of hygiene to obey its dictates.

The officers of our small Medical Department know these things, but the American government and people do not know them. They see faulty details or an ineffi-

cient man, but they fail to detect the fundamental fault of defective organization. Before we can ever hope to rival the Japanese in the saving of lives in war we must be prepared for war even as they were.



THE REMOVAL OF THE RUSSIAN CENSORSHIP ON FOREIGN NEWS

SATISFACTORY relations had been arranged between the Associated Press and France, Germany, and Italy,¹ but obviously the place of chief interest was Russia. It had often been suggested that we station correspondents at St. Petersburg, but apparently the time was not ripe. It was the last country in which to try an experiment. Wisdom therefore dictated a delay until it could be determined how the agreement with other Continental powers would work out. Moreover, it was important that the St. Petersburg bureau, in case one should be established, should be conducted by a correspondent of singular tact. With this possible course in view, I put in training for the post a gentleman from our Washington office in whom I had great confidence. He was a graphic writer and a man of wide information and rare discretion. He studied French until he was able to speak with reasonable freedom, and devoted himself to the study of Russian history.

The situation at the Russian capital was peculiar. Every conceivable obstacle was put in the way of the foreign journalist who attempted to telegraph news thence to any alien newspaper or agency. The business of news-gathering was under ban in the Czar's empire. The doors of the ministers of state were closed; no public official would give audience to a correspondent. Even subordinate government employees did not dare to be seen in conversation with a member of the hated gild, and all telegrams were subject to a rigorous censorship.

Count Cassini, the Russian ambassador at Washington, was friendly, and desired me to act. While I still had the matter under consideration, an agent of the Russian government urged me to go at once to St. Petersburg. I sailed in December, 1903, and by arrangement met the Russian agent in London. To him I explained that we were ready to take our news of Russia direct from St. Petersburg, instead of receiving it through London, but to do

¹ See THE CENTURY for April.

that four things seemed essential. First, the Russian government should accord us a press rate that would enable us to send news economically. Second, they should give us such precedence for our despatches as the French, Italian, and German governments had done. Third, they must open the doors of their various departments and give us the news. And, fourth, they must remove the censorship and enable us to send the news. If we should go there at all, we must go free to tell the truth. Obviously, we could not tell the truth unless we could learn the truth and be free to send it.

The agent said that, acting under instructions, he would leave London immediately for St. Petersburg, in order to have a week there before my arrival, so as to lay the matter before the ministers in detail. Meanwhile I went to Paris. At my suggestion, the French foreign office wrote to their ambassador at St. Petersburg, instructing him to use his good offices with the Russian government, the ally of the French government, in an attempt to secure for the Associated Press the service that was desired. They assured the Russian government that they believed the best interests of the world and of Russia would be served by granting my request, which they regarded as very reasonable. I went to Berlin, and the German foreign office advised the German ambassador at St. Petersburg in the same manner. On my arrival in St. Petersburg, therefore, I had the friendly intercession of the ambassadors of both these governments, and the support of Count Cassini, as well as the influence of our own ambassador, Mr. McCormick.

An audience with Count Lamsdorff, the Russian minister of foreign affairs, was arranged, and Mr. McCormick and I laid the subject before him. He was perfectly familiar with it, as he had received the report of the government agent and had also received favorable advices from Count Cassini. The minister assured me that he would do everything in his power to aid in the movement, because he felt that it was wise; but, unfortunately, the whole question of the censorship and of telegraphic transmission was in the hands of the minister of the interior, M. Plehve. Count Lamsdorff said that, the day before our call, he had transmitted their agent's report to Plehve, with an urgent letter ad-

vising the Russian government to meet the wishes of the Associated Press. He told me that I could rely on his friendly offices, and I left him.

The reply of Count Lamsdorff, and later that of M. Plehve, disclosed the anomalous condition of the Russian government. The ministers of state are independent of one another, each reporting to the Emperor, and frequently they are at odds among themselves.

Ambassador McCormick and I called on Minister Plehve. We found him most agreeable. I studied him with some care. A strong, forceful, but affable gentleman, he impressed me as a man charged with very heavy responsibilities, quite mindful of the fact, and fearful lest any change in existing conditions might be fraught with danger. He said frankly that he was not prepared to abolish the censorship. To his mind it was a very imprudent thing to do, but he said he would go as far as he could toward meeting our wishes. As to a press rate, unfortunately that was in the hands of the minister of finance, and he had no control of the subject; and as to expediting our despatches, in view of the entirely independent character of each minister it would be beyond his power to stop a government message, or a message from any member of the royal family, in our favor. Beyond that he would give us as great speed as was in his power. He would be very glad, so far as his bureau was concerned, to give such directions as would enable our correspondent to secure all proper information.

As I have said, no newspaper man at that time could expect to secure admission to any department of the government. Indeed, a card would not be taken at the door if it were known to be that of a newspaper man. The consequence was that the correspondent got his information at the hotels, in the cafés, or in the streets. The papers published little, but the streets were full of rumors of all kinds, and some of them of the wildest character. After running down a rumor and satisfying himself as to its verity, the correspondent would write his despatch and drive two or three miles to the office of the censor. The restrictions put upon foreign correspondents had been so great that they had virtually abandoned Russia; and when I arrived there, with the exception of our men

to its height? "A cedar five or six feet in height will be generally easier to transplant than one of but three feet, for the tap-root will have been absorbed, in the larger tree." Trees and plants, of course, from the countryside near the garden are apt to flourish in it because they are native to its climate and soil. "I care infinitely more," says Mrs. Ely, "for the trees, deciduous and evergreen, the rhododendrons and other things that I have had transplanted from the woods and fields, and succeeded in making happy in their new home, than for anything we have bought from nurserymen. When you have once acquired the taste for transplanting from the country side, there is no overcoming the desire. You become more observant, and when walking or driving you look upon the trees, vines, shrubs, and flowering plants along the road or in the fields with an eye to bringing them home some day."

One of the most charming chapters is on "A Garden of Lilies and Iris," and the planning of the pool; the beds, the wall and drain, the choosing of the bulbs, etc., is fascinating reading, while the picture shows the completed result. For those who can have no pool or pond, there is yet hope, for a kerosene barrel sawed in half and sunk in the ground to the rim, in some sunny spot directly in front of shrubbery or evergreens, will make a home for the nelumbium or pink Egyptian lotus, or the pond lily, not at all to be despised. It must be half filled with soil, the lilies planted two inches deep,

two inches of sand added, then the barrel filled up with water, and replenished from time to time. The only objection to this appears to be that mosquitoes might be raised in greater quantities than the lilies—but perhaps the kerosene barrel is designed to repel them. A truly feminine touch is given in speaking of the English ivy growing close around the pool, "which, as it grows, is fastened down with hairpins, those most valuable implements." In the pool, the goldfish are expected to devour the mosquito larvæ, so that it has none of the possible disadvantage of the barrel.

With the two hardy garden volumes side by side on the shelf, there is very little the ordinary gardener wants to know that is unprovided for. Yet we hope Mrs. Ely will go on writing garden books—she does it so well, and gets so much of the atmosphere of her bounteous, sunshiny garden into the pages. She has created her own circle of readers, and started thousands of hardy gardens over the land by her advice and teaching. If the man who makes two blades of grass grow where one grew before is a public benefactor, what of the woman who makes a dozen flower-borders start up where no flower-border ever was thought of. Is not to strew the country with gardens almost as praiseworthy as to stud it with libraries? One certainly learns more from a garden than from the ten best selling books of the year. So "here's hoping" that Mrs. Ely will find more in her inkstand before she gets through.

E. P. B.





Courtesy of the National Magazine

THE LATE LAFCADIO HEARN IN JAPANESE DRESS

When We Two Walked in Arcady

When we two walked in Arcady
 How sweet the summers were!
 How thick the branches overhead,
 How soft the grass beneath our tread,
 And thickets where the sun burned red
 Were full of wings astir, my dear,
 When we two walked in Arcady
 Through paths young hearts prefer.

Since we two walked in Arcady
 (How long ago it seems!)
 High hopes have died disconsolate;
 The calm-eyed angel men call Fate
 Stands with drawn sword before the gate
 That shuts out all our dreams, my dear;
 Since we two walked in Arcady
 Beside the crystal streams.

Beyond the woods of Arcady
 The little brooks are dry.
 The brown grass rustles in the heat,
 The roads are rough beneath our feet,
 Above our heads no branches meet,
 And yet, although we sigh, my dear,
 Beyond the woods of Arcady
 We see more of the sky!

Caroline Duer in Scribner's.

Lafcadio Hearn: a Dreamer*

By Yone Noguchi, Tokio, Japan

So little is definitely known of the personality of the late Lafcadio Hearn, one of the shyest and most retiring of literary characters, that any details concerning him are of interest and value. The following article, reprinted by permission from the April number of the "National Magazine," is in the nature of a personal reminiscence by one of his countrymen by adoption, and is accordingly a valuable contribution to the meager knowledge of this unusual man.

HE was like a figure painted by a French impressionist. He was a man who found his joy and love in stars. He was a dreamer. If he had written poetry! His fancies always wandered among the roads of the heavens. He had a distinguished passion and a genius clear like a looking-glass, which enabled him to express things in more exquisite form and with more crystal touch than was in reality in themselves. He had a pen few writers, indeed, could handle. His work for Japan and the Japanese was greater, doubtless, than Sir Edwin Arnold's, than Professor Chamberlain's or Professor Aston's, all of whom have done work for which Japan is grateful eternally. But what a hermit was Lafcadio Hearn! He was never what is termed sociable. All of his thoughts and fancies cannot be said to have been wholesome, nor was his judgment altogether fair. But the influence he had upon his students—those more close to him than any else in Japan—was great and inspiring. He taught

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them to love the beautiful and the good, and above all to have warm sympathies with the world of men. Prof. S. Uchigasaki of the Waseda University in Tokio, was one of Hearn's students when the poet-writer was teaching at the Imperial University. "I studied under him from 1898 to 1902," said Professor Uchigasaki. "He lectured between nine and twelve hours a week and not one of us felt that his hours were ever too long. On the contrary, we always grieved that they could not be longer. It was universally known that he hated to see anyone at his home, but he was another person in his lecture room, being most exceedingly kind and diligent. He never missed in his duties as a professor at the university, attending every day and never being late for even one hour. He usually carried a small note-book in the classroom, which had in it, however, only some name of a book or author, the date and a few other simple things, and he gave us the lectures—such remarkable lectures that we will not easily forget—entirely from his

memory. His memory was indeed wonderful. Sometimes there were a few written lectures, criticism on poetry, the history of English literature, the outline of European literature and others, most beautifully written in themselves and full of interest and charming with a grace of style. He taught us to see the creation of Almighty God."

It was some fourteen or fifteen years ago—in the summer of 1890, I believe—that Lafcadio Hearn first landed in Japan. And he became a teacher at once in the Matsue Middle School in the Province of Izumo.

He was a man of silence and meditation. Nobody was told why he came to Japan. He had, however, a certain Eastern blood, since his mother was a Greek. He naturally wished to be in the real East and study it. And then, too, he was ambitious to make of Japan his own field, as Stevenson made of Samoa, as Charles Warren Stoddard did of Hawaii. He was most fortunate to find himself in the province of Izumo to begin his Japanese study, for, as everyone knows, Izumo is supposed to be the oldest place in Japan, and it is the seat of Oyashiro, the greatest Shinto shrine. It was the original place of the Shinto religion, so in the study of old Japan Lafcadio Hearn could not have chosen a better place. He was supremely glad to be in Matsue; that was his first love—of Japanese places. And it is beautiful there, for the Great Bridge river, Ohashi Gawa, runs through the center of the town to the lake. And there by the lake shore are giant old pines and cedars, thick as laurel tangle, and over their summits is seen the roof of an ancient castle.

So here Lafcadio Hearn stayed and studied every phase of Japan, closely, sincerely, minutely, as was his way. The fruits of his Matsue and Izumo wanderings appeared in "Glimpses of Unfamiliar Japan." When these sketches were printed in the *Atlantic Monthly* he became recognized as one of the best descriptive writers of the English-speaking world.

It was while he was a teacher at Matsue that he married the daughter of an ancient samurai family, Setsu Koizumi, and he adopted the name of his wife; thus he is spoken of always in Japan as Mr. Koizumi. From the Matsue school he removed to the Higher Middle School of Kumamoto, in the province of Higo. Here it was that his oldest boy, Kazuo, was born. Upon leaving Kumamoto some time later, Mr. Hearn became the

editor of the Kobe Chronicle. And soon after he came to Tokio to occupy a chair of English literature at the Imperial University, and from the Imperial University, two years ago, he resigned to take a position in the Waseda University, which position he held at the time of his death in September last.

His history is tumultuous and sad. He was born at Leucadio, on Santa Mora island, one of the Ionian group, of Greece, on June 27, 1850. It was the home of Sappho. Lafcadio, Mr. Hearn's Christian name, was the Greek pronunciation of Leucadio. His father was a military surgeon, an Irishman from Dublin in the service of the British army. He had been ordered to Greece when occasional troubles there demanded the presence of European armies. He fell in love with a Greek girl whose parents and relations would not recognize him, and who planned to break off their communication at any cost. The story is told—I do not know how true it is—that her brothers waylaid him by a mountain road and attacked him, nearly killing him. He fell, from the sudden blow on his head, and was left there. But later he escaped. Some have said that the Greek girl found him and nursed him back to life. However it be, the two were married secretly on the eve of his departure for Leucadio, where he was ordered. And from that union sprang Lafcadio Hearn. He used often to say that he had one younger brother, but did not know where he was, nor even whether or not he was alive.

When Lafcadio Hearn's father was called back to Dublin he took his wife, so young and beautiful, and his two boys. The young wife was extremely shy and dreaded to meet strangers. Our Lafcadio Hearn inherited his sensitive temperament from his own mother. She rarely went out and disliked to learn English. The little boys she dressed always in the Greek style and they even wore earrings. Mr. Hearn said. They attracted much comment and attention, and on the street wherever they went they were stared at. So also was their mother. She carried a Greek atmosphere wherever she went, but she acted very like an Englishwoman. She was lovely to her husband and to the two old ladies who were his aunts, and there were some sweet years.

Then there happened a catastrophe which abruptly broke up the family.

We are not told what it was nor how it

happened, but only that Lafcadio Hearn never forgave his father because he divorced the Greek wife and married an Englishwoman. Later Lafcadio's father was sent to India by the government, where he died from fever. The two little boys were left in the care of their great-aunts. Their own mother married the Greek lawyer who had advocated her case, and left Great Britain forever.

The two gentle old ladies were devout Catholics, and they decided to educate Lafcadio Hearn for the priesthood. As there were no other heirs by the second marriage of his father, considerable money was left. Lafcadio was sent to Paris when he was fourteen years old, to a Catholic school. Here it was that he learned how to write and speak French in so masterly a manner. But he disliked the Catholic education and the Catholic temperament. He secretly decided that he would not become a priest. More than that, he became radically opposed to Christianity and conceived some striking repugnance to western world education. And he leaned toward the old, sweet customs of Japan. All this in secret. He did not speak out to the two old ladies because they were so earnest and so pious. But in his nineteenth year he suddenly received news that the guardian of the Hearn property had failed and everything was swept away. There was not one cent left for him, he was told. However, he was glad for this for one reason, that he could be free like a butterfly.

He sailed to America to find his fortune. He landed in New York and wandered from there to Cincinnati, and from there to New Orleans. He became a printer by trade, and

later a reporter and editor. Many interesting stories of his life are told among the American newspaper men, but Lafcadio Hearn seldom spoke of his experiences, only to speak of America, the northern portion, as the "bitter mother." His Greek temperament and French culture became frost-bitten as a flower in the North. He could not possibly stand the severity. So he sought and found comfort in the southern cities, and for some years he settled in New Orleans. Here he began to make his translations from the French authors, Daudet, Pierre Loti and others. Some of these were published by Brentano of New York. They were said to be almost equal to the original in the true meaning. Then he was sent to the West Indies by Harper's, and his studies there were considered remarkable in descriptive power and delicacy. His name became speedily recognized. Long before we had him in Japan Lafcadio Hearn was well known as a literary artist. He was given a richness in passion and imagination from a Greek mother and an Irish father. And he was educated in France and he lived in the sweet old South of America. And his temperament and fancies became richer and more luxuriant. What a soft wind blows in the South! Such a passion! Such an imagination! One in the South will not fear the sublimity of the Universe, perhaps, but he will be eternally drunk in mystery and sacredness of God's creation.

He will cry—touched by the secret of humanity. He will laugh loud by the music of the Southern seas.

So—Lafcadio Hearn!

The Wonders of Life

"THE Wonders of Life" is not a work complete in itself, but is supplementary to Professor Haeckel's "The Riddle of the Universe." So the author states in the preface. In fact, however, it may be regarded as also supplementary to the "General Morphology" (1866), "The History of Creation" (1868), and the "Anthropology" (1874), for constant reference is made to these volumes, and

*THE WONDERS OF LIFE. By Ernst Haeckel. Harper & Brothers, New York. \$1.50.

the reader cannot well follow the argument unless he is more or less acquainted with these previous works of the biologist of Jena. The present volume has also another point of interest. In it the author takes leave of the field of philosophy, saying: "It is not only a necessary supplement to the *Riddle*, but at the same time my last philosophic work. At the end of my seventieth year I would supply some of the defects of the *Riddle*, answer some of the most stringent criticisms directed against it, and, as far as

possible, complete the philosophy of life at which I have worked for half a century." No one, whether he agrees with all Professor Haeckel deduces from his investigations or not, can deny the magnitude and importance of his work, or decline to wish him more years in which to enjoy *otium cum dignitate*.

The interest with which the reading world has regarded the philosophy of life formulated by Haeckel may be gathered from the fact, which is stated in the preface to this book, that ten thousand copies of the first German edition of "The Riddle of the Universe" were sold, one hundred thousand copies of the first popular and cheap edition in German, and an equal number of the cheap popular English edition. Even popular fiction has found this abstruse philosophy a formidable rival. From the widely spread readers of the work the author received no less than five thousand letters, evidently of sympathy, approval and inquiry, while there was a flood of adverse criticism expressed in books, lectures and pamphlets. In the "Wonders of Life" we have Professor Haeckel's answers to the letters and the criticisms.

It is not probable that the present work will be as popular as the one which it supplements. It is necessarily scientific, for proofs must be scientific, and scientific investigations and inductions cannot well be described in popular language. "The physical basis of life," as Huxley called protoplasm, can only be discussed in scientific terms, and the philosophy of the ultimate must perforce involve much that is scholastic. The reader, therefore, must be prepared for excursions into regions far beyond the limits of the senses—in fact, into those of purely scientific hypotheses. Whether he will care to follow the author there is a matter for him to decide; but if he does not, he should clearly understand that the "popular" tendency to accept as truths new and startling statements simply upon the "authority" of the one who makes the statements is not scientific. It seems necessary to say so much, because of certain inferences of vital interest to each one of us, which the author of "The Riddle of the Universe" and "The Wonders of Life" claims to make legitimately from his philosophical reasoning. At present, there are only Professor Haeckel's conclusions, liable at any moment to be controverted.

To say the truth, Professor Haeckel is not

always as clear as he might be. Thus, he says that "the problem of substance" is the "riddle of the universe." This is certainly a striking, and true, way of expressing the matter; but that word "substance" is a strange one. Around it have raged all the wars of philosophy ever since the rise of philosophic teaching. There are several definitions, or, rather, descriptions, of it, and Professor Haeckel does not tell us what he means by it. All that we can gather incidentally from the book is that "substance" here is an entity standing behind phenomena. Now, this "substance" is either subject to law or imposes law, for: "Substance alone is eternal and unchangeable, whether we call this all-embracing world-being Nature, or Cosmos, or God, or World-spirit. The law of substance teaches us that it reveals itself to us in a variety of forms, but that its essential attributes, matter and energy, are constant. All individual forms of substance are doomed to destruction." If I understand this aright, and I have my doubts, it means that a form of the eternal "substance," possessing the essential attributes of "substance," is doomed to *destruction*. But "matter and energy are constant."

Again, "The two knowable attributes or inalienable properties of substance, without which it is unthinkable, were described by Spinoza as extension and thought; we speak of them as matter and force. The 'extended' (space-occupying) is matter; and in Spinoza "thought does not mean a particular function of the human brain, but energy in the broadest sense. While hylotic monism conceives the human soul in this sense as a special form of energy, the current dualism or vitalism affirms, on the authority of Kant, that psychic and physical forces are essentially different; that the former belong to the immaterial and the latter to the material world."

Does the professor adopt Spinoza with the change of "thought" to "force"? Does he substitute "soul" for "thought"? and if so, what does it matter what Kant says?

The attitude of the mind of the reader toward "The Wonders of Life" would under any circumstances be a peculiar one, for the monism of Haeckel is well understood to be a new philosophy. If the author of "The Wonders of Life" had contented himself with stating more fully that monism, with his remarks on cell structure and cell func-

smallest headstone in the family lot. There was a small bird of indeterminate species on it, and she had long ago spelled out the inscription:

JOHN EDWARD GORDON,
BORN FEBRUARY 18, 1850;
DIED DECEMBER 23, 1861.

"Of such is the kingdom of heaven."

Mary John felt that John Edward had been left out of many things. His grave lay on the very edge of the lot, quite by itself, and by small attentions she had tried to make up to him for the slight of this isolation. Beneath the headstone she had sunk the stem of a broken goblet in which slips of "wandering Jew" flourished, and beside the tiny footstone she had planted "live-for-ever." She had felt sorry for John Edward when the monument to Uncle Silas, who fell at Pittsburg Landing, was set up. It was a broken column of brown granite, beautifully polished, with gilded letters on it, and John Edward had only a small white stone. John Edward had even missed Christmas by dying when he did, and Mary John felt that he could sympathize with her in her successive disappointments.

She played with her paper dolls while sister Ellen's tightly braided hair was unbound into a crimped torrent suitable for so solemn an occasion as Decoration Day, and sister Ellen's blue sash was adjusted. She had not evinced the slightest desire to go down to the square, and it was considered that the exercises would not interest her. For once her family was in the right. She did not want to go to the square. She wanted to be free to go and talk to John Edward.

The child mingled with the crowd about the cemetery gate as the procession entered, and presently found herself with Ellen and Lucilla. She discovered that they carried baskets of flowers and handfuls of small flags, and as they walked toward the family lot they stopped here and there to bestow a few roses or a flag on a grave. This, then, was what decorating meant.

Uncle Silas's broken column had a large flag draped about it, and a tall bunch of roses in a vase at the foot of it. John Edward's grave had nothing on it but the goblet of wandering Jew. Mary John's hands were empty.

"Ain't you going to decorate this grave?" she asked.

Ellen and Lucilla exchanged glances of pitying superiority.

"Of course not, silly," said Lucilla. "He was n't a soldier. They don't decorate anything but soldiers' graves."

Mary John's eyes turned toward home. There, just beyond the pasture lot, were endless flowers. John Edward should not be left out.

"Where are you going, Mary John?" her mother called as the child started toward the gate.

"I want to get some flowers," said Mary John.

"There won't be time for that," said her mother. "We're going to drive out to Uncle Henry's to dinner, and he's ready to start now."

Mary John knew just how John Edward felt.

"It would n't take me a minute," she said.

"There is n't time," her mother repeated. "Come on, children. You don't need any flowers. All the soldiers' graves have been decorated already, and how pretty they do look!"

Ordinarily Mary John liked driving out to Uncle Henry's. The way lay through the woods, and passed the fearsome hollow where Aaron Scott killed Larkin Todd, or Larkin Todd killed Aaron Scott, she could never remember which, but she knew the murderer had been hanged. Then, too, there was a small green island cut out between the main road and a branch which returned to the beaten track a little farther on. Aunt Kate had told her that it was a giant's grave. There was also the mysterious covered bridge over the creek, and the blue house where Aunt Kate said the hermit lived. Mary John was filled with curiosity concerning him. No one but Aunt Kate ever called him a hermit, but Mary John did not know that. Aunt Kate was going out to Uncle Henry's, too, and Mary John talked almost freely with Aunt Kate when she was sure there was nobody to overhear and laugh, but to-day even Aunt Kate's presence did not lighten her heart. John Edward had been left out again, and every turn of the wheels took her farther from the possibility of making up to him for it.

It was quite dark when the spring-wagon

drove up to Mary John's home again. Aunt Kate was going to stay all night, and Mary John's wish on the first star that she might be allowed to share the "spare room" with her had been granted.

Mary John went to bed alone. A plot had formed itself in her mind on the way home, and she was glad to be in the spare room, where Ellen and sister Malinda could not interfere. She lay wide-eyed in the dark till their talking in the next room ceased. She could hear the voices of the grown people down-stairs; but they were in the parlor, and the back stairs opened into the kitchen. She crept out of bed and stole down the stairs. The moon made black bars on the kitchen floor through the slats of the shutters, and she carefully avoided stepping on them. The kitchen door was fastened, and a chair-back set under the knob, but she knew how to open it without making a noise.

Out in the garden she gathered roses, sweet peas, portulaca, and bleeding-hearts till her hands could carry no more. Then she opened the gate and trotted off, barefooted, across the pasture lot to John Edward. The headstones in the family lot were white and ghost-like in the moon-

light, and the trees strewed the grass with mysterious shadows, but the intensity of her purpose made her forget her usual fears.

She knelt beside John Edward's grave, and with one forefinger burrowed little holes in the sod to hold the nosegays of short-stemmed flowers. They made a brave show in the moonlight above the sleeping lad who had been left out of so many things. When she had disposed the flowers to her liking she scrambled to her feet. The decorations still lacked something. She took a small flag from Uncle Silas's footstone.

"I know you would n't want John Edward not to have any at all," she whispered. "You won't miss this one. You've got the big flag, and I've left you two little ones. There, now, John Edward; you're all fixed."

A moment later the moon looked down on John Edward, alone with his tardy honors, and on Mary John, scudding homeward across the pasture lot. Courage had deserted her when her task was finished, and terror lent wings to her feet; but she was content. John Edward had not been left out.



THE RUSSIAN COURT

BY HERBERT J. HAGERMAN

Formerly Second Secretary of the American Embassy at St. Petersburg



VERY few foreigners, except those in official positions, are presented at the court of Russia. Americans, ambitious for invitations to court festivities in England, Germany, or Italy, have at least a chance of gratification if they are socially prominent, very rich, or very clever. At St. Petersburg, on the contrary, it is very seldom that any foreigners, except diplomats, are seen among the guests at the few brilliant entertainments given annually at the Winter Palace.

Of course no one is invited to a court ball without being first presented to the

Emperor or Empress, and such presentations, in the case of foreigners, are made only on rare occasions, upon the Emperor's own initiative, or, very occasionally, at the request of an ambassador or minister. The presentations are sometimes made at the balls themselves, before the dancing begins. There have been instances in recent years where all foreigners were excluded on the ground that the presentations to their Majesties would consume too much time, and it is safe to say that annually not more than six or eight *étrangers de distinction* have the honor of attending any of the functions at the Winter Palace. If the lines are closely drawn in regard to foreigners,

they are fully as severe to the Russians themselves. A full list of those who have the right to attend an ambassador's official reception or a court ball in St. Petersburg would involve a thorough examination into the origin and nature of the Russian hierarchy and even the whole political system. This can only be touched upon here; indeed, it is so complicated that none but a Russian born and bred in the system can thoroughly understand it.

In the first place, it may be said—and this no doubt will astonish many Americans—that, with the exception of the members of the imperial family, birth and title guarantee absolutely nothing in regard to court rights or official position. The Russian aristocrat certainly still exists, but, as an institution, aristocracy has almost nothing to do with the government of the empire. First, the autocracy,—that is, the Czar,—then the bureaucracy, with so much of his power as the Czar may see fit to delegate to it, are the two great divisions of the Russian government. Supreme and above all is the Emperor, the only real autocrat of the civilized world to-day; and, beneath him, to assist him in carrying out his will, is that vast body of office-holders, civil, military, and ecclesiastic,—ministers, senators, councilors, generals, lieutenants, ensigns, and many more lofty or humble members of the army of bureaucrats,—by which the machinery of the great empire is carried on. Any of these may or may not be aristocrats, members of ancient and illustrious families. In fact, many of the men in high military and court positions belong to aristocratic families. It is possible and very natural that men born to social position and influence and the bearers of famous names should be first looked to as candidates for posts of high honor under an empire. We know, however, that in recent years many of the highest offices in the Russian empire have been occupied by men of humble origin. If we see a Witte the right hand of the Emperor, and looked upon with fear and jealousy by the proud descendants of Rurik, it is not because the latter have had no chance of filling the posts in which we should expect to see them, but because, in spite of education and ability, they have, through lack of energy, allowed the peasant and stranger to outstrip them.

The complicated institution of the *tchin*

was grafted on the Russian people in virtually its present form by Peter the Great. By *tchin* is meant rank in the public service; and as it was Peter's theory that every one should in some form serve the state, the ambition of nearly every Russian was, and is, to rise as high in the table of ranks as possible. This table of ranks, originally consisting of sixteen, is now composed of fourteen *tchins*, or grades; and every title, civil, military, or ecclesiastic, carries with it a certain *tchin*. The following table shows the various *tchins* as now constituted:

MILITARY SERVICE		CIVIL SERVICE
Tchin No. 1.	Field-marshal	Actual privy councilor, first class.
" " 2.	General-in-chief	Actual privy councilor.
" " 3.	Lieutenant-general . . .	Privy councilor.
" " 4.	Major-general	Actual councilor of state.
" " 5.	Colonel	Councilor of state.
" " 6.	Lieutenant-colonel	Councilor of college.
" " 7.	Captain of infantry	Councilor of the court.
" " 8.	Captain of cavalry	Assessor of the college.
" " 9.	Staff captain	Titular councilor.
" " 10.	Lieutenant	Secretary of the college.
" " 11.	Sub-lieutenant	Secretary of the government class.
" " 12.	Ensign	Register of the college.
" " 13.	Ensign	
" " 14.	Ensign	

It will be noticed that some grades are vacant in each column; so, in fact, there are only eleven grades in the military service and twelve in the civil service. The peculiar titles in the civil list were arbitrary names created by Peter the Great or borrowed by him from the German. A "councilor of the court" has no official advice at his disposition, nor do "privy councilors" or "councilors of state" have anything to do, as such, with the government deliberations. The lowest civil rank may be acquired by graduation from a university, and it takes many years of public service to climb up the rungs of the ladder to the fifth or sixth *tchin*, where one begins to feel important.

Although the *tchin* depends on work and merit, and seems, at first glance, a most praiseworthy and democratic institution, it is the opinion of those who have made a study of Russian institutions that *tchinounism* is now a detriment to the best interests of the empire. It certainly tends to the discouragement of any kind of occupation except the public service, with the result that all departments of the government are crowded with young men of splendid education and fine ability, en-

gaged frequently in clerical duties requiring very ordinary intelligence. Naturally but few of them can reach high positions in the state. If manufacturing, commerce, law, and business in general were considered as honorable as they are in America, Russia would not lack men of brains to push her forward to the industrial position to which her natural resources entitle her.

Tchin originally conferred hereditary nobility. Under Peter the Great any one belonging to any of the sixteen classes was by right a noble, but the privilege was gradually curtailed until, under Alexander II, it was open to members of the first four classes only, and, under Alexander III, ennoblement by grade in the public service was abolished entirely. It is true that, under the present reign, men eminent in science and the arts sometimes have high rank conferred upon them, even though they are not actually in the service of the state; but, as a rule, it is only those in the public service who expect or receive advancement in the table of ranks.

The nobility formerly possessed a good many privileges and exemptions, but now it is difficult to see that they have any, except, as above remarked, somewhat greater facilities for entering and advancing in the public service.

Outside the rank and position acquired by the tchin, there are various court positions, mostly honorary, which are much sought after. These—indeed, this is the case with all positions in the empire—are conferred by the Emperor at his pleasure. They are called “court charges,” and consist, first, of the grand charges, including the grand chamberlain, the grand masters, grand marshals, grand écuyers, grand veneurs, and the grand master of ceremonies—all positions of great honor; secondly, of masters, écuyers, and veneurs of the court, chamberlains, gentlemen of the bedchamber, and masters of ceremony—titles held in great number, sometimes by people of little social prominence, but often by men of position who would not otherwise be entitled to court rights. There are few of them who ever exercise the functions which the uninitiated would think attached to their picturesque appellations. The full-dress costumes of these gentlemen are very expensive, the coat alone costing about a thousand dollars; and, as they are worn but once or twice a year, the petit

uniform being generally used, their possession is occasionally dispensed with.

Other honorary court positions, irrespective of tchin, are “ladies of honor with portrait” and “maids of honor of their Majesties the Empresses.” The Dowager Empress Marie and the reigning Empress have each attached to their persons a few maids of honor who actually “do the work”; these other classes have rarely any arduous duties to perform. The former wear portraits of the Empress Elizabeth, surrounded with brilliants, and the latter the *chiffre* of the reigning Empress in the same precious stones. The positions of maids of honor to their Majesties are considered highly desirable. Besides giving ladies the entrée to the court balls for life, it extends that privilege to their husbands when they marry. In this way there are at the present time princes bearing most illustrious names whose only right to go to court is derived by marriage to an *ancienne demoiselle d'honneur*.

The grand dukes and grand duchesses have their own courts, and the ladies and gentlemen of their households are entitled to imperial court rights, whether they happen to be sufficiently high up in the table of ranks or not.

With the exceptions noticed and one or two other minor ones, the much-coveted court rights are confined to persons of the first four tchins.

The attainment of this goal, no doubt, involves much heart-burning, jealousy, scheming, and other torments and passions more or less prevalent in any society; and exactly what it means, when attained, may be difficult to determine. St. Petersburg society is broken up into many cliques and factions. Some of the most exclusive members of what our society editors would call its “smartest sets” are not very high up in the way of tchin, while many functionaries of the highest ranks have no position whatever in *chic* society. Sufficient tchin for court rights is, however, a *sine qua non*, a stepping-stone, if you please, to the gratification of other ambitions of a social nature.

An ambassador, being the personal representative of a sovereign or of a sovereign people, is a very important personage, and soon after his arrival in St. Petersburg tenders a reception to Russian official society. To this are invited only the people of the first three tchins. As

these are the very cream of Russian official life, it will be interesting to examine and classify them more particularly.

Sixteen ministers, including the ministers of foreign affairs, war, marine, interior, public instruction, agriculture, finance, justice, ways of communication, minister of the imperial household, procurator of the Holy Synod, and controller-general.

Sixty-six members of the council of the empire, a legislative and consultative body, appointed by the Emperor.

One hundred and twenty-four senators, forming an advisory and judicial assembly, named by the Emperor.

Six secretaries of state of his Majesty; 19 honorary curators; 16 grand charges of the court; 61 masters of the court; 50 écuers of the court; 28 veneurs of the court; 182 chamberlains; 260 gentlemen of the bedchamber; 30 masters of ceremony; 54 members of the military household of the Emperor, including 22 generals aide-de-camp, 8 generals of the suite, and 24 aides-de-camp of his Majesty; 23 members of the household of the dowager Empress, including 2 grand mistresses, 18 ladies of honor with portrait, and 3 maids of honor; 5 maids of honor of her Majesty the reigning Empress; 194 maids of honor of their Majesties the Empresses; 65 members of the households of the grand dukes and grand duchesses; 42 generals; 131 lieutenant-generals; 6 admirals; 21 vice-admirals; 9 actual privy councilors; 177 privy councilors; 129 former maids of honor; 262 ladies who have been presented to their Majesties; 32 unmarried ladies who have been presented to their Majesties; 395 ladies deriving their rights from father or husband; 32 men deriving their rights from their wives.

In this number there are 115 princes, 124 counts, and 85 barons; 132 princesses, 138 countesses, and 41 baronesses.

The following are among the names occurring most frequently: Princes and princesses: Galitzin, 30 times; Ourousoff, 27 times; Obolensky, 9 times; Gargarine, 21 times; Dolgorouki, 10 times; Wolkon-sky, 9 times; Troubetskoi, 11 times; Bariatinski, 13 times; Shakovskoi, 7 times; Belloselsky, 4 times. Counts and countesses: Hendrikoff, 6 times; Ignatieff, 7 times; Tolstoi, 15 times.

The princely names mentioned are mostly of families descended from the ancient Russian rulers, the *kniazes*. *Kniaze*, or prince, is the only strictly Russian title. As it is transmitted to all the children, the great number of Russian princes is easily

accounted for. The title may mean much or little. Those princes who trace their ancestry to the houses of Rurik and Guedemin have every reason to be proud of their lineage. On the other hand, there are innumerable princes of Tatar and Georgian origin, and many of their titles signify very little.

Some families, such as the Galitzins and Obolenskys, have many collateral branches, some prominent and others virtually unknown. Other families, like the Narishkins, pride themselves on their absence of title.

Baron and count are titles imported by Peter with his other Western improvements. He himself created a good many counts, and since his reign many barons have been added to the Russian nobility by the acquisition of the Baltic provinces. There are, too, many German, Swedish, and Polish noble families resident in Russia. It is a matter of constant irritation to some of the real Russian nobles that many posts of high honor are in the hands of "foreigners."

There is nowadays not a great deal of gaiety at the Russian court. The Emperor is a very busy man; he probably has more to do, even in time of peace, than any other man in the world. Combine the responsibility of the President, the cabinet, Congress, the governors of States, State legislatures, and mayors of the principal cities in this country, and you will begin to form an idea of the load on the shoulders of Nicholas II. There is no finality below him, except as he permits it; and the mass of details that actually reaches him is astonishing. If President Roosevelt had to grant permits to operate mills in Texas, erect buildings in New York, or form mining companies in California, before any such operations could be begun, even his giant energy would be taxed. Yet, incredible as it may seem, the Emperor of Russia examines into myriads of similar minutiae, besides attending to the great affairs of state. He would be more than human if, in addition to the stupendous labor he so conscientiously performs for his country, he spent much time in amusement and entertainment.

But the few great functions which are given at the Winter Palace are, without doubt, more magnificent than any others in the world, especially the grand ball which opens the St. Petersburg social

season. This ball generally takes place toward the middle of Russian January, (about February 1, our style). The suite of enormous rooms on the second floor of the palace, part of them overlooking the Neva, and adjoining their Majesties' private apartments, are used. The palace is so large that probably not one fifth of its available state apartments are used on this occasion, in spite of the fact that about four thousand people are entertained.

The guests, entering by various entrances as indicated on their invitations, are escorted by heralds through halls and anterooms to the Salle Nicolas I. During this long and interesting progress one is constantly astonished at the beauty and variety of the liveries and uniforms. At every corner is stationed a palace servant clad in some gorgeous costume of immaculate neatness,—chasseurs, footmen, postilions,—and guarding each doorway, two cavalymen, in the splendid uniform of the guards, are standing with drawn swords, as motionless as bronze. At various intervals are squads of soldiers, who from time to time flash their sabers in thrilling unison as a salute to some illustrious personage.

In the Salle Nicolas I, under the blaze of thousands of electric lights, the guests are assembled around the huge crystal candelabra which rise from the floor and border the room. Every man among them, with one or two exceptions, wears a more or less brilliant uniform—military, naval, civil, or diplomatic—glittering with gold lace, grand cordons, and decorations. The diplomats are assembled near the entrance of the Salle des Concerts, through which room the Emperor and Empress must pass to reach the ball-room. Toward this door is directed the gaze of all in eager anticipation of the entrance of the imperial party.

Suddenly the doors are thrown open from behind, and the orchestra, hitherto silent, bursts forth in the regal polonaise of Glinka. His Majesty Nicholas II and the Empress Alexandra Feodorovna, proud and beautiful, appear. They pause for a moment while the whole assemblage, actuated by a single impulse, bow low in respectful homage.

After the polonaise of the imperial party (nothing more, in fact, than a stately walk once or twice around the room), the Emperor and Empress speak for a few minutes

to the chief diplomats, and the dancing begins. The Empress herself cannot enjoy it very much, as conventionalities require her to request the ambassadors to accompany her in the contra-dances. Sometimes these gentlemen, however aristocratic or powerful, are neither young nor graceful, and, as they frequently know little or nothing about the dance, the result cannot be entirely pleasing either to themselves or to the Empress. She occasionally calls upon some young officer to dance the *deux-temps* with her, but even then she must dance quite alone: the wands of the masters of ceremony tap the floor and all other dancers immediately retire.

Just before supper, as at all Russian dances great or small, is danced the mazurka, that fascinating and peculiarly Russian dance so popular among all classes. It requires considerable skill to dance it gracefully, and it loses much of its charm if not accompanied with the military click of the spur. In Russia our regular three-step waltz is known as the "Boston," and is little danced. What we call the two-step is virtually unknown, their *deux-temps* being quite another dance. Besides these are danced various difficult steps never heard of in this country.

After supper there is a short cotillion, with few favors except flowers, which, however, are, without much exaggeration, worth their weight in gold at that time of year. It requires a person of unusual energy and presence of mind to lead the complicated movement of the cotillion at this ball, and the young officer who does so richly deserves the personal thanks of the Empress, which she very cordially renders him.

There is no lack of refreshment at any Russian function, and this is especially true of the court balls. The ball-room itself and two adjoining rooms open on a long corridor, the whole length of which, probably six hundred feet, is occupied by a buffet covered with "zakuski" (corresponding to *hors-d'œuvre*), cakes, and wine. This buffet is one of several. After the first dance the champagne corks begin to pop with astonishing rapidity, but such a thing as any one showing the effects of too much of that beverage at dances is virtually unknown.

The supper itself is most astonishing. It is by no means a light repast, and is

served, with four or five wines, to every guest, all seated at table. With five or six courses and four thousand people, the amount of porcelain required is enormous. It is all beautiful, of peculiar Slavic designs, made only for the Emperor's private use at the imperial factory near the city. In the magnificent Salle des Armoires is laid the Empress's table, a round one on a raised dais, for the grand dukes, ambassadors, and persons of the first rank—about thirty in all. The service for this table is of gold. Two semicircular wings in this room accommodate other diplomats and Russians of high rank. Besides this room, four adjoining ones are filled. The candelabra and service throughout are of massive silver, and all the tables are covered with flowers and laid with remarkable richness and beauty. There is a servant to about every four guests, and the supper is conducted with such precision and excellence that all the guests are simultaneously served and all have finished when the Empress gives the signal to rise.

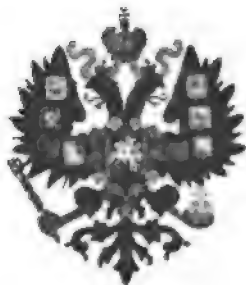
To the second ball of the season, called the first concert ball, are invited only about seven hundred and fifty guests. The feature of this ball is the supper, which takes place in the Salle Nicolas I, the dancing being in the Salle des Concerts. During the week intervening between the two functions the great room has been transformed into a veritable garden. The floor is covered with a thick green carpet to imitate turf, the supper being served at small tables, placed around huge palms that rise nearly to the ceiling. The walls are covered with climbing rose-vines, through which are scattered thousands of cut roses. It is difficult to realize, while seated in this fairy garden, the bleakness of the Russian winter without, and that the thermometer is registering some twenty degrees below zero. At the supper at this and subsequent concert balls

(of which there are generally three in all), the Emperor, with quite delightful informality, walks about for some time among the tables, conversing with his guests, and seats himself wherever his fancy dictates.

There is a delightful little theater in the Hermitage end of the palace, where occasionally are given plays and ballets to small audiences. It was here that, a few years ago, a notable presentation of "Hamlet" was given. The Grand Duke Constantine, who had translated the play into Russian, took the part of Hamlet, and the other rôles were filled by society people of St. Petersburg. The scenery and costumes for this presentation are said to have cost over \$100,000, and the play was given only twice.

During the Emperor's summer sojourn at the Peterhof and Tzarskoë Zelo palaces, open-air ballets are occasionally given, especially for the entertainment of visiting royalties. It will be remembered that, on one of these occasions in honor of the Shah, when, after much trouble and expense, everything had been prepared to give the performance on an island in the lake, his Majesty of Persia, at the last moment, said that he did not like the open air, and requested that the whole affair be moved indoors. This was done.

Nothing has been said of the official religious ceremonies in St. Isaac's Cathedral, the palace chapels, and elsewhere. These are almost barbaric in their splendor, and, through their appeal to the senses, very impressive even to one unacquainted with the Slavic ritual. Color, incense, and music, combined in gorgeous harmony, smother the intellect and, at the same time, satisfy the superstitious and impressionable. In her religion, as in some other respects, Russia is still almost medieval, and, in spite of foreign wars and internal dissensions, she is likely to remain so for several generations.



RUSSIAN IMPERIAL COAT OF ARMS—FROM A PALACE MENU

THE PIERCING OF THE SIMPLON

THE LONGEST TUNNEL IN THE WORLD

BY DESHLER WELCH

I



WHEN the railway line through the wonderful tunnel of the Simplon is completed, one of the most picturesque mountain passes in the world will be abandoned by the yellow diligence of the Swiss government. The great engineering feat will be the means of establishing through the Alps the rapid transit that Napoleon sought to accomplish a century ago. Hannibal of Carthage made the passage with an army and all its material, but left no record telling how the remarkable expedition was carried out. The problem had long before puzzled Roman conquerors, but it was Napoleon who took the first steps for a substantially built highway, and in 1800 appointed M. C  ard to take charge of the construction of the Simplon route.

It was an undertaking fraught with tremendous difficulties, but money, and the man that ruled it, accomplished it without a halt. Within five years the Alpine road into Italy was completed—forty miles long, nine yards wide, with 613 bridges and 8 tunnels, and costing 18,000,000 francs.

Napoleon declared that the route might be useful to more than sixteen million people, but was useless unless commerce could be transacted with safety. In order to put an end to the anarchical condition of the country, and to cut short the pretensions of one part of the population to sovereignty over the other, he peremptorily decreed that the region be united to the empire.

Fifty years later it was proposed to pierce the Simplon. It was a momentous question in the politics and commercial relations of the two chief Latin nations,

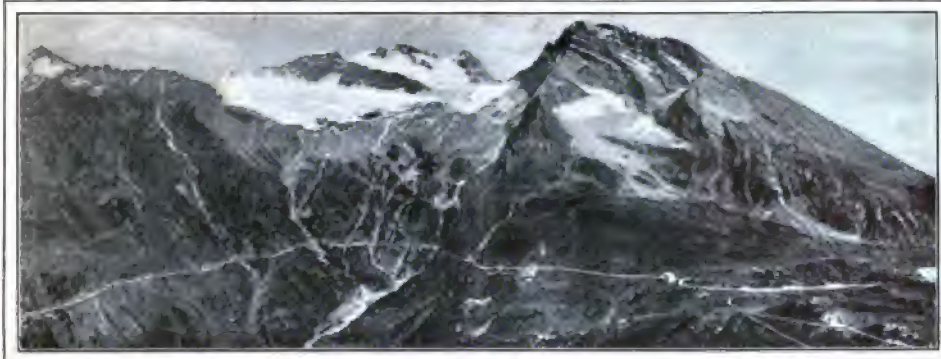
Italy and France. At this period the Mont Cenis tunnel was begun, but was not ready for traffic till twenty-four years after.

Then Germany wanted her defile. So, under Bismarck's rule, the St. Gotthard tunnel was driven through within nine years after its beginning in 1872. The great utility of this line was speedily demonstrated. The question of the Simplon underground route now became a serious matter with France; concerted action between Italy and Switzerland began in 1893, and actual operations on the tunnel began November 13, 1898. An agreement was made that the tunnel should be handed over ready for service in 1904, but this period was finally extended to April 30, 1905, with a fine of 5000 francs for every day over the time that the tunnel remained uncompleted, except in the case of *force majeure*, the contract specially naming two contingencies, an earthquake or a war between Italy and Switzerland.

Now, at the opening of the Simplon service, France has begun to realize that her position is another mistake, in spite of the St. Gotthard lesson. The Simplon brings Paris about sixty-five miles nearer Milan, and will become the natural route into Italy; but, in the face of all this, France has not yet chosen her lines of access, and has made no preparations for this enormous physical change that will affect her internal interests.

II

THE Simplon is the longest tunnel in the world, and has been finished in the face of tremendous difficulties, most of which were entirely unexpected, and many of which presented new problems for engineers. It extends from Brieg in Switzer-



From a photograph

Hotel Simplon Kulm

Hospice

PANORAMA OF MONTE LEONE, SHOWING THE ROAD OVER THE SIMPLON PASS

land to Iselle in Italy, the total length being a little over twelve and one fourth miles — 21,576 yards in fact. In comparison with other great tunnels, the following table will be interesting:

The Simplon	12 $\frac{1}{4}$ miles
St. Gotthard	9 $\frac{3}{4}$ "
Mont Cenis	7 $\frac{1}{2}$ "
Arlberg	6 $\frac{3}{4}$ "
Hoosac (U. S.)	4 $\frac{3}{4}$ "
Severn	4 $\frac{1}{3}$ "

The Simplon lies a little west of the Napoleonic road. The contract price was \$15,700,000, and the work was undertaken by the firm of Brandt, Brandau & Co., formed in Winterthur. The partnership in this important organization consisted of Alfred Brandt of Hamburg; Charles Brandau of Cassel; Colonel Locher of Zurich, belonging to the firm of Sulzer, machinists in Winterthur; and the Winterthur Bank. The engineering force was composed of



From a photograph by A. Krenn

THE SWISS APPROACH TO THE TUNNEL AT BRIEG

The arrow at the left indicates the entrance

Alphonse Zollinger, as the chief of the Federal Railways; of Baron Hugo von Kager, as the acting engineer for the Swiss end; and of Konrad Pressel, the chief for the Italian end. Unfortunately Mr. Brandt lost his life in his great work, dying in 1899 from inflammation of the lungs caused by the heated air in the tunnel.

The enterprise thus splendidly organized has excited the admiration of the scientific world—first, in the humane arrangements for the welfare of the men; second, in the extraordinary results obtained by the scientific conditions of every examination and every inch of prog-



From a photograph

THE ENTRANCE TO THE TUNNEL AT BRIEG

ress, and in the rapidity of the drilling, which has been of incalculable value in determining the thermal condition underlying the surface of the earth: for, in spite of the fact that the Simplon is itself an abnormal excrescence, the penetration into its center develops the same characteristics obtained below the sea-level. The maximum depth of the tunnel below the summit of the Alps is 7005 feet, a much greater depth than any previously attained.

One of the first surprises produced by the rotation of the hydraulic drill was in the difference between the experimental and the actual phases of the daily ad-



From a photograph

A HALT AT SIMPLON VILLAGE IN THE JOURNEY OVER THE GREAT NAPOLEONIC ROAD

vance. In formulating the contract, a large piece of rock had been taken to Winterthur, where it was shown by the operation of the drill that it could be pierced at the rate of a yard in from twelve to fifteen minutes; but afterward it was found that this rate was diminished at least twenty per cent. in the actual working on the stone in the tunnel, demonstrating that the enormous pressure had caused a compression that

into the sides, in which was inserted a permanent thermometer. As the piercing progressed to a greater depth under the mountain, the temperature rose until directly under the watershed, where, at 7005 feet from the surface, the highest was recorded at 130° Fahrenheit; it then sank gradually as the work continued southward. Within four miles of the Iselle entrance it fell to about 55° under a depression of 2500 feet.



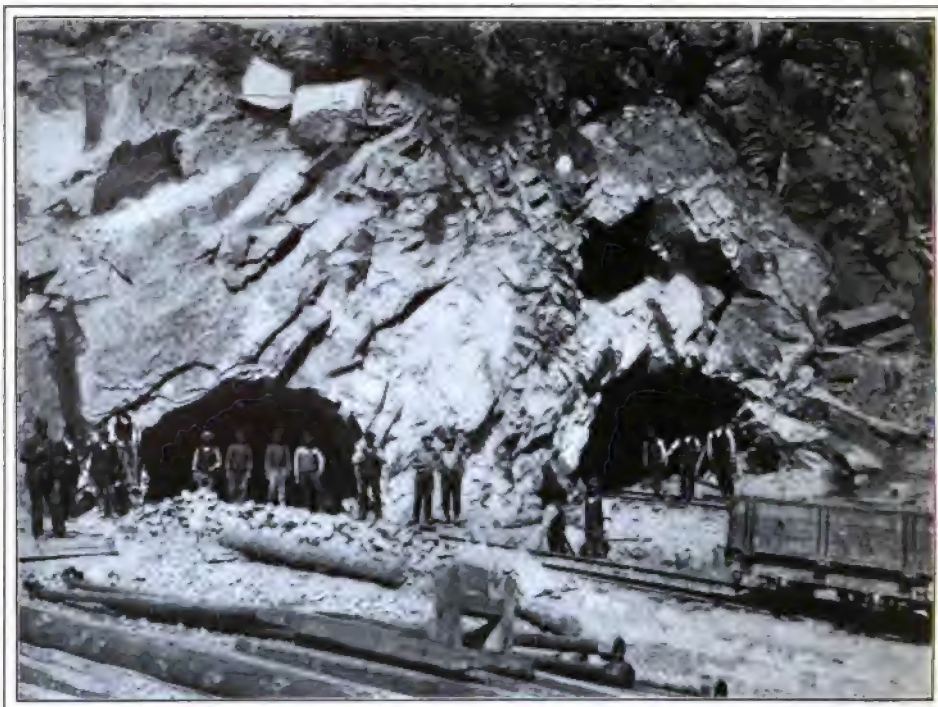
From a photograph by A. Krenn

SOUTHERN APPROACH TO THE TUNNEL AT ISELLE, ITALY

had not been anticipated, and was even then scarcely to be believed. However, as it was, the drill made a daily advance of eighteen feet for months at a time, this rate ceasing only when the unexpected took place, as will be narrated later on.

There were some curious features of the distribution of temperature in the tunnel. In laying down any definite law there were many disturbing factors. Much depended on the inclination of the rock, whether horizontal, inclined, or vertical, synclinal or anticlinal. The tunnel itself consists of two parallel galleries, and, as these advanced, the temperature of the rock was ascertained by a series of little holes bored

Much of this rapid change was due to a great cold spring, the amount of the flow in two cascades reaching 10,564 gallons a minute under a pressure of 600 pounds to the square inch. These springs, and the hot-water burst (40° Centigrade) just south of the point of the watershed, were two very serious incidents in the building of the tunnel; and so prodigious was the embarrassment, and so desperate did the struggle become, that at one time it seemed as if the work would have to be abandoned altogether. But the indomitable will, the ingenuity and scientific deduction, of the engineers finally overcame the obstacles with which they had been confronted. On



From a photograph

SOUTHERN ENTRANCE TO THE TUNNEL AT ISELLE

The gallery on the left at some future time will become a second tunnel

these occasions some extremely interesting observations were made in calculating earth temperature. In general it was reckoned that the increase of heat amounted to one degree for $67\frac{1}{2}$ feet, rather slower than previous averages of one degree in 64 feet, although it accorded with observations made in both the Mont Cenis and the St. Gotthard tunnels.¹

It was in May, 1904, that hot springs of enormous power staggered the work, and it was then discovered that a very large zone of the mountain was almost a liquid mass, a sort of pliable chalk, necessitating tremendous iron and oak bracing and a special interior structure in order to permit the men to work, their brave and heroic struggles exciting the admiration of their employers. At this period there were further spouts, some from the roof so overwhelming and difficult to manage that the force of men was changed in the struggle

every twenty or thirty minutes. In the tunnel on the north side, a little beyond the highest point, work was abandoned. The water rushed through in crushing masses down the southern descent, and it was impossible to pump it out. For some weeks previous to the final opening, over 1800 cubic meters of water was forced into the short distance between the highest point and the gallery end, and was fastened up by an enormous iron door. By an ingenious arrangement this was at last drained off through the south tunnel. The galleries had been brought to a stand, as it were, one under the other. The top of the south gallery touched the bottom of the north gallery; and so, when the last shot was fired to open up the galleries, the water ran off to the south side, into a bed that had been constructed to receive the flood. This all necessitated much inconvenience, but the company met it as com-

¹ A point of some difficulty to ascertain is the temperature which is to be assumed as existing near the surface of the high Alps. Where perpetual snow prevails it doubtless acts as a protection and prevents radiation; and where snow lies during the long months of winter, the same re-

sults obtain to a modified degree. Probably at a depth of from twenty to thirty feet below the surface the temperature remains nearly uniform—probably at 32° Fahrenheit (Francis Fox before the Royal Society, and communicated by him to the writer).

placently as they did all other demands, and the strictest attention was paid to the decent comforts of the men; one of the most expensive departments of the whole business being the cleansing- and drying-rooms for the men and their garments. During the six and a half years of construction there were only twenty deaths among the three thousand employees. Up to November, 1904, there had been 1,530,000 explosions of rock, and seventy-five tons of dynamite had been used. It may be of interest to note here that there were generally eight or nine insertions of dynamite cartridges at a time. When the fuse was lighted, two minutes was allowed to seek shelter. The unskilled laborers were mainly Italians, who were found to be better adapted for the work than the Swiss peasantry.¹

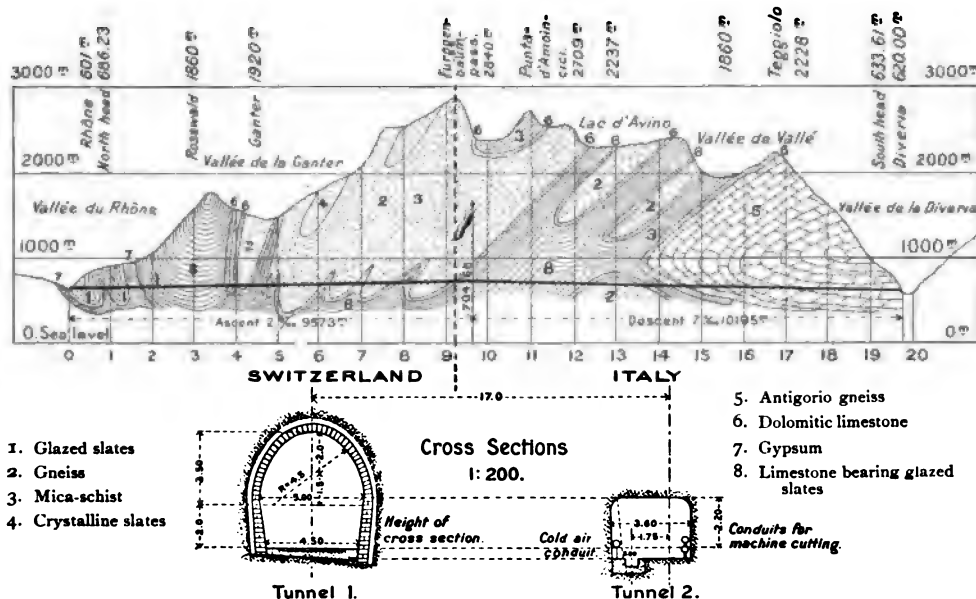
The tunnel is one of two that will eventually be in use. The second tunnel is only partly made, and is called "the gallery." It will not be completed for a sec-

ond track until the first one is earning 2000 francs per kilometer. This gallery has been of great service in providing for the circulation of air, and in the water shifts and the hydraulic pumping.²

For present convenience there is a large divergence, about midway in the tunnel, for the passage of trains. The tunnel itself runs almost in a straight line. The gradient is but slight, the greatest incline, and that only for a very short distance, being one in forty—much less than the Mont Cenis, St. Gotthard, or Arlberg tunnel. The approaches to the Simplon are wonderfully good. The Swiss Federal Railway, which travels along the Rhone valley from Lake Geneva, and which also reaches it from the valley of Zermatt, enters the tunnel at Brieg almost on a dead level. Travelers through the St. Gotthard will recall the marvelous snake-like ascension of the railway before reaching Geschenen. On the Italian side of the Simplon the Italian-Mediterranean Society has built the Milan-Arona,

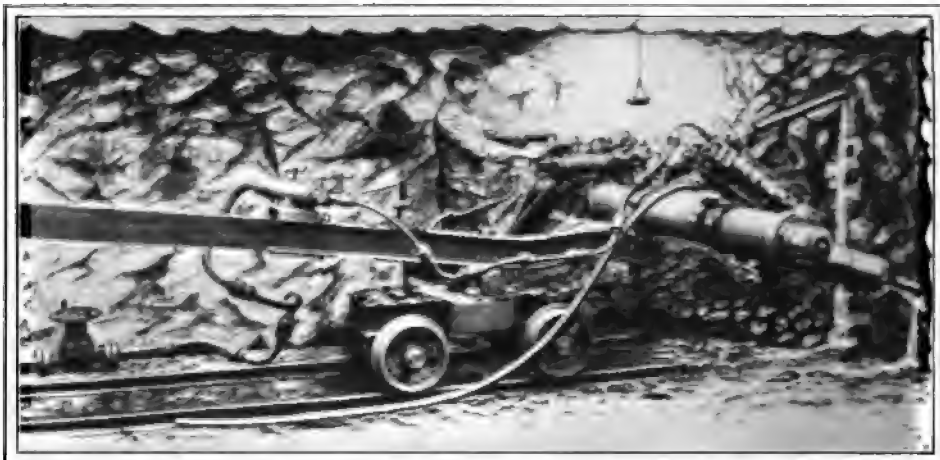
¹ The last remaining obstacle of any formidable nature appeared on December 22, 1904.

² It is interesting to note that all the power was supplied by the Rhone River on the Swiss side and by the Diveria on the Italian side.



PROFILE MAP OF THE SIMPLON TUNNEL

The geological study of the Simplon Pass has been no small matter, the principal geologist being Dr. Hans Schardt of Neuchâtel. The depression of the Simplon Pass is the geological limit of the Pennine Alps range on the east, where Monte Leone reaches its lofty eminence. At the southern base of the Simplon, where the great gorge of the Gondo has cut through it, there is a broad vault of Antigorio gneiss. In the core of Monte Leone there is much of this, both of slate and granite quality, and on the southern side are large deposits of cypoline marble. In this stratum of contact occur the Gondo gold-mines. On the northern slope of the vicinity of Berisal, through which the diligence passes, are some ancient iron-mines, and also here are found the exquisite titanite crystals. Old metamorphic mica-slates form a zone that rises to 13,000 feet, forming the Fletschhorn, which rises to the majestic height of Leone. The basin of the Simplon Pass lies in this. The geological conditions of the Simplon give it a wealth of minerals and a peculiar flora.



From a photograph by A. Krenn

A BORING-MACHINE AT WORK

Domodossola, and Iselle connection. Thus the great Lake of Geneva district is directly connected with Piacenza and Milan, and Italy is given a shorter route to France and Great Britain.

Before opening the Simplon tunnel for railroad traffic,¹ several installations are necessary. The railways will require the

laying of five cables for telegraphic purposes and for blocking trains; the road-bed will need a large amount of work; and the appearance of a new spring or movement of the soil under the naturally exerted pressure of the mountain—which trouble is not unexpected—will necessitate expensive reinforcement.

¹ On Sunday, April 2, the tunnel was formally opened, though not ready for traffic. Trains from the Italian and the Swiss entrances met in the middle of the tunnel, and, after the iron door which marked the boundary line had been removed, proceeded together to Iselle, where inaugural ceremonies took place. M. Zollinger expects that the tunnel will be opened for traffic in October.—EDITOR.



From a photograph by Calzolari & Ferrario

LIGHTING A FUSE FOR AN EXPLOSION

III

OUTSIDE the tunnel, at both ends, there was required an enormous force of men, and a vast amount of material to supply the needs of the great undertaking. The natural water-power at each end was brought into efficient service. The work required the construction of huge abutments, installation plants, machinery for drying purposes, electric dynamos



AN UNEXPECTED FLOW OF WATER

the working needs of the tunnel diminished. On the 1st of February the gang of two thousand recently employed men was reduced to six hundred, and on the day of the last boring this number was reduced to one half. Finally there came an auction at which the houses in which they had lived were sold for five dollars apiece! But the permanent inhabitants of the two entrance towns had made a little



A COLD-WATER SPRING



WATER-BURSTS

—in fact, a tremendous lot of machinery to meet all demands and exigencies. Large depots were built for locomotives and car construction. Twenty-five trains a day were run in and out of the tunnel simply for the transportation of

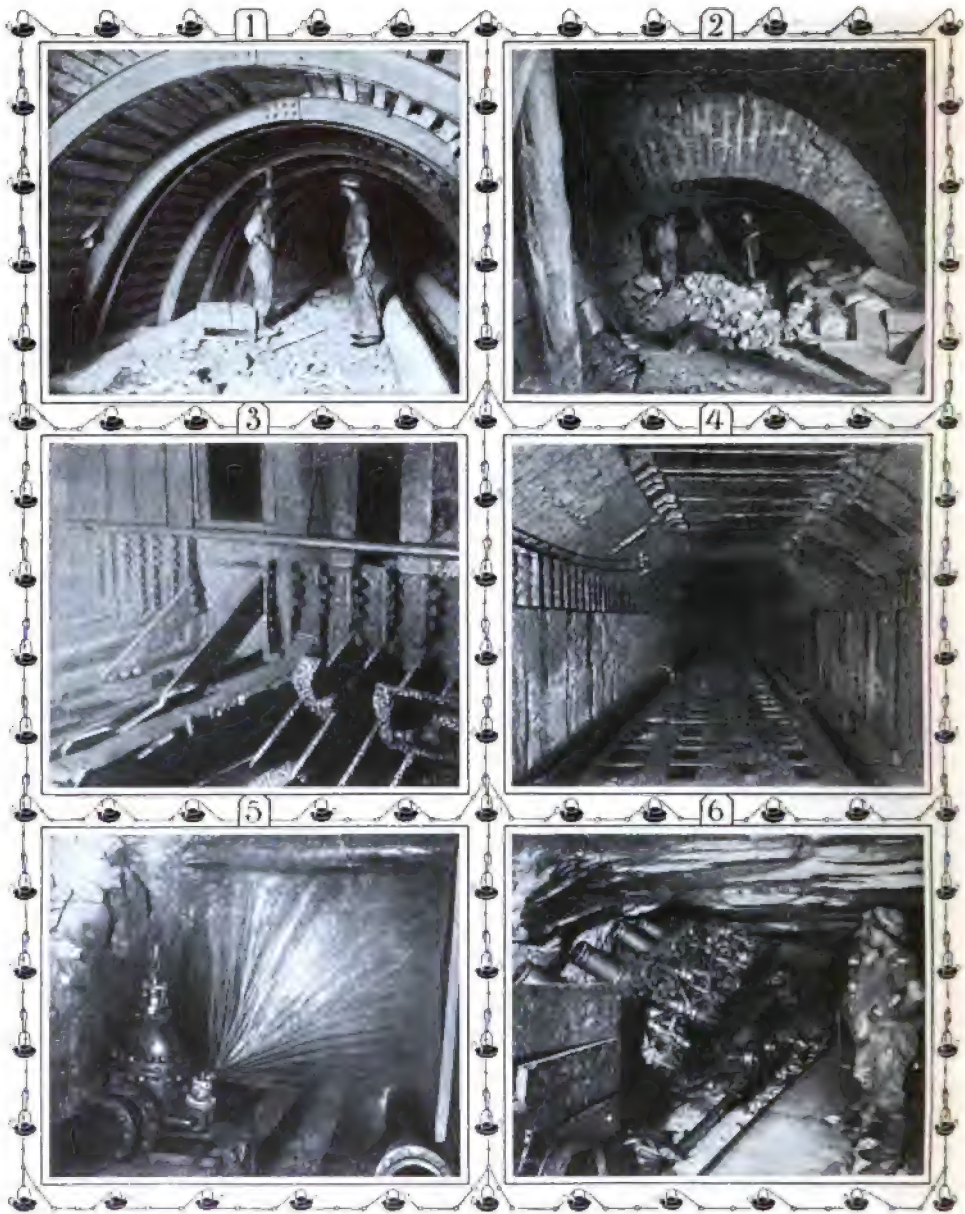
the miners. Then all the working people had to live: hundreds of small houses were built for them and their families, and of course supplies had to be provided. Hotels and saloons sprang up just as they did in Oklahoma; and as most of these were built on rented ground, they were deserted as



A GREAT HOT-WATER BURST

fortune, for the value of every stable and out-building possessed by the peasantry had greatly enhanced. Now new towns are rising about the entrances. Brieg will lose none of its picturesqueness; it will always have its old château.

It was in this historic residence that Baron von Kager and some of his assistants lived during the construction of the tunnel; and here in 1680 lived the great Kasper Stockalper, who in his day controlled the Simplon traffic, protecting himself with a large guard of armed men. If he could look



From photographs by Calzolari & Ferrario

1. A PORTION OF THE TUNNEL. 2. GALLERY FOR VENTILATION. 3. BRACES IN A TREACHEROUS SPOT. 4. WHERE A SHIELD WAS NECESSARY. 5. COOLING THE TEMPERATURE. 6. THREE DRILLS WORKING TOGETHER

upon the splendid new railway-station at Brieg, and know of the great tunnel, he would indeed be surprised.

The total cost of the Simplon has been much less than that of any of the other tunnels—being, without the cost of installations, 3520 francs a meter. The Mont Cenis cost 5878 francs a meter; the St. Gotthard, 3940; and the Arlberg, 3975. The St. Gotthard diverted over 40,000,000

francs' (\$8,000,000) worth of business a year from the Mont Cenis route; doubtless a considerable amount of this will now go to the Simplon.

IV

THE Simplon performance has been intensely interesting to the thoughtful beholder. It has at times carried with it a glamour that has been theatrical. The very

name of the tunnel has a dramatic significance, and the bulletins concerning its progress frequently occasioned excitement through all the contiguous cantons. When the last piercing was telegraphed from one end of the world to the other, the poster was gazed upon by every Swiss and Italian citizen with a thrill; and Jean, who has a little *auberge* of his own, and Dufour the advocate, shook hands together over it as they excitedly read:

LA PERCÉE DU SIMPLON!

GONDO, le 24 Février.

Rencontre effectuée 7 heures 20 minutes ce matin!

ENTREPRISE SIMPLON.

Cannon were fired from gorge and acclivity; and when the last gangs of miners and borers came out of their great hole in the ground and gazed upon the sunlight that had risen that morning with a golden halo over the Simplon, their faces presented a study for the painting of an allegorical dream of the apotheosis of labor—a realization of the blessing bestowed years before by the good bishops of Sion and Iselle on the first rotation of the hydraulic drill.

They had battled well. They had dug, hammered, and bored, and had suffered. There were times when it seemed as if the whole solid substance of the mountain-range above them had determined to seek escape below and surge through the drilled vaults. The intrepidity and bravery of that army of men, the indomitableness of the engineers, have constituted a record of achievement in this department of effort greater than the world has ever known.

The building of the Pyramids of Egypt required no more strenuousness, no more mental strain.

v

BUT the piercing of the Simplon will, unhappily, bring with it the final effacement of one of the most romantic and grandly historical paths in human expedition—the closing curtain in the most picturesque drama Europe has afforded. The Napoleonic spectacle was full of surprises; its argument narrates the complications of society and war; its complexities detail the enthrallment of personal magnetism and force.

The superbly built road over the Alps has remained one of the most fascinating diversions for the thoughtful tourist, and has been fraught with memorable experiences. From the moment of embarkation in the yellow diligence, when the whip was cracked over the heads of the post-horses at Brieg, until the arrival in the gorge of the Gondo at Iselle, it was a continuously unfolding tableau of grandeur and charm. The overture had begun back in the Rhone valley with the castles of Sion and Sierre, the towers of Louèche, and Martigny, at the foot of the Great St. Bernard. But when the ascension of the Simplon began it became a long series of windings through fortified defiles leading around terrifying abysses and through the wildest of mountain recesses. One was awed by the splendor and stirred with conflicting emotions. It was indeed a refuge—the hospice of the Augustine monks. Who that has experienced it will ever forget the welcoming hospitality of the four secluded brethren in that desolate spot?

"WHAT IS A LYRIC?"

BY MAUD WILDER GOODWIN

WHAT is a lyric? Bring Pan's reedy flute,
Bring the melodious measures of the lute,
Bring eagerness and ecstasy and love and youth,
Bring boyhood's passion and bring manhood's truth!
Sing low, sing high, and let the woods resound
To the intense vibrations of the sound!
The smile, the tear, the laugh, the sob, the sigh,—
All blent in the transcendent lyric cry.

WHAT A BOY SAW OF THE CIVIL WAR

WITH GLIMPSES OF GENERAL LEE

BY LEIGHTON PARKS



THOSE who are familiar with the Cumberland Valley need not be told that it is a rich and smiling landscape, and that no part is more beautiful than Elizabethtown.

It is like the land the Psalmist loved: "The valleys also are covered over with corn; they shout for joy, they also sing." When I knew it as a boy, in the time of the Civil War, over the mountains in every direction stretched the white pikes leading to the outside world, and on them the heavy "Concord" coaches rolled at the rate of six miles an hour. For half a century life had moved on peacefully. Why should there ever be a change?

Then suddenly great trains of army wagons with their shining white covers began to file through the quiet streets, and soon all the fields near the town were white with tents. There was drilling, marching, and shooting at marks; bands played every morning and evening.

As soon as lessons for the day were over I betook me to one of the camps. The soldiers always welcomed children, and many happy days I spent in listening to their stories, eating hardtack, watching the drill, and learning the manual. But the great delight was to visit the cavalry, for the good-natured troopers would often let us boys ride their horses. My mother had charged me never to say what my opinions were, but that if I were asked I must tell the truth. The first time I nearly fainted with fright, but the announcement that I was a "Confederate" was met with a shout of laughter that was reassuring, if not flattering. And when I was asked why,

and answered that my mother was one, there was a murmur of approval, which, I fear, led me more often than was good for me to announce my faith, that I might hear the soldiers say, "That's a good boy." They were most of them decent, serious-minded men, who said but little and were anxious for the war to close that they might go home. But some of the younger officers were a disgrace to the service, rioting, drinking, and a terror to all decent people.

Of course in a town on the border there were people who held communication with the enemy, and, as a consequence, the innocent suffered as well as the guilty. A large number of the best men in the town, who were entirely innocent, were arrested and sent North on the charge of holding communication with the enemy. But the worst of all was that information was often given against men by their private enemies, and debtors took that way of getting rid of their creditors; for a suspected man was a condemned man. All this of course led to retaliation later, and served to increase the bitter feeling among neighbors, already bitter enough.

How well I remember the night that news came of the battle of Bull Run, and the horror, the rage, the fear! All the loyal people were then for flight. After this the troops poured in faster than ever, and people began to talk of a long war. When Banks was defeated in the Shenandoah Valley, his broken troops came pouring back through our town. It was pitiful to see the sad, tired faces of the poor fellows who had marched out so bravely such a little time before.

The months rolled away, and the news

that came was chiefly of Union reverses; and while no Northern man yet said openly that the war was a failure, many began to fear it, even among the soldiers, and specially after the dreadful disaster of the second Bull Run. It was not long after this that it began to be rumored that Lee was about to cross the Potomac. The horror that fell upon the loyal people when the rumor proved true was dreadful. Those who had been most active in the persecution of "Southern sympathizers," as they called themselves, or "Copperheads," as their enemies named them, fled.

But Lee showed great wisdom in his moderation. The western counties of Maryland had been settled largely from Pennsylvania, and a majority of the plain people were attached to the Union; and it would not have done to have had an actively hostile population in his rear. When the news came that Lee was on the Maryland side, the Union troops that were left in Elizabethtown quickly took their departure. Then one warm and beautiful day in September the whole population of the town assembled on the "Hill" and intently watched the Frederick pike.

About nine o'clock in the morning their patience was rewarded. First a little cloud of dust was seen, and then, galloping over the hill, came the advance of Stuart's cavalry. Some who had sons at the South wept with joy. Men who had welcomed Patterson now cheered the enemy, but the greater part watched in silence while the streets of the little town filled with the men who had done brave deeds in Virginia.

I had supposed that the Southern soldiers were in every way different from their Northern brethren—that they were dashing cavaliers, all of them "gentlemen" and creatures of beauty whom it would be a delight to see. They were the dirtiest men I ever saw, a most ragged, lean, and hungry set of wolves. Yet there was a dash about them that the Northern men lacked. They rode like circus-riders. Many of them were from the far South and spoke a dialect I could scarcely understand. They were profane beyond belief and talked incessantly. There was a great deal of laughing and good-natured banter. But, like soldiers the world over, they were kind to children,—indeed, to every one. I shall always think it wonderful that, considering what these men had undergone,

they should have borne themselves so gently in the enemy's land.

Soon after the town was in a ferment of excitement: Lee himself had ridden over to confer with Longstreet, who commanded the troops in Elizabethtown. All the town went out to see him. Lee made his headquarters in a beautiful grove near the town. I did not see him, for I was ill, but of course I heard him graphically described. At this time his hair was scarcely gray, and he appeared like a man in the prime of life. He had lately met with some accident, and one arm was in a sling; I am not sure that both were not injured. But in spite of this disadvantage all were impressed with the dignity and gentleness of the great soldier. He received many invitations to the homes of the people who sympathized with the South, but in every case declined them, saying that he feared, after the town should be evacuated, it might fare badly with any one who had entertained him.

When Lee arrived, the older people feared, and the boys hoped, that a battle would take place at Elizabethtown; but there was none. One Saturday afternoon the troops began to march, and by Sunday afternoon the Union troops were back again, and pouring down the Sharpsburg pike. That Sunday morning was a memorable one to me, for the church was filled with Southern troops, and the question which every one was asking was, "Will the clergyman read the prayer for the President of the United States?" There should have been no doubt in the mind of any one who knew Mr. Austin, for he did not fear the face of man. He was a Northern man, and his whole heart was with the Union. And so he said his prayers without regard to the enemy, and prayed for the President. Some of the officers left the church, others stood up till that prayer was ended, but no one, I fancy, thought worse of the man who did his duty.

The next day news came that a battle had been fought at Boonsboro, and that the rebels were in full retreat. Then it was said that only a part of Lee's army had been engaged; that he himself was now at Sharpsburg with Jackson, where Longstreet had gone to meet him; and that, when they were united, the army of McClellan would be destroyed and Washington taken in the rear.

Those were breathless days, specially for the boys. I knew a number who went to Boonsboro the day after the battle and returned with bayonets, pistols, and cartridge-boxes. One boy told me that he sat on the fence and watched the fighting going on in the field! I believed him, and made an engagement to go with him the next day to Sharpsburg to see what I might of the coming battle. But, alas! the plan was discovered by my mother, and I was forbidden to leave our dooryard. As my assistance would have been given to the rebels, perhaps it is as well that I did not succeed in my plan!

Idly swinging on the gate, and waiting for something to turn up, I saw a cloud far away to the southeast. My first thought was that somebody's barn was on fire, but older heads than mine knew what it meant: it was the smoke of battle. Soon the hill was swarming with men, women, and children, and when the wind changed there came to us the far-off roar of cannon. It was a dreadful day. There were men and women there who had sons on both sides; for which could they pray? How beautiful the country looked in the soft haze of that September morning, with that awful cloud spreading over it! But underneath the cloud who could picture what was going on—the charge, the shout, the cry of agony, and the dying moan? Boy as I was, that cloud sobered me. The very silence of the people as they looked away southward was oppressive. Toward night the wind rose and rain began to fall, and women talked of the wounded on the field; and I feared to go to bed when I thought of what had been done on the banks of the Antietam, where I had often fished and bathed.

Late at night word came to the house that a soldier had come from the field and reported that the Union army was destroyed and Lee was marching to Washington; that he was one of the few who escaped; and that all was lost. No one thought of doubting the fellow's tale. I saw strong men weep when that news was told, and even those who had wished the South success grew serious as the full meaning of the awful calamity to the nation began to dawn upon them.

Of course the truth was known the next day. "A great victory!" cried the men who had trembled with fear the night

before. "A drawn battle," said the Baltimore "Gazette."

Before night the ambulances began to come with their dying loads, and churches, halls, schools, and the court-house were soon filled with the wounded of both sides. Every child was set to picking lint, and the people of the town did all that could be done. I went every day to one of the great hospitals. It was a fearful sight. Day by day the shrill fife and muffled drum told of one more who had survived the battle to succumb to the deadly fever of the hospital.

After this the tide of war rolled away to the west and the south, and we began to think that we had seen the last of great armies. What we had seen was only an advance-guard compared with what we were to see.

Before the year was out we learned that the Union troops had again been driven back to Washington, and, soon after, that Lee was crossing the river at Williamsport. The report proved true. First came the cavalry. I had never supposed so many horses were to be found in the world as I now saw slowly passing through the street of Elizabethtown. They kept straight on to the north. I asked many of the soldiers where they were going. The poor fellows knew nothing; many of them were too ignorant to know what it meant to have crossed the Potomac. Had they not crossed many rivers? What was one more than another? But the officers laughed gaily and said: "New York." Why not? What could prevent them? Was not the Army of the Potomac huddled about the defenses of Washington? "Had not Bobby Lee stolen a march on the commanding general, whoever that might be at the moment?" they added with a laugh. Indeed, the darkest hour of the war had come to the North.

So the troops passed on, thousand after thousand. The artillery followed the cavalry; then came the infantry. The impression made by the sight of so many horses was repeated by the hosts of men. It was not only the multitude that impressed those who saw that march; it was also the splendid discipline of the army. They were different from the corps we had seen the year before. These men were well clad and shod, and they came through the town with flags flying and bands playing "Dixie," "Dixie," all day long, with

now and then a change to "Maryland, my Maryland" or the "Bonnie Blue Flag." We became as tired of these as we had of "Yankee Doodle" or "The Star-Spangled Banner." (But both armies marched to the tune of "The Girl I Left Behind Me.") They had the air of men who were used to conquer; they believed in the men who led them, and they did not doubt that when they saw the enemy they would drive them before them again. It was a sight such as few have seen even of those who took part in the war. Sixty thousand men, it is said, passed through Elizabethtown on the way to Gettysburg, and I can well believe it. Day after day an unbroken line passed on due north, and at night the rumble of the wagons made sleep impossible for nervous people. And who was not nervous?

Soon after the Confederates began to enter the town I met a friend of mine, the son of Dr. Doyle, who told me that his father had just been sent for to see Lee, and that I might go too if I hurried. It is needless to say that I ran as fast as my small legs could carry me, and we found the doctor just starting. Dr. Doyle was a man who had been in communication with the enemy from the beginning of the war, but had so far managed to escape the fate of many innocent men. Two of his sons had been arrested a short time before, and were lying in the jail when their friends arrived and set them free.

The doctor was in his old gig, and, being an immense man, left no room for any one else in it, so we two boys sat on the springs behind. It was on the Williamsport pike, about half a mile from the town, that we met General Lee. He had dismounted and was standing by his horse, a small sorrel mare, which, I was told, it was his custom to ride on the march. His staff was brilliant in gold lace, but he was very simply dressed. No one could have seen that man without being greatly impressed with the dignity of his bearing and the beauty of his face. His hair at this time was almost entirely white, and those who had seen him the year before said he had aged greatly in the short space of time which had elapsed since the battle of Antietam. I could not help thinking of Washington as I looked at that calm, sad face. It has been said since by those who were near him that he had no expectation of conquering the North, and that, at the most,

he only hoped to win a great battle on Northern soil in order to affect public opinion in Europe, and lead to the recognition of the Southern Confederacy. However that may be, there was nothing about his bearing which looked like a great hope.

Dr. Doyle drove straight to where he was standing and announced himself as one who was sure of his welcome. General Lee came at once to the gig and thanked him politely for having come so promptly, and began at once to ask about the roads. I was astonished at the familiarity which he showed with the country, and yet he evidently wished to have his map, which he held in his hand, confirmed by an eye-witness. His questions were like those of a lawyer to a witness. What roads ran into the Lightersburg pike? Did the Cavetown pike cross the mountain? What sort of crossing was it? Could cannon be easily brought over it? His right flank, then, was protected by the Blue Ridge until he reached Gettysburg? And on his return should he come that way? Were there good roads running to the river west of the one on which he now stood? Could artillery be moved over them? Was the valley well wooded and watered all the way to Gettysburg? To all of which the answer was "Yes."

Lee had been speaking in a low tone, leaning on the shaft of the gig, with his head under the hood of it, so that we, looking in through the curtain, could see and hear everything. Suddenly Lee saw us and said: "Doctor, are these your boys?"

"One of them is," said the doctor. "The other is the son of Dr. Parks. You must have known his father in the old army."

"Is it possible!" said Lee.

Then we were called down and made our bows, and Lee said something that I could not hear; but the doctor answered, "No danger," and then added something at which Lee smiled and said, "Would you boys like to get on that horse?" pointing to his own little mare.

Of course we said, "Yes," and each in turn was lifted by General Lee up to the horse's back. I suspect that that attention was suggested by Dr. Doyle in order to divert our minds from what we had just heard. When we got back to town, he said to me: "Now run home, my boy, and

tell your mother that you have seen General Lee and all that he said to you—in fact, all that you can remember to have heard him say. It will interest her.”

So home I ran, swelling with importance, and told my mother all the questions that General Lee had asked and what Dr. Doyle had said. Of course my mother saw at once the importance of the conversation, and charged me to keep it perfectly quiet. Which I did.

A day or two after this a friend of the family who had been very kind to me asked me if I should not like to go out to General Lee's headquarters? “To-morrow,” he said, “you will see a sight that you will be able to tell of as long as you live, for Lee's generals are to meet him, and the army is to move.”

I boldly asked if he would lend me his horse, and he laughed and consented. So the next morning, dressed in white jacket and trousers, I started off on a brown horse, carrying a basket of raspberries to one of Lee's staff whom my mother had known since he was a lad. I remember my costume from the fact that some of the berries melted, and before I was aware of it they had made a stain on my trousers which no amount of rubbing would remove. This troubled me a good deal because I thought General Lee might think I did not know how to ride; and as I had made up my mind to ask him to let me accompany the army in some capacity not very clear to me, this gave me considerable anxiety. However, I reached the camp without further accident and found Colonel Taylor, to whom I was accredited.

Lee's headquarters were in a hickory grove about three miles from Williamsport. The grove was on the top of a small hill, and near enough to the pike for the general to see the troops as they marched by.

When I reached the camp, Colonel Taylor told me that General Lee was away, but that he would probably return before long. Indeed, it was not many minutes before we heard the trampling of horses and the guard turning out, and, on going to the door of the tent, I saw a splendid sight. First there was Lee himself riding a superb iron-gray horse, and with him were Longstreet, Ewell, and A. P. Hill. Colonel Taylor led me to General Lee and said: “General, this gentleman has brought me some raspberries, and I have asked him

to take snack with us.” Lee's back was toward me when the colonel spoke, and I was startled to see how severe he looked as, wheeling sharply, he glanced quickly to right and left and then looked down. Then he smiled very pleasantly and remarked: “I have had the pleasure of meeting your friend before.” And then, to my great surprise, this severe-looking man stooped down and, lifting me, kissed me. After this the generals and Colonel Taylor and I went into a large tent for “snack.”

I do not remember anything that was said during the meal, nor what we had to eat. I suppose I was a good deal excited, and I know that there was a deal of laughing—I fear at my expense; for they—not Lee, but the others—asked me a great many questions, and then laughed at the answers. I suppose it was a relief to these men, who were carrying such a heavy burden, to have a child to chaff.

After luncheon we went to Lee's tent, and the general took me on his knee and talked to me until, some one having taken his attention, Hill beckoned me to come to him, which I did gladly; for, though Lee was gentle, I could not help standing in awe of him in a way that I did not of the others. When I had been with him for a little while, Longstreet said: “Come, Hill, you've had him long enough; pass him over.” So I was dragged over to Longstreet's knee and had my face well rubbed by his great brown beard. And he whispered in my ear that he had a pony he thought would carry my weight, if I should like to join his staff. But before I could express my joy, Lee suddenly said, “Well, gentlemen,” and immediately Colonel Taylor made me a sign. So I got up and said good-by; and I thought then, and think now, that they were sorry to have me go, for I suppose I brought a new element into their life. One of them—Hill, I think—called to a servant to “bring the captain's horse,” at which the man grinned and untied the horse from a tree near by and led him to the front of the tent. This placed me in a most embarrassing situation; for while I could ride very well for a boy, I was in the habit of mounting my steed by the aid of a fence. Still, I determined to do my best, and, stretching up my leg as high as it would go, managed to touch the stirrup with my toe; but, alas! when I attempted to mount into the saddle

I descended to the ground, with my feet very wide apart and my jacket somewhat marked by contact with the horse's flanks. This was greeted with a good-natured laugh, which determined me to mount or die in the attempt. But I was saved either alternative, for before I had time to try again I was lifted lightly into the saddle by Lee himself, who smiled and said: "Give him time, and he 'll do for the cavalry yet."

So I rode away home again, full of pride at the company to which I had been admitted, and of admiration for that great and good man who led the armies of the South in that hopeless struggle. I looked back after a moment, but they had forgotten me as, gathered around a table, they gazed intently on a map. Before these soldiers took counsel again the battle of Gettysburg had been lost and won.

After that there fell a great silence on the valley. I do not remember that a single soldier was left in Elizabethtown. We were now a part of the Southern Confederacy. There was no communication with the North, and no one could tell when it would be reopened. Many thought that the next news would be that Washington had been abandoned and the government ready to conclude a peace.

Was there ever a day as hot as the second of July in that year! I seem to feel the stillness of it now. Before noon the same mysterious cloud that had appeared during the battle of Antietam was seen again, slowly, silently mounting up to heaven, far away to the north. It was more awful than the one before because of the silence. No sound could be heard. The ever-growing cloud went up in mute significance to God. The cool breeze that blew when the battle of Antietam was being fought suggested conflict, action, some heroic human effort; but this was as silent as a sacrifice; it was not like the work of man, but of God.

No one spoke; the very children were hushed at the solemn sight. Who could fail to think of all it meant? No one thought of charges as possible that day; it seemed as if men must simply be standing still to die. Of course we learned later of what was being done while the great sun was baking the white pikes and burning the overripe wheat that should have been cut a week before.

The next day was like the one before. No sound was heard, only the overspreading cloud hung still in the burning air. It was a great day in American history—a day in which it would be felt, when the cloud had lifted, that Pickett's charge showed what America could dare as truly as Hancock's resistance showed what America could bear.

The third day, the Fourth of July, came in with wind and pelting rain. How much the significance of the day entered into the thoughts of people!

That night we went to bed knowing nothing; yet how much there was of probability! Was it likely that that great army could be defeated by anything that the North could collect on such short notice? Yet why did no word come? To those who were too far from the field of battle to feel its subtle influence no words can convey what the strain of those days was to us.

Before daybreak the town was waked by the roar of wagons, the tired horses urged to a spasmodic gallop now and then by the whip and the frequent curse of the panic-stricken driver. Those who lived on the lower street, through which the ambulances passed, heard the groans and curses of the wounded and more than once an awful cry as some soul parted from the body in agony. No one dared to stop those men to question them. Those who hoped for the Confederate cause said that Lee was sending back the wounded of the first day's fight in order that he might not be delayed in his advance. That theory received confirmation as the day went on and no more came. How near that guess came to being true will probably now never be known.

So the day dragged its slow length to evening—worse than the last in this, that now even the cloud had departed and absolute silence settled again upon the valley. At last night came, and with the night the same ominous roar of wagons—the grinding roll of provision-trains and then the clanking of the artillery. No one could longer doubt what had happened. I rose with the sun, and, going to the front gate, saw a sight that I shall never forget. There was a man leaning over the gate whose head was tied up with a bloody cloth; his face was colorless, and I trembled as I looked at him, for I had never seen death. Presently he moved, and,

seeing me, mumbled: "Well, Bud, I reckon I don't look putty this mornin'." If I had been horrified before, I was turned to stone now, for I could not believe that any human being could look like that and live. But worse was to come, for, removing his handkerchief, the lower jaw fell down, and I saw that it had been completely shattered by a ball.

"Well, Buddy, what do you think of that?" he said.

"Oh, I don't know," I cried. "Come in, and my mother will give you something for it."

"I reckon yo' ma ain't got anythin' fo' that," he replied; "but if yo' is got any milk, I 'd love a taste of it."

So I brought him into the kitchen, not daring to touch him for fear he would fall to pieces. He managed to pour the milk down his throat, and then said he must move on: he reckoned the Yanks would be coming along that way before long. But of the battle he could tell nothing; he had been shot the first day, and had started to the rear. He had been passed by the ambulances and had received only the laconic statement that Lee's army had been blown to h—! He inquired anxiously how far it was to the river, and started off to the woods with more milk in his canteen. It was not long before we saw a great cloud of dust to the north, but could see no troops. As well as we could tell, it was moving away to the west, which puzzled us more than ever; for if Lee was retreating, why did he not keep straight on through the town? It was not till long after that we learned the secret of those masterly movements which were taking place under our very eyes. Then we learned that Lee, being perfectly acquainted with the roads, and knowing that he had behind him the splendid pikes for which this part of the country was famous, instead of moving due south and having his army blocked by its own numbers, turned to the west just before reaching Elizabethtown, and, throwing up breastworks, quietly moved his army over the Potomac without the loss of a gun. In the meantime the rear-guard attacked so vigorously that Meade debouched to the east and intrenched also; so that we were exactly between the two lines.

Our house was the last on Hill street, which was, indeed, a cul-de-sac. Soon after the wounded man had left I again mounted the gate-post and saw a troop of perhaps a dozen Confederate cavalymen riding like mad across the bridge. When they reached our house they saw there was no thoroughfare. The officer in command told me to open the gate, which led into a large field next the house, and when they had ridden through I pointed out the road at the bottom of the hill, which ran into the Williamsport pike. "Now fasten that gate and don't open to any one." I pushed the staple through the hasp and again mounted guard on the post. I had not long to wait. A squadron of blue-coated soldiers came thundering down the road. "Open that gate," cried the officer, as soon as he spied me. For a moment I hesitated. I saw as in a dream Lee and Longstreet and Hill. What would they say? Might not the issue of the war depend upon me? I said—but surely it was not my voice but that of a much littler boy I heard—"The gentleman that just went through told me—" But a revolver was pointed at my head, and a voice of thunder ordered, "Come down off of there, you d—d little rebel!" And I came down.

That day passed like a dream. All night we could hear the ring of the axes and the crash of the trees felled by the Confederates for their breastworks. There was no firing. In the morning we could see with the glass the guns in position and the flags flying on the earthworks. I do not remember how long this continued, but I know that one morning my mother looked out the first thing, as usual, and saw the guns in position and the flags flying, but no movement of any kind; and then, on closer scrutiny, the guns did not look natural, and at last it began to dawn upon us that the troops were gone, and so it proved. While all that felling of timber and erection of earthworks was going on, Lee was silently moving his men across the Potomac, and the guns were painted logs, and the flags were colored rags; and when the boys of the town poured into the earthworks there was not a bayonet or a cartridge-box to be found. The great strategist had taken his broken army safely away in the face of a powerful enemy.

MISS VIOLET OAKLEY'S MURAL DECORATIONS

BY HARRISON S. MORRIS



THE capitol building of the State of Pennsylvania at Harrisburg having been destroyed by fire, a new and costlier edifice was planned. There were competitive designs and a failure to agree, and finally the work fell into the competent hands of Mr. Joseph M. Huston, an architect whose dignified structure, well fitted for a rich and populous State, is nearing consummation. I believe it is due to Mr. Huston's loyal initiative that the artistic decorations of this massive building were assigned to artists of Pennsylvania birth; and when Edwin A. Abbey, John W. Alexander, George Grey Barnard, W. B. Van Ingen, Henry C. Mercer, and Violet Oakley are named it will be plain that there has been no sacrifice of quality to local pride.

To Miss Violet Oakley a commission was given for thirteen decorative panels, forming a frieze of heroic size for the governor's reception-room. They impressively celebrate "The Triumph of the Growing Idea of True Liberty in 'The Holy Experiment of Pennsylvania.'" Of the series six panels are now complete.

The dawn of the idea of religious tolerance is embodied in an unequal diptych, thirteen feet by eight, which represents the printing of William Tyndal's Bible at Cologne, and the smuggling of the New Testament into England. The second panel deals with the burning of the books at Oxford, and with the martyrdom of Tyndal. The third panel pictures Henry VIII granting permission for the sale of the complete translation, and the persecution of Anne Askew. The culmination of these events leads to a fourth large panel, undivided, and occupied by figures of charging

knights who embody the spirit of the Civil Wars. They gallop with impetuous speed toward a dawn just visible at the horizon. The march of enlightenment is carried onward in two smaller panels, seven feet square, which represent George Fox on his mount of vision, and William Penn in his study at Christ Church, Oxford—the college of Tyndal.

These six designs have been on view in the One Hundredth Anniversary Exhibition of Miss Oakley's Alma Mater, the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts. They have won for her a special gold medal from the academy, and have met with a reception which gives unmistakable evidence of a wide appeal. The treatment is simple, unaffected, original. It is as free from dependence on prescription as were the events it celebrates. The painter has found devices—not entirely new with her, but novel at least in application—for using men and women as accessories to design. No sacrifice of character or of action has been needed to bend the human figure into its subordinate place as a unit in a work whose aim is decoration, and whose every element must express that idea. The essential of mural decoration is flatness. The design must not make a hole in the wall, but must ornament it. Here the flatness is gained by no straining, no violence, but by simplicities of adjustment which escape the untrained eye and delight the elect.

The color of Miss Oakley's series is an added grace which in itself would mark them for enduring admiration. The rich reds, greens, and golden yellows flow onward and interweave in an opulent harmony which arrests the attention even before the subject is asked or apprehended.



WILLIAM TYNDAL PRINTING HIS TRANSLATION OF THE BIBLE INTO ENGLISH,
AT COLOGNE, 1525

SMUGGLING THE FIRST VOLUMES OF THE NEW
TESTAMENT INTO ENGLAND, 1526

Tyndal points to the passage, "Yee, the true church when whosoever killeth, you will think that he doeth God service." He was the first to supply England with the printed English Bible. He writes for his readers: "I perceived that not only in my Land of London's palace, but in all England there is no room for attempting a translation of the Scriptures." "The sons of men in the corner of the fields in that of Magdalen College, Oxford, where Tyndal is supposed to have studied the original Hebrew and Greek, from which his translation was taken direct."



THE BURNING OF THE BOOKS AT OXFORD IN THE FUTILE ATTEMPT TO STOP THEREBY THE
"NEW LEARNING," 1526

The coat of arms in the left-hand corner is that of Oxford University, "Deus illuminatio mea"; in the right-hand corner is that of Christ Church College, where the burning of the books took place (afterward William Penn's own college).

MARTYRDOM OF WILLIAM TYNDAL
AT VILVORDE, 1536

Tyndal's last words were, "Lord, open the
King of England's eyes."



THE ANSWER TO TYNDAL'S PRAVER

Henry VIII granting permission that the complete translation is "to be sold and read of every person without danger of any ordinance thereto granted to the contrary."
 Followed by the persecution of all who read and began to think for themselves, exemplified by the martyrdom of Anne Askew, a type of the
 women who also were ready to die for the truth, saying, "Rather death than false to layde," 1547.

THE MARTYRDOM OF ANNE ASKEW

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PHYSICAL DETERIORATION IN GREAT BRITAIN.

BY THE RT. HON. SIR JOHN E. GORST, M.P.

THE people of Great Britain have recently become concerned as to their physical condition, and have been anxiously speculating as to whether it is improving or deteriorating. The first alarm was given by the Military Authorities. The standard of recruits was falling. An increasing proportion of those offering themselves was rejected: and an increasing proportion of those admitted was falling out in the first years of service. A warning from such a quarter, supported by much expert professional opinion, was not to be neglected. But the alarm was reinforced from an entirely independent quarter. A Royal Commission had been appointed to consider the best method of imparting instruction in physical exercises to the children in Scottish Schools. The Commission discovered at the outset of their inquiry, that no satisfactory evidence was forthcoming as to the physical condition, past or present, of school-children; and they came to the wise conclusion that they could give no advice as to exercises till the condition was ascertained. This they proceeded to do by having the children in certain typical schools examined by medical experts. There is no readier and cheaper method of testing the condition of a people than examining fairly chosen samples of the

children in the schools. It has been adopted in New York, where a Special Commission has discovered that more than half the children examined required some immediate medical attention if they were ever to become normal valuable citizens, and disclosed a terrible amount of bad sight, bad nutrition and incipient disease. The results of the investigation in the schools of Edinburgh were appalling. The report of Dr. Mackenzie, an official of the Scottish Government, who conducted the inquiry, attracted even the attention of the British House of Commons. A demand was made for a similar test to be applied to schools in London and some of the great cities of England, and was promised by the Government. But in the mean while a Royal Commission to inquire into the alleged degeneracy of the British race was announced, and a Committee of high permanent officials was appointed to prepare the way for the labors of the Commission. After a time, the alarm abated, the idea of a Royal Commission was dropped, and the Committee was directed itself to make the inquiry and furnish the report. In the preparation of evidence for the Committee, the condition of the children was officially examined in various parts of the United Kingdom. In one London school, the official witness gave evidence that ninety per cent. of the scholars were incapable, chiefly from starvation, to attend to their school work; and in schools in the northern cities percentages of from fifty to seventy per cent. were found in a similar condition. Several municipalities have tested their own schools in a like manner. These investigations leave no doubt that in the poorer districts of Great Britain and Ireland, a large proportion of the children—the exact proportion there is no evidence to determine—is growing up so deteriorated by starvation and from insufficient and improper food, that they can never become normal citizens, that they will be the seed-bed of disease and crime, and that as long as they live they must remain a burden on society. The Committee, after a long and thorough investigation, in due time made a unanimous Report. Their members represented the Heads of the Elementary Education Departments in England and Scotland, the Inspector of Physical Training, an Inspector of Recruiting, and the Registrar-General of Births. The Report made in August, 1904, which contained a great number of practical recommendations for reform, was received by those interested in public health with consternation and

AUTOCRACY AND WAR.

BY JOSEPH CONRAD.

"Sine ira et studio."

FROM the firing of the first shot on the banks of the Sha-ho, the fate of *the* great battle of this war hung in the balance for more than a fortnight. The famous three-day battles, for which history has reserved the recognition of special pages, sink into insignificance before the struggles in Manchuria engaging half a million of men on fronts of sixty miles, struggles lasting for weeks, flaming up fiercely and dying away from sheer exhaustion, to flame up again in a desperate persistence, and end—as we have seen them end more than once—not from one side or the other obtaining a decisive advantage, but through the mortal weariness of the combatants.

We have seen these things, though we have seen them only in the cold, silent, colorless print of books and newspapers. In stigmatizing the printed word as cold, silent and colorless, I have no intention of putting a slight upon the fidelity and the talents of men who have provided us with words to read about the battles in Manchuria. I only wished to suggest that, from the nature of things, the war in the Far East has been made known to us, so far, in a pale and gray reflection of its terrible and monotonous phases of pain, death, sickness—a reflection seen in the perspective of thousands of miles, in the dim atmosphere of official reticence, through the veil of inadequate words. Inadequate, I say, because what had to be reproduced is beyond the common experience of war; and imagination, luckily for our peace of mind, has remained a slumbering faculty, notwithstanding the din of humanitarian talk and the real progress of humanitarian ideas. Direct vision of the fact, or the stimulus of a great art, can alone make it turn and open its eyes heavy with blessed sleep; and even

there, as against the testimony of the senses and the stirring up of emotion, that saving callousness which reconciles us to the conditions of our existence will assert itself under the guise of assent to fatal necessity or in the enthusiasm of a purely æsthetic admiration of the rendering. In this age of knowledge, our sympathetic imagination, to which alone we can look for the ultimate triumph of Concord and Justice, remains strangely impervious to information, however correctly and even picturesquely conveyed. As to the austere eloquence of a serried array of figures, it has all the futility of precision without force. It is the exploded superstition of enthusiastic statisticians. An overworked horse falling before our windows, a man writhing under a cart-wheel in the street, awaken more genuine emotion, more horror, pity and indignation than the stream of reports, appalling in their monotony, of tens of thousands of decaying bodies tainting the air of the Manchurian plains, of other tens of thousands of maimed bodies groaning in ditches, crawling on the frozen ground, filling the field hospitals; of the hundreds of thousands of survivors no less pathetic, and even more tragic in being left alive by fate to the pitiable exhaustion of their pitiful toil.

An early Victorian, or perhaps a pre-Victorian, sentimentalist, looking out of an up-stairs window I believe at a street—perhaps Fleet Street itself—full of people, is reported by an admiring friend to have wept for joy at seeing so much life. These Arcadian tears, this facile emotion worthy of the Golden Age, come to us from the past, with solemn approval, after the close of the Napoleonic wars and before the series of sanguinary surprises held in reserve by the nineteenth century for our hopeful grandfathers. We may well envy them their optimism, of which this anecdote of an amiable wit and sentimentalist presents an extreme instance, but still a true instance and worthy of regard in the spontaneous testimony to that trust in the life of the Earth, triumphant at last in the felicity of her children. Moreover, the psychology of individuals, even in the most extreme instances, reflects the general effect of the fears and hopes of the time. Wept for joy! I should think that now, after eighty years, the emotion would be of a sterner sort. One could not imagine anybody shedding tears of joy at the sight of much life in a street, unless perhaps he were an enthusiastic officer of a general staff or a popular politician, with his career yet to make.

And hardly even that. In the case of the first, tears would be unprofessional, and a stern repression of all signs of joy at so much food for powder more in accord with the rules of prudence: the joy of the second would be checked before it found issue in weeping, by anxious doubts as to the soundness of the electors' views upon the question of the hour and the fear of missing the consensus of their votes.

No! It seems that such a tender joy would be misplaced now as much as ever during the last hundred years, to go no further back. The end of the eighteenth century was, too, a time of optimism and of desperate mediocrity, in which the French Revolution exploded like a bombshell. In its lurid blaze the insufficiency of Europe, the inferiority of minds, of military and administrative systems stood exposed with pitiless vividness. And there is but little courage in saying at this time of the day that the glorified French Revolution itself, except for its destructive force, was in essentials a mediocre phenomenon. The parentage of that great social and political upheaval was intellectual, the idea was elevated: but it is the bitter fate of the idea to lose its royal form and power, to lose its "virtue," the moment it descends from its solitary throne to work its will amongst the people. It is a king whose destiny is never to know the obedience of his subjects, except at the cost of degradation. The degradation of the ideas of freedom and justice at the root of the French Revolution is made manifest in the person of its heir; a personality without law or faith, whom it has been the fashion to represent as an eagle, but who was in truth much more like a sort of vulture preying upon the body of a Europe which did indeed for some dozen of years resemble very much a corpse. The subtle and manifold influence for evil of the Napoleonic episode, as a school of violence, as a sower of national hatreds, as the direct provoker of obscurantism and reaction, of political tyranny and injustice, cannot well be exaggerated.

The nineteenth century began with wars which were the issue of a corrupted revolution. It may be said that the twentieth begins with a war which is like the explosive ferment of a moral grave, whence may yet emerge a new political organism to take the place of a gigantic and dreaded phantom. For a hundred years, the ghost of Russian might, overshadowing with its fantastic bulk the councils of central and western Europe, sat upon the

gravestone of Autocracy, cutting off from air, from light, from all knowledge of themselves and of the world, the buried millions of Russian people. Not the most determined cockney sentimentalist could have had the heart to weep for joy at the thought of its teeming numbers! And yet they were living—they are alive yet, since, through the mist of print, we have seen their blood freezing crimson upon the snow of the squares and streets of St. Petersburg; since their generations born in the grave are yet alive enough to fill the ditches and cover the fields of Manchuria with their torn limbs, their maimed trunks, to send up from the frozen ground of battle-fields a chorus of groans calling for vengeance from heaven, to kill and retreat or kill and advance without intermission or rest, for twenty hours, for fifty hours, for whole days, for whole weeks of fatigue, hunger, cold and murder, till their ghastly labor worthy of a place amongst the punishments of Dante's Inferno, passing through the stages of courage, of fury, of hopelessness, sinks into crazy despair.

It seems that, in both armies, many men are driven beyond the bounds of sanity by the stress of moral and physical misery. Great numbers of soldiers and regimental officers go mad, as if by way of protest against the peculiar sanity of a state of war—most amongst the Russians, of course. The Japanese have in their favor the tonic effect of success; and the innate gentleness of their character stands them in good stead. But the Japanese Grand Army has yet another advantage in this nerve-destroying contest, which, for endless, arduous toil of killing, surpasses all the wars of history. It has a base for its operations; a base of a nature beyond the concern of the many vain books written upon the so-called art of war. The Japanese army has for base a reasoned conviction; it has behind it the profound belief in the right of a logical necessity to be appeased at the cost of so much blood and treasure. And in that belief, whether well or ill founded, that army stands on the high ground of conspicuous assent, shouldering deliberately the burden of a long-tried faithfulness. The other people (since each people is an army nowadays), torn out from a miserable quietude resembling death itself, hurled across space, amazed, without starting-point of its own or knowledge of the aim, can feel nothing but the horror-struck consciousness of having mysteriously become the plaything of a black and merciless fate.

The profound, the instructive, nature of this war is resumed by the memorable difference in the spiritual state of the two armies: the one forlorn and dazed, on being driven out from an abyss of mental darkness into the red light of a conflagration; the other, with the full knowledge of its past and its future, finding itself, as it were, at every step of the trying war before the eyes of an astonished world. The greatness of the lesson has been dwarfed for most of us by an often half-unconscious prejudice of race-difference. The West, having managed to lodge its hasty foot on the neck of the East, is prone to forget that it is from the East that the wonders of patience and wisdom have come to a world of men who set the value of life in the power to act rather than in the faculty of meditation. It has been dwarfed by this; and it has been obscured by a cloud of considerations with whose shaping wisdom and meditation had little or nothing to do; by the weary platitudes on the military situation—which (apart from geographical conditions) is the same everlasting situation that has prevailed since the times of Hannibal and Scipio and further back yet, since the beginning of historical record, since prehistoric times for that matter; by the conventional expressions of horror at the tale of maiming and killing; by the rumors of peace, with guesses more or less plausible as to its conditions. All this is made legitimate by the consecrated custom of writers in such time as this—the time of a great war. More legitimate, in view of the situation created in Europe, are the speculations as to the course of events after the war—more legitimate, but hardly more wise, than the irresponsible talk of strategy that never changes and peace-terms that do not matter.

And, above all, unaccountably persistent, unaccountably (unless on the theory that there is no evidence-subduing awe like the fear inspired by the appearances of brute-force), the decrepit, old, hundred-years-old, spectre of Russia's might still faces Europe from above the teeming grave of Russian people. This dreaded and strange apparition, bristling with bayonets, armed with chains, hung over with holy images, that something not of this world, partaking of a ravenous Ghoul, of a blind Djinn grown up from a cloud, and of the Old Man of the Sea, still faces us with its old stupidity, with its strange mystical arrogance, stamping with its shadowy feet upon the gravestone of Autocracy already cracked beyond repair by the torpedoes of Togo's

fleet and the guns of Oyama, already heaving in the blood-soaked ground with the first stirrings of a resurrection.

Never before had the Western world the opportunity to look so deep into the abyss of whitened bones and grinning skulls which separates an Autocracy posing as, and believing itself to be, the arbiter of Europe from the benighted, starved souls of its people. This is the real object-lesson of this war, its unforgettable information. And this war's true mission, disentangled from the economic origins of that contest, from doors open or shut, from the fields of Korea for Russian wheat or Japanese rice, from the ownership of ice-free ports and the command of the waters of the East—its true mission was to lay a ghost. It has accomplished that. Whether Kuropatkin was incapable or unlucky, whether or not Russia, issuing next year, or the year after next, from behind a rampart of piled-up corpses, will win or lose a fresh campaign, are minor considerations. The task of Japan is done; the mission accomplished: the ghost of Russian might is laid. Only Europe, accustomed so long to the presence of that portent, seems unable to comprehend it; as in the fables of our childhood, the twelve strokes of the hour have rung, the cock has crowed—the apparition has vanished, never to haunt again this world which had been used to gaze at it with vague dread and many misgivings.

It was a fascination. And the hallucination still lasts, as inexplicable in its persistence as in its duration. It seems so unaccountable that the doubt arises as to the sincerity of all that talk as to what Russia will or will not do; whether it will raise or not another army; whether it will bury the Japanese in Manchuria under seventy millions of sacrificed peasants' caps (as her press boasted a little more than a year ago), or give up to them that jewel of her crown, Saghalin, together with some other things; whether, perchance, as an interesting alternative, it will make peace on the Amur in order to make war beyond the Oxus.

All these speculations (with many others) have appeared gravely in print; and, if they have been gravely considered by only one reader out of each hundred, there must be something subtly noxious for the brain in the composition of newspaper ink; or else it is that the large page, the columns of words, the leaded headings, exalt the mind into a state of feverish credulity. The printed voice of the press makes a sort of still uproar, taking

from men both the power to reflect and the faculty of genuine feeling; leaving them only the artificially created need of having something exciting to talk about.

The truth is that Russia of our fathers, of our childhood, of our middle age—the testamentary Russia of Peter the Great, who imagined that all the nations were delivered into the hand of Tsardom—can do nothing. It can do nothing, because it does not exist. It has vanished forever at last, and as yet there is no new Russia to take the place of that ill-omened creation, which, being a fantasy of a madman's brain, could be nothing but a figure out of a nightmare seated upon a monument of fear and oppression.

The true greatness of a state does not spring from such a contemptible source. It is a matter of logical growth, of faith and courage. Its inspiration springs from the constructive instinct of the people, governed by the strong hand of a collective conscience, and voiced in the wisdom and counsel of men who seldom reap the reward of gratitude. Many states have been powerful, but perhaps none has been really great—as yet. That the position of a state in reference to the moral methods of its development can be seen only historically, is true. Perhaps mankind has not lived long enough for a comprehensive view of any particular case. Perhaps no one will ever live long enough; and perhaps this earth, shared out amongst our clashing ambitions by the anxious arrangements of statesmen, shall come to an end before we attain the felicity of greeting with unanimous applause the perfect fruition of a great state. It is even possible that we are destined for another sort of bliss altogether, that sort which consists in being perpetually duped by false appearances. But, whatever political illusion the future may hold out to our fear or our admiration, there will be none, it is safe to say, which in the magnitude of antihumanitarian effect will equal that phantom now driven off the world by the thunder of thousands of guns; none that in its retreat will cling with an equally shameless sincerity to more unworthy supports—to the moral corruption and mental darkness of slavery, to the mere brute force of numbers.

This very ignominy of infatuation should make clear to men's feelings and reason that the downfall of Russia's might is unavoidable. Spectral it lived and spectral it disappears, without leaving the memory of a single generous deed, of a single service

rendered—even involuntarily—to the polity of nations. Other despotisms there have been, but none whose origin was so grimly fantastic in its baseness, and the beginning of whose end was so gruesomely ignoble.

Considered historically, Russia's influence in Europe seems the most baseless thing in the world: a sort of convention invented by diplomatists for some dark purpose of their own, one would suspect, if the lack of grasp upon the realities of any given situation were not a characteristic in the management of international relations. A glance back at the last hundred years shows the invariable—one may say, the logical—powerlessness of Russia. As a military power, it has never achieved by itself a single great thing. It has been, indeed, able to repel an ill-considered invasion, but only by having recourse to the extreme methods of desperation. In its attacks upon its specially selected victim, this giant always struck as if with a withered right hand. All the Turkish campaigns prove this, from Potemkin's time to the last Eastern War in '78, entered upon with every advantage that a well-nursed prestige and a carefully fostered fanaticism can give. Even the half-armed were always too much for the might of Russia, or, rather, of the Tsardom. It was victorious only as against the practically disarmed, as, in regard to its ideal of territorial expansion, a glance at a map will prove sufficiently. As an ally, Russia has always been unprofitable, taking her share in the defeats rather than in the victories of her friends, but always pushing her own claim with the arrogance of an arbiter of military success. She has been unable to help, to any purpose, a single principle to hold its own, not even the principle of authority and legitimacy which Nicholas the First declared so haughtily to rest under his especial protection, just as Nicholas the Second has tried to make the maintenance of peace on earth his own exclusive affair. And the first Nicholas was a good Russian; he held the belief in the sacredness of his realm with such an intensity of faith that he could not survive the first shock of doubt. Rightly envisaged, the Crimean War was the end of what remained of absolutism and legitimacy in Europe. It threw the way open for the liberation of Italy. The war in Manchuria makes an end of absolutism in Russia, whoever has got to perish from the shock behind a rampart of dead ukases, manifestoes and rescripts. In the space of a short fifty years, the

self-appointed Apostle of Absolutism and the self-appointed Apostle of Peace, the Augustus and the Augustulus of the régime that was wont to speak contemptuously to European Foreign Offices in the beautiful French phrases of Prince Gortchakoff, have fallen victims to this shadowy and dreadful familiar—to the phantom, part Ghoul, part Djinn, part Old Man of the Sea—with beak and claws and a double head looking greedily east and west on the confines of two continents.

That nobody through all that time penetrated the true nature of the monster, it is impossible to believe. But, of the many who must have seen, all were either too modest, too cautious, perhaps too discreet, to speak. Yet not all.

In the very early sixties, Prince Bismarck, then about to leave his post of Prussian Minister in St. Petersburg, called—so the story goes—upon another distinguished diplomatist. After some talk upon the general situation, the future Chancellor of the German Empire remarked that it was his practice to resume the impressions he carried out of every country where he had made a long stay in a short sentence which he caused to be engraved upon some trinket. "I am leaving this country now, and this is what I bring away from it," he continued, taking off his finger a new ring to show his colleague the inscription: "*La Russie c'est le néant.*"

Prince Bismarck had the truth of the matter, and was neither too modest nor too discreet to speak out. Yet he did not shout his knowledge from the housetops. He meant to have the phantom for his accomplice in an enterprise which has set the clock of peace for many a year.

He had his way. The German Empire has been an accomplished fact for more than the third part of a century—a sort of legacy left to the world by the phantom of Russia's might.

It is that last that is disappearing now—unexpectedly, astonishingly, as if by a touch of that wonderful magic for which the East has always been famous. The pretence of belief which existed will no longer answer anybody's purposes (now Prince Bismarck is dead) unless the purpose of the writers of sensational paragraphs as to this "*Néant*" making an armed descent upon the plains of India. That sort of folly would be beneath contempt, if it did not distract attention from the real problem created for Europe by the War in the Far East.

instruments of racial temperament, of conquering force, of faith and fanaticism. The Russian Autocracy, as we see it now, is a thing apart. It is impossible to assign to it any rational origin in the vices, the misfortunes, the necessities or the passions of mankind. This despotism has neither a European nor an Oriental parentage; more—it seems to have no root in either the institutions or the follies of this earth. What strikes one with a sort of awe is just this something inhuman in its character. It is a visitation, like a curse from heaven falling in the darkness of ages upon the human plains of forest and steppe, lying dumbly on the confines of two continents: a true desert harboring no spirit either of the East or of the West.

This pitiful fate of a country, held by an evil spell, suffering from an awful visitation for which the responsibility cannot be traced to either her sins or her follies, has made Russia as a nation so difficult for Europe to understand. From the very first ghastly dawn of her existence as a state, she had to breathe the atmosphere of despotism, she found nothing but the arbitrary will of an obscure Autocrat at the beginning and end of her organization. Hence arises her impenetrability to whatever is true in Western thought. Western thought when it crosses her frontier falls under the spell of her Autocracy and becomes a noxious parody of itself. Hence the contradictions, the riddles, of her national life which are looked upon with such curiosity by the rest of the world. The curse had entered her very soul; Autocracy and nothing else in the world has moulded her institutions, and with the poison of slavery drugged the national temperament into the apathy of a hopeless fatalism. It seems to have gone into the blood, tainting every mental activity in its source by a half-mystical, insensate, fascinating assertion of purity and holiness. The government of Holy Russia, arrogating to itself the power to torment and slaughter the bodies of its subjects like a God-sent scourge, has been most cruel to those whom it allowed to live under the shadow of its dispensation. The worst crime against humanity of that system which we now behold crouching at bay behind vast heaps of mangled corpses, is the ruthless destruction of innumerable minds. The greatest horror of the world—madness—walked faithfully in its train. Some of the best intellects of Russia, after struggling in vain against the spell, ended by throwing themselves at the feet of that hope-

less despotism as a giddy man leaps into an abyss. An attentive survey of Russia's literature, of her church, of her administration, and of the cross-currents of her thought, must end in the verdict that the Russia of to-day has not the right to give her voice in a single question touching the future of humanity, because, from the very inception of her being, the brutal destruction of dignity, of truth, of rectitude, of all that is fruitful in human nature, has been made the imperative condition of her existence. The great governmental secret of that *Imperium* which Prince Bismarck had the insight and the courage to call "*Le Néant*" has been the extirpation of every intellectual hope. To pronounce in the face of such a past the word "evolution," which is precisely the expression of the highest intellectual hope, is a gruesome pleasantry. There can be no evolution out of a grave. Another word of less scientific sound has been very much pronounced of late in connection with Russia's future, a word of more vague import, a word of dread as much as of hope—"Revolution."

In face of the events of the last four months, this word was sprung, instinctively as it were, on grave lips and has been heard with solemn forebodings. More or less consciously, Europe is preparing herself for a spectacle of much violence, and perhaps of an inspiring nobility of greatness. And there will be nothing of what she expects. She will see neither the anticipated character of the violence nor yet any signs of generous greatness. Her expectations, more or less vaguely expressed, give the measure of her ignorance of that *Néant* which for so many years had remained hidden behind the phantom of invincible armies.

Néant! In a way, yes! And perhaps Prince Bismarck has let himself be led away by the seduction of a good phrase into the use of an inexact term. The form of his judgment had to be pithy, striking, engraved within a ring. If he erred, then, no doubt, he erred deliberately. The saying was near enough the truth to serve: and perhaps he did not want to destroy utterly, by a more severe definition, the prestige of the sham that could not deceive his genius. Prince Bismarck has been really complimentary to the useful phantom of the autocratic might. There is an awe, inspiring the idea of infinity, conveyed in the word "*Néant*"—and in Russia there is no idea. She is not a *Néant*: she is and has been simply the negation of everything worth living. She is not empty void, she is a yawning chasm open between East and West;

a bottomless abyss that has swallowed up every hope of mercy, every aspiration towards personal dignity, towards freedom, towards knowledge; every ennobling desire of the heart, every redeeming whisper of conscience. Those that have peered into that abyss—where the dreams of Panslavism, of universal conquest, of hate and contempt for Western ideas, drifted impotently like shapes of mist—know well that it is bottomless; that there is in it no ground for anything that could in the remotest degree serve even the lowest interest of mankind—and certainly no ground ready for a revolution.

The sin of the old European monarchies was not the absolutism inherent in every form of government; it was the inability to alter the forms of their legality grown narrow and oppressive with the march of time. Every form of legality is bound to degenerate into oppression, and the legality in the forms of monarchical institutions sooner perhaps than any other. It has not been the business of monarchies to be adaptive from within. With the mission of uniting and consolidating the particular ambitions and interests of feudalism in favor of a larger conception of a state, of giving self-consciousness, force and nationality to the scattered energies of thought and action, they were fated to lag behind the march of ideas they had themselves set in motion in a direction they could neither understand nor approve. Yet, with all that, the thrones still remain, and, what is more significant perhaps, many of the dynasties too have survived. The revolutions of European states have never been in the nature of absolute protests "*en masse*" against the monarchical principle: they were the uprisings of the people against the oppressive forms of legality. But there never has been any legality in Russia; she is a negation of that, as of everything else having its root in reason or conscience. The ground of every revolution has to be intellectually prepared. A revolution is a short cut in the rational development of national needs in response to the growth of world-wide ideals. It is conceivably possible for a monarch of genius to put himself at the head of a Revolution without ceasing to be the King of his people. For the Russian Autocracy the only conceivable self-reform is suicide.

The same relentless fate holds in its grip the all-powerful ruler and his helpless people. Wielders of a power purchased by an unspeakable baseness of subjection to the Khans of the Tartar

Horde, the Princes of Russia, who in their heart of hearts had come in time to regard themselves as superior to every monarch of Europe, have never risen to be the chiefs of a nation. Their authority has never been sanctioned by popular tradition, by ideas of loyalty, of devotion, of political necessity, of simple expediency, or even by the power of the sword. Its only sanction has been the fear of the lash. Thus debarred from attaining to the dignity of chiefs, they have remained mere owners of slaves, asserting with half-mystical vanity the divine origin of the evil thing which had made them and their people its own. In whatever upheaval Autocratic Russia is to find her end, it can never be a revolution fruitful of moral consequences to mankind. It cannot be anything else but a rising of slaves. It is a tragic circumstance that the only thing one can wish for that people which has never seen face to face either law, order, justice, right, truth about itself or the rest of the world—which has known nothing outside the capricious will of its irresponsible masters—is that it should find in the approaching hour of need, not an organizer or a lawgiver, with the wisdom of a Lycurgus or a Solon for their service, but at least the force of energy and desperation in some as yet unknown Spartacus.

A brand of hopeless moral and mental inferiority is set upon Russian achievements; and the coming events of her internal changes, however appalling they may be in their magnitude, will be nothing more impressive than the convulsions of a colossal body. As her boasted military force that, corrupt in its origin, has ever struck no other than faltering blows, so her soul, kept benumbed by her temporal and spiritual master with the poison of tyranny and superstition, will find itself on awakening possessed of no language, a monstrous full-grown child having first to learn the ways of living thought and articulate speech. It is safe to say that tyranny, assuming a thousand protean shapes, will remain clinging to her struggles for a long time, before her blind multitudes succeed at last in trampling it out of existence.

That would be the beginning. What is to come after? The conquest of freedom to call your soul your own is only the first step on the road to excellence. We in Europe, having gone a step or two further, have had the time to forget how little that freedom means. To Russia it must seem everything. A prisoner shut up in a noisome dungeon concentrates all his hope and

desire on the moment of stepping out beyond the gates. It appears to him pregnant with an immense and final importance; whereas what is important is the spirit in which he will draw the first breath of freedom, the counsels he will hear, the hands he may find extended, the endless days of toil that must follow, wherein he will have to build his future with no other material but what he can find within himself.

It would be vain for Russia to hope for the support and counsel of collective wisdom. Since 1870 (as a distinguished statesman of the old tradition disconsolately exclaimed), "*Il n'y a plus d'Europe!*" There is, indeed, no Europe. The idea of a Europe united in the solidarity of her dynasties, which for a moment seemed to dawn on the horizon of the Vienna Congress through the subsiding dust of Napoleonic alarms and excursions, has been extinguished by the larger glamour of less restraining ideals. Instead of the doctrine of solidarity, it was the doctrine of nationalities, much more favorable to spoliations, that came to the front; and, since its greatest triumphs at Sadowa and Sedan, there is no Europe. Meanwhile, till the time comes when there will be no frontiers, there are alliances so shamelessly based upon the exigencies of suspicion and mistrust that their cohesive force waxes and wanes with every year, almost with the event of every passing month. That is the atmosphere Russia will find when the last rampart of tyranny has been beaten down. But what hands, what voices will she find on coming out into the light of day? An ally she has yet who, more than any other of Russia's allies, has found that she has parted with lots of solid substance in exchange for a shadow. It is true that the shadow was indeed the mightiest, the darkest that the modern world had ever known—and the most overbearing. But it is fading now, and the tone of truest anxiety as to what is to take its place will come no doubt from that and no other direction; and no doubt also it will have that note of generosity which, even in the moments of greatest aberrations, is seldom wanting in the voice of the French people.

Two neighbors Russia will find at her door. Austria—traditionally unaggressive whenever her hand is not forced, ruled by a dynasty of uncertain future, weakened by its duality—can only speak to her in an uncertain bilingual phrase. Prussia, grown in something like sixty years from an almost pitiful dependent

into a bullying friend and evil counsellor of Russia's masters, may indeed hasten to extend a strong hand to the weakness of her exhausted body; but, if so, it will be only with the intention of tearing away the long-coveted part of her substance.

Pan-Germanism is by no means a shape of mists, and Germany is anything but a *Néant* where thought and effort are like to lose themselves without sound or trace. It is a powerful and voracious organism, full of unscrupulous self-confidence, whose appetite for aggrandizement will only be limited by the power of helping itself to the severed members of its friends and neighbors. The era of wars, so eloquently denounced by the old republicans as the peculiar blood-guilt of dynastic ambitions, is by no means over yet. They will be fought out differently, with less frequency, with an increased bitterness and the savage tooth-and-claw obstinacy of a struggle for existence. They will make us regret the time of dynastic ambitions, with their human absurdity moderated by prudence and even by shame, by the fear of personal responsibility and the regard paid to certain forms of conventional decency. For, if the monarchs of Europe have been derided for addressing each other as "Brother" in autograph communications, that relationship was at least as effective as any form of brotherhood likely to be established between the rival nations of this continent, which, we are assured on all hands, is the heritage of democracy. In the ceremonial brotherhood of monarchs the reality of blood ties entered often, for what little it is worth, as a drag on unscrupulous desires of glory or greed. Besides, there was always the common danger of exasperated peoples and some respect for each other's divine right. No leader of a democracy, without other ancestry but the sudden shout of a multitude, and debarred by the very condition of power from even thinking of a direct heir, will have any interest in calling "brother" the leader of another democracy—a chief as fatherless and heirless as himself.

The war of 1870, brought about by the third Napoleon's generous invention of the principle of nationalities, was the first characterized by a special intensity of hate, by a new note in the tune of an old song for which we may thank the Teutonic thoroughness. Was it not that excellent *bourgeoise*, Princess Bismarck (to keep only to great examples), who was so righteously anxious to see men, women and children—emphatically the chil-

dren, too—of the abominable French nation massacred off the face of the earth? This illustration of the new war-tamper is artlessly revealed in the prattle of the amiable Busch, the Chancellor's pet "reptile" of the press. And this was only a war for an idea. Too much, however, should not be made of that good wife and mother's sentiments, any more than of the good Emperor William's tears, shed so abundantly after every battle by letter, by telegram and otherwise, during the course of the same war, before a dumb and shamefaced continent. These were merely the expressions of the simplicity of a nation which has a tendency to run into the grotesque. There is worse to come.

To-day, in the fierce grapple of two nations of different race, the short era of national wars seems about to close. No war will be waged for an idea. The noxious, idle aristocracies of yesterday fought without malice for an occupation, for the honor, for the fun, of the thing. The virtuous, industrious democratic states of to-morrow may yet be reduced to fighting over a crust of dry bread for their teeth, with all the hate, ferocity and fury that must attach to the vital importance of such an issue. The dreams of sanguine humanitarians, raised almost to ecstasy about the year fifty of the last century by the moving sight of the Crystal Palace—crammed full with that variegated rubbish which it seems to be the bizarre fate of humanity to purchase for the benefit of a few employers of labor—have vanished as quickly as they had arisen. The golden hopes of peace have in a single night turned to dead leaves in every drawer of every benevolent theorist's writing-table. A swift disenchantment overtook the incredible infatuation which could put its trust in the peaceful nature of industrial and commercial competition.

Industrialism and Commercialism—wearing high-sounding names in many languages (*"Welt-Politik"* may serve for one instance), picking up coins behind the severe and disdainful figure of Science, whose giant strides have widened for us the horizon of the universe by some three inches—stand ready, almost eager, to appeal to the sword as soon as the globe of the earth has shrunk beneath our growing numbers by another ell or so. And Democracy, which has elected to pin its faith to the supremacy of material interests, will have to fight their battles to the bitter end, on a mere pittance—unless, indeed, some statesman of exceptional ability and overwhelming prestige succeeds in

carrying through an international understanding for the delimitation of spheres of trade all over the earth, on the model of the territorial spheres of influence marked in Africa to keep the competitors, for the privilege of improving the nigger (as a buying machine), from flying at each other's throats.

This seems the only expedient at hand for the maintenance of European peace, with its alliances based on mutual distrust, the preparedness for war for its ideal, and fear of wounds—luckily stronger so far than the pinch of hunger—for its only guarantee. The true peace of the world will be a place of refuge much less like a beleaguered fortress and more, let us hope, in the nature of an inviolable temple. It will be built on less perishable foundations than those of material interests. But the architectural aspect of the universal city remains as yet inconceivable, the very ground of its erection has not been cleared of the jungle.

Never before in history has the right of war been more fully admitted in the rounded periods of public speeches, in books, in public prints, in all the public works of peace, culminating in the establishment of The Hague Tribunal—that solemnly official recognition of the Earth as a House of Strife. To him whose indignation is qualified by a measure of hope and affection, the efforts of mankind to work its own salvation present a sight of disarming comicality. After clinging for ages to the steps of the throne, they are now, without modifying much their attitude, trying with touching ingenuity to steal one by one the thunderbolts of their Jupiter. They have removed war from the list of heaven-sent visitations that could only be prayed against; they have erased its name from the supplication against the wrath of war, pestilence and famine, as it is in the litanies of the Roman church; they have dragged the scourge down from the skies and have made it into a calm and regulated institution.

The best way to help the prospects of advanced thought is to provide in the fullest, frankest way for the conditions of the present day. War is one of its conditions; it is its principal condition. It lies at the heart of every question agitating the fears and hopes of a humanity against itself. The succeeding ages have changed nothing except the watchwords of the armies. The intellectual stage of mankind being as yet in its infancy, and stages, like most individuals, having but a feeble and imperfect consciousness of the worth and force of the inner life, the need of

making their existence manifest to themselves is determined in the direction of physical activity. The idea of ceasing to grow in territory, in strength, in wealth, in influence—in anything but wisdom and self-knowledge—is odious to them as an omen of the end. Action, in which is to be found the illusion of a mastered destiny, can alone satisfy our uneasy vanity and lay to rest the haunting fear of the future—a sentiment concealed, indeed, but proving its existence by the force with which, when invoked, it stirs the passions of a nation. It will be long before we have learned that even in the greatest darkness there is nothing that we need fear. "Let us act, lest we perish," is the cry. And the only form of action open to a state can be of no other than aggressive nature.

There are many kinds of aggressions, though the sanction of them all is one and the same—the magazine-rifle of the latest pattern. In preparation for or against such a form of action, the states of Europe are spending such moments of leisure as they can snatch from the labors of factory and counting-house.

Never before has war received so much homage at the lips of men, never has it reigned with less undisputed sway in their minds. It has harnessed science to its gun-carriages; it has enriched a few respectable manufacturers, scattered doles of food and raiment amongst a few thousand skilled workmen, devoured the first youth of whole generations and reaped its harvest of countless corpses. It has perverted the intelligence of men, women and children, and has made the speeches of Emperors, Kings, Presidents and Ministers monotonous with ardent protestations of fidelity to peace. Indeed, it has made peace altogether its own; it has modelled peace on its own image—a martial, overbearing, war-lord sort of peace, with a mailed fist and turned-up mustaches, ringing with the din of grand manœuvres, eloquent with allusions to glorious feats of arms; it has made peace so magnificent as to be almost as expensive to keep up as itself. And it has taken even more upon itself. As if it were the prophet of a new faith, it has sent out more apostles of its own, who at one time went about, mostly in newspapers, preaching the gospel of the mystic sanctity of its sacrifices and the regenerating power of spilt blood to the poor in mind—whose name is legion.

It has been observed that, in the course of earthly greatness, such a day of culminating triumph is often paid by a morrow of

sudden extinction. Let us hope so. Yet the dawn of that day of retribution may be a long time breaking above a dark horizon. War is with us now; and, whether this one ends soon or late, war will be with us again. And it is the way of true wisdom for men and states to take account of things as they are.

Civilization has done its little best by our sensibilities, for whose growth it is responsible. It has managed to remove the sight and sounds of battle-fields away from our doorsteps. But it cannot be expected to achieve the feat always and under every variety of circumstance. Some day it must fail. Then we shall have a wealth of appallingly unpleasant sensations brought home to us with painful intimacy, while the apostles of war's sanctity will crawl away swiftly into the holes where they belong, somewhere in the yellow basements of newspaper offices. It is not absurd to suppose that, whatever war comes to us next, it will not be a distant war of *revanche* waged by Russia either beyond the Amur or beyond the Oxus.

The Japanese armies have laid that ghost for many a year. They have laid it forever, because the Russia of the future will not, for the reasons explained above, be the Russia of to-day. It will not have the same thoughts, resentments or aims. It is even a question whether it will preserve its gigantic frame unaltered and unbroken. All speculation loses itself in the magnitude of the events made possible by the defeat of an Autocracy whose only shadow of a title to existence was the invincible power of military conquest. That it will have a miserable end, in harmony with its base origin and inglorious life, does not seem open to doubt. The problem of the immediate future is posed not by the eventual manner but by the approaching fact of its disappearance.

The Japanese armies, in laying the oppressive ghost, have not only accomplished what will be recognized historically as an important mission in the world's struggle against all forms of evil; they have also created a situation. They have created a situation in the East which they are competent to manage by themselves: and, in doing this, they have brought about a change in the condition of the West with which Europe is not well prepared to deal. The common ground of concord, good faith and justice is not sufficient to establish an action upon; since the conscience of but very few men amongst us, and that of no single Western

nation as yet, will brook the restraint of abstract ideas as against the fascination of a material advantage. And an eagle-eyed wisdom alone cannot take the lead of human action, which in its nature must forever remain short-sighted. The trouble of the civilized world is the want of a common conservative principle abstract enough to give the impulse, practical enough to form the rallying-point of international action tending towards the restraint of particular ambitions. Peace tribunals instituted for the greater glory of war will not replace it. Whether such a principle exists, who can say? If it does not, then it ought to be invented. A sage, with a sense of humor and a heart of compassion, should set about it without loss of time; and a solemn prophet full of words and fire ought to be given the task of preparing the minds. So far, there is no trace of such a principle anywhere in sight; even its plausible imitations (never very effective) have disappeared long ago before the doctrine of national aspirations. "*Il n'y a plus d'Europe*"; there is only an armed and trading continent, the home of slowly maturing economical contests for life and death, and of loudly proclaimed world-wide ambitions. There are also other ambitions, not so loud, but deeply rooted in the envious acquisitive temperament of the last comer amongst the great Powers of the Continent, whose feet are not exactly in the ocean—not yet, whose head is very high up. In Pomerania, the breeding-place of such precious grenadiers, Prince Bismarck (whom it is a pleasure to quote) would not have given the bones of one for the settlement of the Eastern Question. But times have changed since. By way of keeping up some old, barbaric German rite, the faithful servant of the Hohenzollerns was buried alive to celebrate the accession of a new Emperor.

Already, the voice of surmises has been heard hinting tentatively at a possible regrouping of European Powers. The alliance of the three Empires is supposed possible. And it may be possible. The myth of Russia's power is dying very hard—hard enough for that combination to take place—such is the fascination that a discredited show of numbers will still exercise upon the imagination of a people trained to the worship of force. Germany may be willing to lend its support to a tottering Autocracy for the sake of an undisputed first place in such a combination—and of a preponderating voice in the settlement of every question

in that Southeast of Europe which merges into Asia. No principle being involved in such an alliance of mere expediency, it would never be allowed to stand in the way of Germany's other ambitions. The fall of Autocracy would bring its restraint automatically to an end. Thus it may be believed that the support Russian despotism may get from its once humble friend and client will not be stamped by that thoroughness which is supposed to be the mark of German superiority. Russia weakened down to the second place, or Russia eclipsed altogether during the throes of her regeneration, will answer equally well the plans of German policy, which are many and various, and often incredible, though the aim of them all is the same—aggrandizement of territory and influence with no regard to right and justice either in the East or in the West. That and no other is the true note of your *Welt-politik* which desires to live.

The German eagle with a Prussian head looks all round the horizon, not so much for something to do that would count for good in the records of the earth, as simply for something good to get. He gazes upon the land and upon the sea with the same covetous steadiness, for he has become of late a maritime eagle and has learned to box the compass. He gazes North and South and East and West, and is inclined to look intemperately upon the waters of the Mediterranean when they are blue. The disappearance of the Russian phantom has given a foreboding of unwonted freedom to the *Welt-Politik*. According to the national tendency, this assumption of Imperial impulses would run into the grotesque, were it not for the spikes of the pike-shanks peeping out grimly from behind. Germany's attitude proves that no peace for Earth can be found in the expansion of material interests which she seems to have adopted exclusively as her only aim, ideal and watchword. For the use of those who gaze, half-unbelieving, at the passing away of the Russian phantom—part Ghoul, part Djinn, part Old Man of the Sea—and wait, half-doubting, for the birth of a nation's soul in this age which knows no miracles, the one famous saying of poor Gambetta, tribune of the people (who was simple and believed in the "immanent justice of things"), may be adapted in the shape of a warning that, so far as a future of liberty, concord and justice is concerned, "*Le Prussianisme—voilà l'ennemi!*"

JOSEPH CONRAD.

THE INDUSTRIAL SITUATION IN IRELAND.

BY J. W. ROOT.

I HAVE recently had an exceptionally favorable opportunity of investigating the conditions under which the various industries throughout Ireland are being conducted, seeing and hearing what state of efficiency they are in, and forming some idea regarding prospects for the future. I visited nearly all the important works and factories in the island; those I did not call at were either isolated and too far out of my track, or having met the principals elsewhere I had really no excuse for going.

My experience, too, was an agreeable one, as I was nearly always frankly and courteously received, and the information I managed to pick up was both extensive and reliable. Had I gone solely for the purpose of investigation, I suppose my plan would have been to seek formal introductions to a few of the representative men in the different industries, and gather their ideas, which would have been specially prepared for the occasion, and necessarily more or less tinged by their individual interests and predilections. As it was, I interviewed both small and great, and as there was seldom any premeditated intention of opening a discussion with me, the many interesting conversations that ensued were spontaneous and based on the discovery that each could tell the other something worth knowing.

Any reference to industrial Ireland naturally brings foremost to the mind Belfast and the north, if not, indeed, the particular industry for which they have become famous—namely, the manufacture of linen fabrics. First impressions of that city are generally favorable, and a week or two's sojourn in it is more than likely to confirm them. I do not know any city or fair-sized business town in the whole of the United Kingdom, and I have visited them all, that excels it, and few that equal it, in the

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Mlle. YAKOVENKO, WITH HER COMPANIONS, ON AMBULANCE DUTY ON THE BATTLE-FIELD. SHE IS THE CENTRAL FIGURE OF THE GROUP

Two Russian Heroines

Mlle. Yakovenko, the Only Woman to Wear the Cross of the Order of St. George, and Hélène Smolko, a Girl Cossack of Eighteen

BY CLARENCE STETSON

LONG since, the days of Amazons passed away, but the war between the Russians and the Japanese has shown that women are still capable of sublime devotion and incredible deeds of heroism and self-sacrifice.

A young girl belonging to the best circles of Russian society stands out as an example of the part that brave women have played during the

war in the East. She bears the picturesque name of Yakovenko-Yakovlev, and wears upon her breast the military cross of the Russian order of Saint George, rarely bestowed upon men and never before accorded a woman.

Although only twenty-two years old when the war broke out, Mlle. Yakovenko did not lose a moment in asking for and obtaining the position of ambulance attendant. Young as she was, attractive and full of the love of living, she put society and its joys

behind her, gladly exchanging all for the sake of serving her country and the cause of humanity on the battle-fields and in the rude camps of Manchuria.

rain of shells fell about her, she worked on unflinchingly. In fact, to her zeal and absolute self-abnegation must be ascribed the wound which necessitated the amputa-



MILE. YAKOVENKO IN THE HARBIN HOSPITAL AFTER THE AMPUTATION OF HER LEG

Even later, when this frail young girl found that to fulfil her mission she must oftentimes labor in a sea of blood while a

tion of her right leg above the knee. This operation she supported with rare fortitude, and never complained of the mutilation,

which must have come as a horrible shock to her delicate nature.

It was during the memorable battle of Liao-Yang, in October of last year, that the ambulance to which Mlle. Yakovenko was attached drew up at the railway station of the town of the same name. Every train was filled with the wounded and dying. Suddenly General Kuropatkin rode up and ordered that all the sick and wounded should be sent on with the utmost expedition, as the Japanese columns were approaching.

Two hours later, the bombardment of Liao-Yang began, and the deadly projectiles of the enemy rained down on the railway station. Hurriedly, the last of the wounded were sent on, and it only remained to gather up the effects of the hospital corps and withdraw to a less dangerous position.

Accompanied by a surgeon, Mlle. Yakovenko was on her way to the hospital-train to direct the loading of the baggage. At this moment the fire of the Japanese redoubled in its fierceness, causing a panic among the Chinese and Russians who were handling the baggage. These men all concealed themselves in the cars.

What happened then is best narrated in Mlle. Yakovenko's own language: "Noticing that more projectiles fell on my right than on the other side, I turned toward the left, following the rails. I was overcome with fatigue and walked slowly.

Then there was a deafening sound behind me and I fell senseless. When I came to myself, I noticed a file of passing cars and was aware of a babel of voices. 'Since I am conscious, I had better get up,' I thought to myself. I tried to rise, but could not. Finally I raised myself on my arms, and saw that my right leg was shattered. About me was a pool of blood. Before I had time to grasp the horror of it all, I heard the voice



HÉLÈNE SMOLKO, WHO JOINED A BODY OF COSSACKS AS
MICHEL NIKOLAÏVITCH

of the surgeon who had accompanied me. He had been wounded, too, but less severely.

"In reply to his calls, men rushed to my side and lifted me up. My right leg adhered to the rails. I suffered indescribable torture. Directly I was placed in an ambulance-wagon. We started at once, for we were in danger of being captured. My companions who pressed about me recognized me with difficulty. My head was as black as

coal and my body was completely covered with dirt. It was a shrapnel shell which wounded me in both my legs and scorched my head."

The brave girl was hurried to the hospital of Harbin, where fragments of the shell were extracted from her leg. An effort was made to save the limb, but as gangrene set in, it became necessary to amputate it.

It will be noticed that Mlle. Yakovenko, in describing what happened to her and her sensations during the events of that dreadful day, confined herself to the bare facts as far as she could recall them. From her simple narrative one might infer that there was nothing unusual about it all, but merely something that might have happened to any woman. But those who were near the heroic girl at the very moment when the Japanese shells were falling about her tell a story calculated to bring tears to the eyes of those who pause to picture to themselves the wonderful courage of this delicate Russian woman amid horrible surroundings.

They say that her devotion to the wounded was absolutely sublime. When the shells began to fall, the other nurses and many of the hospital attendants left for places of safety. Mlle. Yakovenko could have gone with the rest, easily, but with the moans of the dying in her ears she refused to leave the point of danger.

"I became a nurse," she said, "of my own free will and I should die of shame if I shirked my duty the moment danger came. Having asked for this position myself, I should be depriving these poor wounded men, perhaps, of the services of another woman who might have proved more conscientious and courageous than I should be if I were to leave here now. No, my duty before God lies here, and here I remain."

This statement Mlle. Yakovenko made to the surgeon who tried to persuade her to withdraw, and who was afterward injured by the same shell that wounded the brave nurse.

In the future this devoted young girl will be obliged to use crutches, which, together with the cross of Saint George upon her breast, will furnish silent testimony to her faithful heroism. And if, at the very spring-time of her existence, which gave so fair a promise, she has suffered so cruel a bodily mutilation, her soul remains intact. Already, before her wound has healed, she dreams of returning to minister to those suf-

fering ones for whom she has already given so much.

When those about her ask as to her plan for the future, her sweet eyes light up as she replies, "When my wound is quite well, a pair of crutches will be made for me and I shall return to Manchuria."

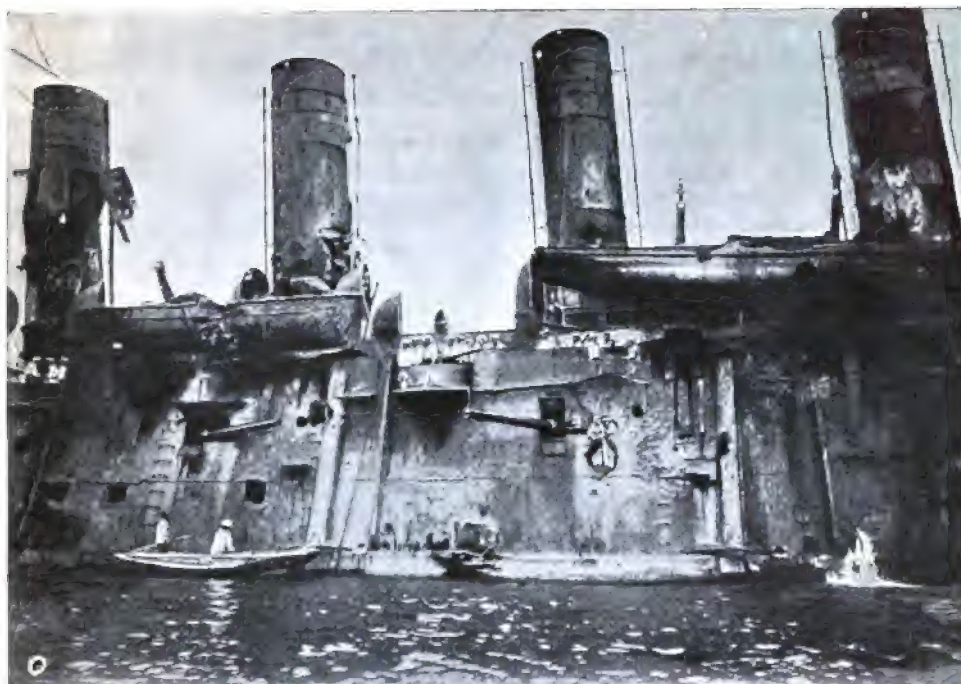
Another case of valiant service to the Russian cause by a young woman is unique of its kind. The heroine in this case is Hélène Smolko, who, hiding her identity and her sex under the masculine name of Michel Nikolaïvitch, succeeded in having herself attached to a body of Cossacks under the command of General Ivanov. This corps of Cossacks was used principally for reconnoitering purposes, and had been commanded by Count Keller until he was killed by a Japanese shell. General Ivanov accepted the young recruit on the personal recommendation of General Kuropatkin.

The story of how this young girl succeeded in being accepted as a combatant in the Russian ranks, against all regulations and precedents, is interesting. Her education was such as usually falls to the lot of boys. This fact, and a knowledge of several languages and local dialects, enabled her, at the age of eighteen, to be engaged by the general staff of the army guarding the frontier. During the campaign against the Chinese she served as a hospital nurse, but her venturesome nature sought something more exciting. The occasion came with the present war.

She enlisted, always as an interpreter, in the regiment of Cossacks commanded by Vechniakov. Passing in the eyes of her comrades as a young recruit and known as Michel Nikolaïvitch, she took part in the first reconnaissance around Liao-Yang. She showed such coolness under all circumstances, and was such an expert shot, that her comrades, who regarded her as a young boy, conceived the greatest respect for her.

As a boy she was presented to General Rennenkampf, who had her regularly enrolled in the division of Cossacks without pay. In this way she was able to wear the uniform of the real Cossacks and to take part in many fights.

It was during one of the murderous battles of last November that Hélène Smolko was wounded. Taken to the hospital at Mukden, she was cared for there until the place was evacuated by the Russians. Her life is not in danger and her *Odyssey* as a Cossack is probably not terminated as yet.



MIDSHIP SECTION OF RUSSIAN PROTECTED CRUISER *GROMOBOI* AFTER THE BATTLE WITH ADMIRAL KAMIMURA'S SQUADRON

Highest of All Explosives

Work of the Terrible Shimose, as shown in the Wrecked Russian Battle-ships

BY PAUL BRIÈRE

SINCE Japan began to treat Europe to what Henri Rochefort terms "the greatest shower-bath to its vanity ever received," by laying low the minions of the czar, on land and sea, scores of reasons have been advanced to account for the astounding and continued successes of the Japanese arms.

Corruption in high places among Russian officials, the unpreparedness of both the army and the navy, the distance of the Russians from their base, the presence of nihilists in their ranks, and a score or more equally diverse theories have been offered by way of accounting for the unexpected, of explaining the inexplicable.

Singularly enough, a potent factor in achieving results so disastrous to Russia has been but little dwelt upon. The mighty contributing agent to Japanese success referred to is the wonderful character and awful force of the explosive used against the Russians, to the destructive powers of which the czar's defenders testify with no little admiration and with something very much like awe.

The inventor of the explosive used by Japan, Dr. Gian Shimose, is one of the men most honored in his country to-day. With Togo and Oyama, this quiet, scholarly-looking little man, wearing spectacles, shares a warm place in the hearts of his countrymen. Moreover, the emperor himself has testified the esteem in which he holds his chief chemist in explosives

by overwhelming him with decorations, for if Doctor Shimose has not performed prodigious deeds upon the field of action, like Togo and Oyama, he has put in their hands a Titanic agent which has ably seconded the mikado's virtues and those of his ancestors in winning wonderful victories.

Owing to the secrecy maintained as to all details connected with the War Department in Japan—or for that matter, in all departments connected with the Government—the secret of the powder known as shimose, in honor of its inventor, is little understood. Experiments have shown, however, that it can be heaped on burning coals and banged with a heavy hammer without any result beyond burning with a languid blaze. But when the simple fulminating device designed by its inventor was used, its power of annihilation was clearly shown.

Once while demonstrating its possibilities, Doctor Shimose spread a quantity of his powder in a circle on a flat iron surface, and when he exploded it, the powder, unconfined as it was, blew a hole through the iron, of the same circumference as

the ring of powder. Shimose has been at work on his powder for ten years, and was once well-nigh blinded and several times nearly killed by premature explosions before he had brought his powder to its present state of perfection which makes it non-

explosive without the fulminating attachment.

It is well known that every nation has its own especial choice in the way of a favorite rifle for the army or a special ordnance for the navy. England has her Lee-Enfield rifle, Germany her Mauser and the United States her Krag-Jorgensen, while every nation is experimenting more or less along the same line in developing naval ordnance.

As long ago as when he was an employee in the Government printing works, Doctor Shimose became interested in the development of implements of war both offensive and defensive. He made a special study, from the first,

of the component parts of the various high explosives in existence. He soon decided that most of the smokeless powder in use, including that of Japan, known as the *men kayaku*, was very far from being without defects. He became satisfied that although



RUSSIAN CRUISER *ASKOLD* IN DRY-DOCK AT SHANGHAI, SHOWING HOLE MADE BY JAPANESE PROJECTILE WHICH WRECKED OFFICERS' QUARTERS

the *men kayaku* of Japan had all the best qualities of the smokeless powder of other nations, it was extremely dangerous, particularly when dry. In this condition the slightest concussion would cause an explosion, and it was found necessary to add at least twenty per cent. of moisture.

On the other hand, if the desired degree of moisture was exceeded, even to a slight extent, the powder would not explode at all. After experimenting with all the different explosives of American and European origin, Doctor Shimose decided that there was nothing left for him to do except to invent a new powder which should have a higher explosive power than any existing



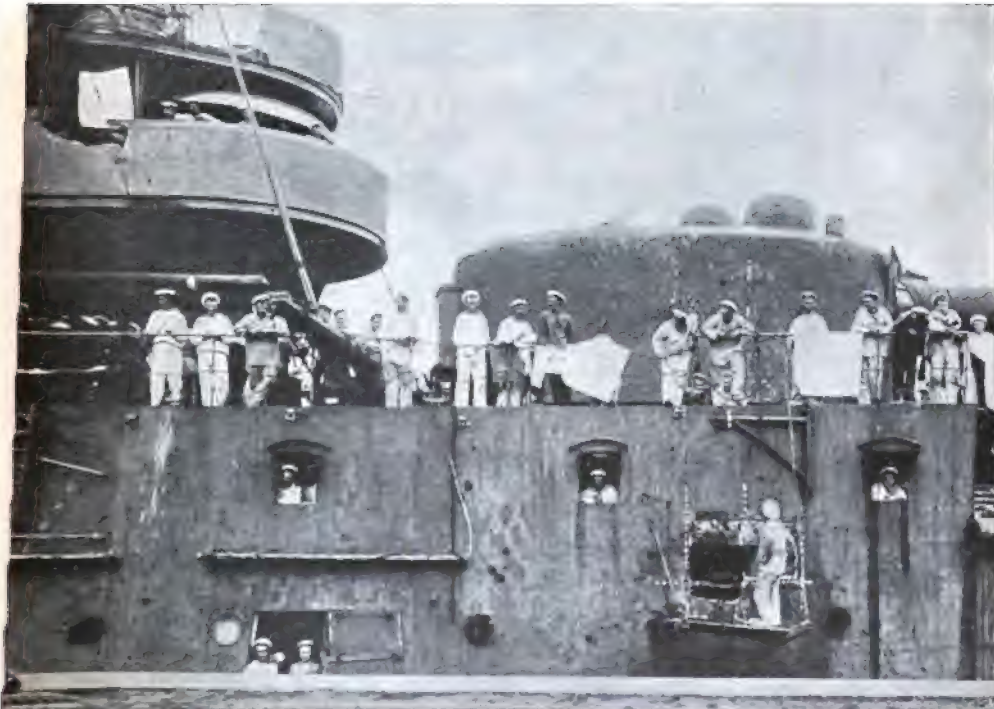
GIAN SHIMOSE

and be at the same time free from all defects.

From that moment he worked day and night in his laboratory, always with this end in view, with the result that after a decade of continual experiments he was able to show, when the crucial test came, that his work had not been in vain.

The execution done by the powder which is the result of Doctor Shimose's years of research was such that it struck terror into the hearts of those fighting for the "Little Father" and sent them into action with a lot of fight knocked out of them

before a shot was fired. The ignorant Russian sailor and soldier thought the devil was behind the guns which belched forth the all-



RUSSIAN BATTLE-SHIP *TSAREVITCH* DOCKED AT TSING-TAU AFTER THE BATTLE OF AUGUST 10, 1904, SHOWING BREACH IN FIGHTING-MAST MADE BY SHELL THAT KILLED ADMIRAL WITHEFT

destroying thunderbolts that no power of steel could withstand. Their officers, however, knew better and paid the inventor of the death-dealing explosive the compliment of dubbing him the "Yellow Wizard."

Doctor Shimose is forty-seven years old, and his success is all the more to his credit as it was achieved under the most adverse circumstances. He was born in the province of Hiroshima. At that time railroads and even regular steamers were practically unknown in Japan, and he made his way across the five hundred miles that lay between him and the Japanese capital on foot.

Shimose's greatest drawback in pursuing his studies in the country town where he was born was the lack of textbooks, and he encountered the same difficulty at Tokio, because he did not have enough money to buy them. Here, his indomitable perseverance was well illustrated, for instead of letting

the situation daunt him, he borrowed such books as he could, and passed many nights actually copying entire the more costly books which he could not borrow, or which he could not keep except for a very brief space of time. During his early struggle at Tokio Shimose frequently knew what it was to go hungry to bed, but this did not prevent his passing all his examinations with the highest honors. Despite his success as a scholar, after graduation at the university of Tokio the young man could do no better than obtain a

position in a printing-office with the munificent pay of three dollars a week.

But this did not last long. It was impossible to keep a man of Shimose's ability and energy down. He became so skillful in the printing business that he was given a responsible position in the Government printing works, where he soon showed the sort of stuff he was made of. With success came money, and this gave

him the chance to do what he had always wanted to do, which was to devote all his spare time to inventions. His first invention was that of an ink which is used in Japan for the printing of the paper money issued by the Government. The peculiar quality of this ink is that it makes alterations and erasures impossible. So carefully has the secret of its manufacture been kept that it has been found impossible to imitate it, and the result is that forgers and

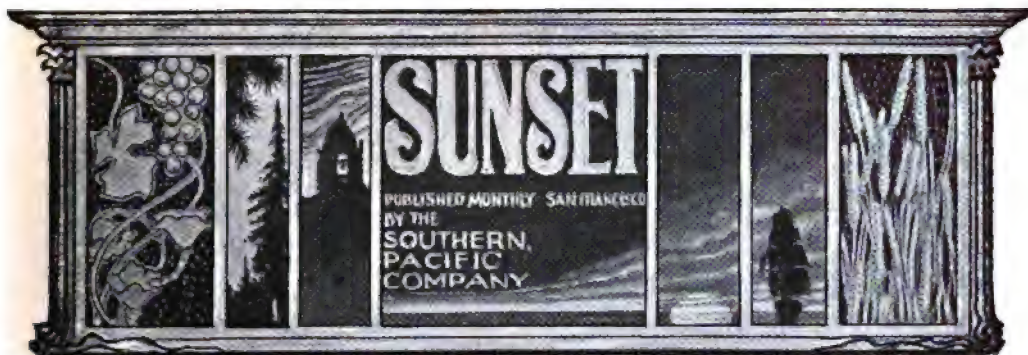
counterfeiters have had to abandon their nefarious business.

Constant contact with military and naval officers, both native and foreign, led Shimose to turn his attention to inventions that would be useful in modern warfare.

The Czar of Russia, or any of his officers who have seen active service since the war with Japan began, can testify as to the degree of success achieved by the modest, undersized, literary-looking chemist of Tokio with his shimose.



HOLE MADE BY TWELVE-INCH SHELL IN SIDE OF RUSSIAN CRUISER *ASKOLD*, BEFORE IT EXPLODED AND KILLED FOURTEEN MEN



EDITED BY CHARLES SEDGWICK AIKEN

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When West



Met East

By EDWIN EMERSON, JR.

This appreciation of the work of the Californian and other western war correspondents at the front in the Far East, comes with special grace from an eastern correspondent who had unusual opportunities for judging the work of most of his competitors in the field. Mr. Emerson went to the Russian-Japanese war for Collier's Weekly, and as a journalistic free-lance, having previously won his spurs as a member of Colonel Roosevelt's Rough Riders in Cuba, and again as a soldier of fortune in South America and at Panama. He was the only war correspondent who saw service with both the Japanese and the Russian armies in the field. After following the armies in Korea and Manchuria, he ran the Japanese blockade of Port Arthur in a row-boat, during the great siege. When he emerged from Port Arthur in the same fashion, he was taken captive by the Japanese and kept as a prisoner-of-war at their naval base in Sasebo until shortly before the fall of Port Arthur. Released under parole not to run the lines again, he remained with the Japanese until Togo's great battle in the Sea of Japan, of which he was the first to send the news. Following the war from start to finish, Mr. Emerson obviously had the best of opportunities for meeting most of the correspondents with both armies, and his narrative, tribute, and comment are therefore of special interest:

Oh, young Lochinvar is come out of the west.

THERE are two sides to every story. When the bride found herself being whisked westward by young Lochinvar, it is safe to assume that she had the time of her life—but how did the eastern bridegroom feel about it?

So it was with the work of the western war correspondents in the Far East. They were the first on the ground; likewise they carried off most of the loot; and the ravished Orient was charmed with their daring—but how about the other hungry guests who sat down at that festal board?

All told we were nearly a hundred American correspondents who swooped down on the Far East for war news. Out of these barely a baker's dozen got home with any thing worth telling. The thirteen men, good and true, were all westerners. They are Martin Egan, Richard Barry, Jack London, Richard Little, Grant Wallace, Hector Fuller, James F. J. Archibald, Richard Washburn, John Bass, Sam Trissel, George Denny, Edwin H. Clough and Herbert G. Ponting.

There are only two other writers for American newspapers from the Far East who deserve to stand with this company. Unfortunately, one of them, Francis McCullagh, the brilliant war correspondent of the New York *Herald*, is not an American, but rejoices in being an Irishman. The other one rejoices no less, because, albeit a Californian, she is "only a woman." Besides, she insists that she is not a war correspondent. All she did in the Far East was to send home the best drawings and the best war stories from an artist's point of view. Her work was such that no one in California—or in America—has to be told who she was.

Any brother correspondent who would write of Helen Hyde's achievements in the Orient as compared to those of the brilliant gathering of literary men and war artists who have thronged Tokyo

these last two years, would have to report of her as did Sir Hugh Rose of the Princess of Jhansi, who fell fighting in the Indian mutiny: "The best man of them all was the woman who led the fighting—the Ranee of Jhansi."

The impression made upon the Japanese by such Americans as Miss Hyde, Jack London, Richard Barry and Martin Egan was so profound that a notion presently gained ground that the only American writers or artists who were really worth while must come from California, and that the literary hub of the western hemisphere had shifted from Boston to San Francisco.

Thus the poet Yone Noguchi, when I met him in Japan, warned me to be careful not to tell his Japanese compatriots that I was a New Yorker.

"If you tell them that you are not a Californian," he said, "they will not believe that you are really a war correspondent."

So much for the Lochinvar side of it.

The other side—the disappointed bridegroom's—was ably voiced by Richard Harding Davis at one of the caucuses of the disconsolate correspondents who were marking time in the wonderful campaign of the Imperial hotel at Tokyo, where they were wont to meet and vote themselves with their friends to staff assignments on the various Japanese columns which had



ENGLISH AND AMERICAN WAR CORRESPONDENTS IN NEWCHWANG

Reading from left to right: Norris Newman, *China Review*; Francis McCullagh, *New York Herald*; George Wigham, *London Morning Post*; Louis Etzel, *London Daily Telegraph*; Edwin H. Clough, *San Francisco Examiner*; James F. J. Archibald, *Collier's Weekly*; Archibald's Chinese groom; Charles Bush, *Tientsin Times*; Brindle, *London Daily Mail*; Greener, *London Times*.

long before taken the field. This was the time when Mr. Davis made his famous speech protesting against the recognition of such new comers as Richard Barry, Grant Wallace and Washburn, as "western adventurers, butting into a game where no one wanted them."

Of course we did not want them. As I recall the lovely, free-for-all grab game of those days, nobody wanted anybody—the heavyweights elbowed off the lightweights—every one's hand was lifted against his brother's—and the devil took the hindmost. After the smoke of battle cleared some of us were surprised to discover that the fancied lightweights—the free lances and adventurers from the west—had forged to the front.

In truth there were too many men from the west for comfort—I mean real eastern comfort. There were two reasons for this. One was that there were too many westerners who merely went to the war because they wanted to go, not because somebody sent them, as was the boast of the heavyweights. Among the adventurers who indulged themselves in this reprehensible thirst for glory, were such rash youths as Barry, Wallace and poor Etzel, who had the top of his head shot off. The other reason is that the Pacific slope is such a convenient jumping-off place for those who would sail far eastward ho!

When the war between Russia and Japan broke out the western correspondents, in this respect, had the advantage of all of us, excepting only the lucky newspaper men who found themselves already at Manila or in Hongkong. They, too, were mostly westerners—men like Egan, Clough, Trissel and Archibald, who had the good fortune to make their jump westward into the golden east, a few years earlier when other alarms of war beckoned from the Philippines.

For us others on the Atlantic coast the long leap to the Orient meant at least one week more—for the Englishmen and other European correspondents it meant an extra fortnight, or even



JACK LONDON

more if they went by way of Suez, not to mention such sordid considerations as the additional passage money—which to one man at least was appalling.

I well remember my own emotions in New York in the anxious days of the first war scare from Tokyo and St. Petersburg, when I calculated that I could not possibly reach Korea or Manchuria in less than one month. Counting for possible flukes in the trip across the continent, head winds, and the inevitable delays of the slow-going Orient, the chances were for two months rather than for one. According to schedule time, I was told, I could reach Mukden by way of the Trans-Siberian Railway in twenty-eight days, provided there were no delays from Russian shipments of troops. If there were, my chances were more than bright for never getting there.

So I allowed myself thirty days—and armed with my system for breaking the

combination, I presented myself before William R. Hearst, one midnight, in his editorial office in New York.

This was before the declaration of war—some time before the ball opened at Port Arthur and Chemulpo.

"You come too late," said Mr. Hearst. (One week before I had been told that I came too early.) "I have just received a telegram from Jack London in San Francisco that he is ready to go to the front, and I have wired him to go ahead. I don't know what kind of a war correspondent he will make, but whatever he writes is bound to catch on, so I don't care. As I know Jack London, a week's handicap should be enough to keep you from ever catching up with him."

It was. While I started at once from New York I never caught up with London. Somebody gave me a card to deliver to London when I should come across him in the Far East. I never got near enough to him to hand him any thing till I ran him down at last in his native lair in California. Then it was too late. The dainty note had been carried so long by me that it had lost its charm.



A FOREIGN PHOTOGRAPHER IN JAPAN
See page 530

Jack London himself professes to be dissatisfied with the results of his far eastern war adventures. He has no reason to be. According to the editors of the San Francisco *Examiner*, Chicago *American* and New York *Journal*, London made good from the word go. One of them—Ned Hamilton of the *Examiner*—talking of various war correspondents and their work once said to me:

"Most of us thought London was just a novelist and no newspaper man. Nothing of the kind. London is full of the newspaper instinct. I tell you that boy would jump overboard any time for a good story. If there was any trouble with him that was it. He was always getting into hot water through his eagerness for news. Jack jeopardized his chances for big news by the way he always went diving after the first story that came along.

"But really, it didn't matter. Any story London tackles he promptly turns into a good story. All are intensely personal, of course, with all the names and other hard words misspelled, but they are rattling good stories.

This but bore out my own impressions of London, as gathered from what I heard about him from the bewildered Japanese and from his rival correspondents at the front.

They tell a delicious story in Tokyo of London's first meeting with Lloyd Griscom, the American minister to Japan.

Minister Griscom, while young in years and charmingly courteous, is a diplomat of the old school, punctilious in speech and dress, and full of quiet dignity. London, so the story goes, called on him in a sailor's flannel shirt, with a shoe-string necktie.

"How can I be of service to you?" inquired Minister Griscom.

"I want to get to the front, and I want to go p. d. q.," quoth London.

"In that case I should advise going to Chemulpo first," suggested the minister.

"Who's he?" inquired London.

Griscom pointed the gentleman's name out to him on a map.

The next thing Griscom heard of London was, that he had got himself arrested at Moji while on his way to Mr. Chemulpo, for the crime of photographing some coolies with a fortress for a background.

London's story of his arrest and brief incarceration by the Japanese, and of his wild sail to Chemulpo in a crazy fishing smack, to my mind, represents the best literary work he did while in the Far East. It may be that I am personally prejudiced in regard to these two delightful stories because I, too, was arrested in Japan for photographing "war sceneries" and subsequently enjoyed the doubtful pleasure of yachting in the Yellow sea in sampans and junks. Thus I can appreciate the true humor of these situations and London's handling of them. I appreciated it so much, indeed, that I never ventured to give free rein to my own stories, lest I risk the imitation whose only merit is sincere flattery.

London's favorite story, according to his friend George Sterling, the poet, is how he smote the Japanese horse boy who came at him with a knife. London has described this incident in full in writing, but nevertheless he never gets tired of telling how he landed on the brown-faced betto's jaw. It was not the gleam of the knife that stirred London's imagination, but the way his Christian knuckles tingled after contact with the heathen jawbone.

This incident cut short London's career as a duly accredited war correspondent to the army of His Majesty, the Mikado of Japan. It had just happened when I reached Korea. They told me then that London was being brought back through the Land of the Eternal Calm laden with chains, but I must have overheard the rattle of the irons when I passed him in the night.

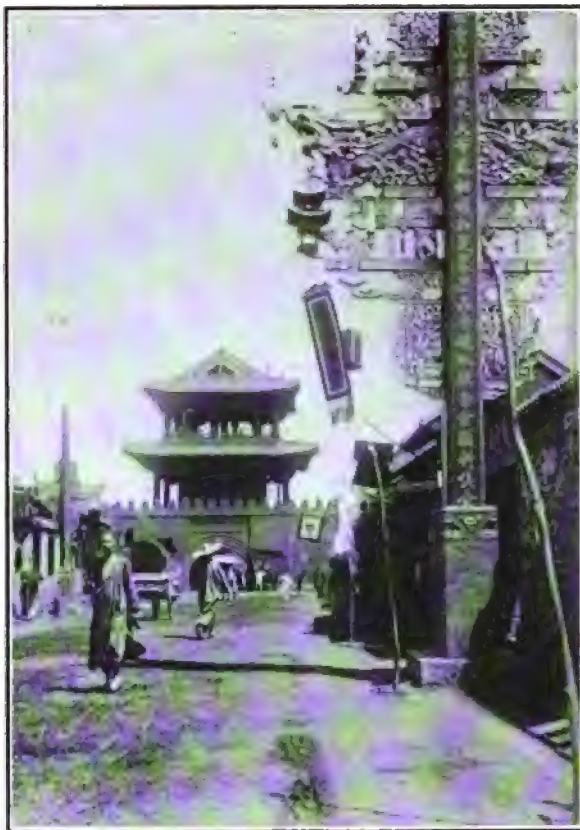


MARTIN EGAN

Jack London himself, is fond of declaring that as a war correspondent he was "a flash in the pan." If he was such, what could be said of us others?

London's row with the coolie, however, and its prompt consequences must have revealed to every one, as well as to himself, his chief weakness as a news-gatherer among a foreign people. London, according to his own professions, loathed and abominated the Japanese. More than this he did not hesitate to show his feelings. Any one who has ever lived among the Japanese, and who has learned to appreciate their dominant trait of hiding their own feelings, cannot but realize that a man coming among them with such a disposition need never hope to get any thing out of them. Not even true impressions.

A man of very different type was Martin Egan, the foremost correspondent of the Associated Press and of Reuter's Bureau in the Far East. He was one of the lucky men who at the very outset of the war was switched over to Tokyo from Manila, whither he had



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ONE OF PONTING'S MUKDEN PHOTOGRAPHS

gone originally for the *San Francisco Chronicle*. With him came such formidable assistants and rivals on the staff of the Associated Press as Collins, Denny, Haggerty, Brill, Hull and Sam Trissel, while on the Russian side there appeared the brilliant Lord Brooke, poor Middleton, who lost his life at Liaoyang, and McCormick from Peking followed by Sir Robert Hart's secretary, young Straight, who has lately given up newspaper work in the Far East for a diplomatic appointment in Korea.

Among all these proven representatives of the Associated Press and Reuter's—which means a combination of more than 2,000 of the best newspapers in the world—Martin Egan, starting practically on an even footing with all, emerged as the first. Paul Cowles, the San Francisco manager of the Associated Press, who

went to the Far East during the war to straighten out the tangle of all the various Associated Press and Reuter men who were strewn throughout the Orient from Suez to Kamchatka and along the trails of all the fighting armies, knows just what this means.

It means that Martin Egan, through his brilliant and thoroughly reliable work in Tokyo, rose to the top rank of the world's journalists. His only real rivals in the Far East were Dr. Morrison, the famous Peking correspondent of the *London Times*, and Captain Brinkley, the no less famous representative of the *Times* at Tokyo. Having vanquished these men in their own field no promotion remains to Egan but the London office of the Associated Press—the most coveted desk in modern journalism, and as I write comes the news of his assignment to the Paris office.

Martin Egan's success in Tokyo, apart from such cardinal virtues as industry and reliability, was largely due to his remarkable gifts as a politician. Unlike most of the other foreign correspondents, he came to Japan with the glad hand, a smile for every one, and a highly developed talent for entertaining and witty after-dinner speeches. The liberal expense account allowed him, by the Associated Press, he used more than liberally. All doors were opened to him and he went everywhere in Tokyo and Yokohama. No big dinner or diplomatic function was complete without him. His own entertainments, given in his pretty bungalow, surrounded by a wonderful old Japanese garden, were among the most desirable social functions of the foreign colony in Tokyo.

As a result Egan no longer had to seek for news—it came to him. The Japanese, seeing him in constant association with foreign diplomats and other high

personages in Japan, grew afraid of his powers, and treated him with ever-increasing courtesy. More than this, they found he was to be trusted whenever a principle of honor or diplomatic discretion was involved, and this went very far indeed. Getting news, as every newspaper man knows, largely depends on a man's ability for keeping confidences.

Yet everything was not always made easy for Egan. Where we special correspondents were only required to write or cable concerning events of unusual news interest, Egan's drag-net was expected to take in all news items, from lengthy ministerial reports on the state of Japanese crops down to the official war bulletins from various headquarters in the field bristling with jawbreaking names of Manchurian and Korean localities that nobody could find on the map. The few times that I dropped into the General Staff Headquarters at Tokyo to see what was being offered, I remember, I always found Egan there busily whacking away on the typewriter on which he ground out his daily grist of war cables from the front.

He, too, had his troubles with the vagaries of the censorship, which were the bane of newspaper correspondence in the Far East. One time, so Egan claimed, one of his newsiest war dispatches was so effectually censored that only the address and signature of his long cable message arrived in San Francisco and London. They say this was his exclusive report of the sinking of the Japanese battleship, *Yashimo*, before Port Arthur, a naval disaster all confirmation of which the Japanese Admiralty withheld until after Togo's decisive victory in the Sea of Japan.

Nobody who knew Martin Egan during his early newspaper days on the Pacific coast has been taken by surprise at his enviable successes in the Far East. Newspaper men in San Francisco still tell the story how Egan, having taken it into his head once to become a lawyer, went up before the examining court for admission to the bar of California. All the law he knew was based on his extensive knowledge of the law of libel as applied to

Californian newspapers, past and present. A friendly judge asked Egan to expound his legal learning on this point. Egan talked steadily, for hour after hour, so long as the learned judges remained on the bench. When night fell and the court had to be closed, he was still talking. Overwhelmed by such an avalanche of talk, the judges without further ado adjourned and admitted Egan to the bar.

Tom Burnes, the former librarian of the San Francisco *Chronicle*, who many years ago served on the *Victoria Times* under Senator Templeman, with Martin Egan, tells a characteristic story how Egan first came into prominence with the *San Francisco Chronicle*. This was at the time of the Klondike gold boom. Somebody was wanted in a hurry to go up to Dawson city to represent the *Chronicle* in the north. Burnes was selected by reason of his former residence on Puget Sound, but he declined the assignment for family reasons. He recommended Egan as a better man for the job, Egan having seen newspaper service everywhere up and down the Alaska coast and in British Columbia.



RICHARD BARRY

"Who on earth is Martin Egan?" asked De Young, the editor of the *Chronicle*.

They hastened to tell him that Egan was the head of the *Chronicle's* news office in Oakland, and had been serving on the staff for years. So Egan started for Puget Sound the next day, and organized a system for garnering Klondike news and stories by means of which, all alone, he was able to cope with all the other newspaper men dispatched to the gold fields.

His work there was so eminently satisfactory to the *Chronicle* that when the Spanish-American war came, Egan, who had been representing the *Chronicle* in New York, was the first man to be dispatched to the front in the Philippines. English naval men still tell with awe how Egan, by his winning Irish blarney, cajoled a British Admiral into letting him sail into Manila from Hongkong on one of H. M. men-o'-war. They say such favor was never bestowed on an American before, unless, indeed, he was a prisoner-of-war.

The last time I saw Martin Egan, in Japan, he was on the point of departing for the front in Manchuria. Another man who was leaving Japan for the same purpose was Richard Barry. He was going to the front for the second time, to rejoin Nogi's Third Army at "a certain place," somewhere between Mukden and Harbin.

Barry was the youth who did the Lochinvar trick. When he first burst in on the gathering of famous war correspondents who thronged the corridors of the Imperial Hotel in Tokyo—those with unlimited campaigns to their credit, elbowing others with an unlimited credit at the bank, it could be said of him truly,

Save his good broad sword he weapon had none;
He rode all unarmed and he rode all alone.

He carried off the bride. This could have been borne, perhaps, for once, but who ever read of a Lochinvar returning to repeat the same audacious performance?

As the only American correspondent before Port Arthur (I don't count myself because I visited General Nogi's headquarters there as an unwilling prisoner, not as a correspondent), young Barry certainly carried off the trophies of war and sold them for heap good wampum in America. Hence our just resentment at Barry's return to the field of battle a second time. It was against the Japanese regulations, and besides, lightning is not supposed to strike twice in the same place.

The last that was heard of Barry, he was giving a Chinese banquet to Generals Nogi, Igichi and their staff officers at the headquarters of the Mikado's Third Army in Manchuria. When I first met Barry, in Tokyo, he did not have enough money to pay his hotel bill. Neither had I.

Barry never would have gone to war, he told me, but for a lucky stroke of bad luck. His luck first turned when he struck bottom rock. One day, while riding horseback from Santa Barbara to the town of Nordhoff, where he was running a country newspaper, Barry lost all his money. It amounted to nearly a hundred dollars in bills, which Barry had saved up to take him to the St. Louis exposition. He had lost his wad somewhere in the sagebrush of the Ojai valley during his all-day ride, so it was lost for fair. Barry was disgusted. He was so disgusted that he decided then and there to go to the wars. He got a pass to San Francisco and offered himself as a war correspondent to Fremont Older, the editor of the *Bulletin*.

This is what Mr. Older has to tell of Barry's offer: "Barry had done work for the *Bulletin* before, and I liked him. He had come to California after teaching school in Wisconsin, his native state, afterward working as a waiter somewhere on Lake Superior. At the time of the Pan-American exposition, he worked his way to Buffalo and drifted into the Buffalo *Courier* office. He was such a green boy that they merely laughed at him. As the easiest way of getting rid of him, the city editor told him to go out in the parks and to try his hand at writing what the tramps and hoboes there had to

say of Buffalo. Barry came back with a story which Josiah Flynt might have envied. He made an instant hit. Exchange editors all over the country reprinted that story. The Washington *Star* got him to represent them at the exposition and afterward sent for him to join their local staff in Washington. There General Otis, of the Los Angeles *Times*, met Barry and took him home with him to Los Angeles. For us, meaning the *Bulletin*, he wrote the serial story "Sandy of the Sierras," a rattling good piece of work.

"When Barry came to me with his boyish face and announced that he was going to Japan on nothing but the promise of one or two coast papers to take stories from him at ten dollars a column, I told him he was crazy. "Young man," I said,

"Put money in thy purse!"

"From my office Barry went straight to James D. Phelan, and telling him of his golden plans, borrowed \$100 for passage money.

"He returned with the \$100. This was convincing. On the strength of that I gave him a card to Frank K. Lane, about whom Barry had written some good stuff, when Lane was running for Governor. Lane took Barry to Daniel Meyer, the banker. Meyer, as I know him, is not a man to lend money to any one without good and sufficient security. Barry told him how he felt it incumbent upon him to go to the Russo-Japanese war, and how he already had secured one hundred dollars. All he needed now was double the amount. For security he offered him his word, and his shining prospects, as a space writer, 12,000 miles away from home, provided he ever got to the front and lived through it all.

"Meyer was so astounded at the audacity of this touch that he wrote out a check for two hundred, then and there, and closed the interview with incoherent motions toward the door.

"Barry left for Japan on the next steamer, traveling on a steerage ticket. How he made out in Japan, during the long months before he drew the lucky



GRANT WALLACE

prize of an assignment on Nogi's army around Port Arthur, I don't know, but this I know: that once he began writing from the front at Port Arthur he made good with a rush."

For a record of what Barry saw and wrote, while lying in the trenches before Port Arthur, one should read his book "Port Arthur, a Monster Heroism," the best work that has yet appeared treating of the historic siege, or, better still, read Villiers' book on Port Arthur. This famous English war artist and veteran of twenty-six campaigns, thus describes Barry: "We were ten altogether. Young men of means out for the fun of the thing—some looking for means and out for any newspaper that might want an odd war correspondent, including the correspondent of the San Francisco *Chronicle*, Richard Barry, a young Irish-American, who had apparently left his office in such a hurry to catch his boat that he had brought with him nothing but a change of linen and the clothes he stood in. He was minus everything necessary to campaigning,

with the exception of a quick brain and a good digestion. Here, thought I, was a fresh young mind ready to be impressed with the dramatic incidents of war, and it would be interesting to watch what he would make of them."

Villiers became more interested in watching Barry than in watching Port Arthur. As a reviewer of the *London Spectator* has written: "There are not five pages in Villiers' book in which Barry's name is not mentioned. Mr. Villiers gives us, in the guise of a story, treating of the siege of Port Arthur the even more interesting story of the siege of his affections by a young Irish-American."

Barry's greatest stroke of luck lay in his timely return from Port Arthur to America, but a few weeks before the fall of the fortress. When the 203-metre height was stormed, when the doomed Russian war ships were sunk one after another, when the last spark of resistance was stamped out with the death of the heroic Kronradjenko and Stoessel was brought to his knees, in short, when the

eyes of all the world were fixed on Port Arthur—Barry, the only man from Port Arthur, turned up in New York. He got more orders for magazine articles and book manuscripts than he could possibly fill, and when an enterprising manager exploited him as a war lecturer his lectures drew the best audiences.

Of all other war correspondents, the only one who could boast of similar good luck was Grant Wallace, likewise a Californian, in the same sense that Barry, Archibald, or Posing must be considered products of California. Wallace was one of the few men who came out of the battle of Liaoyang, with something better than a story of mere personal grievances and disappointment.

He was with General Oku's Second Army, the flower of Japan's fighting forces in the field, with more victories to their credit than all the other Japanese armies put together. Wallace, like the other foreign correspondents assigned to Oku's staff, had the good luck to come up with this army at Haicheng, close to Liaoyang. On the eve of the battle and after the first day of the tremendous six days' action, when so many other correspondents drifted to the rear, Wallace had the pluck and good sense to stick to his post. He saw the battle from beginning to end, as much as any one man could see of so big a fight, and he wrote a thrilling report of what he saw. Afterward, Wallace fell ill with dysentery and had to be shipped back to Japan on a hospital ship, finally returning to America a sick and tired man, but the story he had written was neither sick nor tired. It was a great story, more than twenty thousand words of it, and, though the other correspondents had reached home long ago, and had rent the air with the sad story of their grievances, Wallace's story was the first creditable account of the battle to be published in any Californian newspaper.

Wallace's reputation as a war correspondent rests almost wholly on this one brilliant feat. His reputation as a writer had been established long ago. Before he went to the Far East for the *San Francisco Bulletin*, he had made a name



JAMES F. J. ARCHIBALD

for himself as a writer of signed articles. San Francisco newspaper men still recall the sensational story Wallace wrote one time when he pursued an unmanageable air-ship down the coast, finally locating the escaped balloon where it had come to grief on some desolate beach. They also remember Wallace's first signal piece of newspaper work. This was an interview with the engineer of a railroad train that had been wrecked. The center of the story and the most moving part of it was a little yellow-haired girl, the daughter of the poor wretch of an engineer, whom Wallace interviewed. This story he wrote for the *Chronicle*. Fremont Older of the *Bulletin* was so impressed by it, that he sent for Wallace and offered him a place on the *Bulletin* staff. Before this, Wallace had been a cartoonist in New York, and later on the staff of the San Francisco *Examiner*.

It seems but fitting that Wallace, having made his entry as a newspaper writer with such an interview, should have accomplished his successful exit from newspaperdom with a final interview no less brilliant. When Wallace went East, he was commissioned by the *Bulletin*, to get an interview from Lawson, the frenzied financier. This he did. The interview made such a hit that even Lawson, absorbed as he was in the whirlpools of his sensational vendetta, was impressed by it, and lost no time in securing Wallace's services for his own propaganda.

James F. J. Archibald's fame as a war correspondent does not rest on any single battle. According to "Who's Who in America," Archibald was not only the first man, who was wounded in the Spanish-American war, "being shot through the left arm while serving as a volunteer aid to the Fifth army corps in an engagement that lasted about three hours," but it was also he who arranged the surrender of the hostiles in the historic Chippewa campaign on Leech lake, after which he was again reported as wounded in the great "battle of Pretoria." Archibald's services in these and other campaigns have been suitably rewarded by many enviable medals. Thus, according to "Who's Who," he has



EDWIN H. CLOUGH

received the Distinguished Service Order of the United States Army for bravery in action; the Spanish Order of Merit; the Military Order of Pretoria; the Bust of Bolivar of the third class; the medal of honor of Instruccion Publica of Venezuela; the order of the Institute du Midi de France, and the peacock feather of a Mandarin of the Chinese empire. When I met Archibald, in Mukden, he was wearing all these medals. In this, Archibald showed a true appreciation how best to impress some of the Russian officers we had to deal with in Mukden—notably, Viceroy Alexeieff. In truth, Archibald was the only English-speaking correspondent who succeeded in ingratiating himself with the quondam Admiral. For all other Americans the Russian Viceroy of Manchuria had no use, but Archibald was always *persona grata*. Envious correspondents professed to believe that this was because Archibald had taken more group portraits of Viceroy Alexeieff, and his staff, than all his other photographs of the war counted together, but there were other feats that stood to the credit of Archibald. His most famous feat, by which he endeared



HELEN HYDE IN TOKYO

Photograph by Dawidoff

himself to the Russians, was his exclusive inside report of the first Japanese torpedo attack on Port Arthur, sent to *Colliers' Weekly*.

When I first passed through Newchwang on my way into the Russian lines, Archibald was still at Newchwang; so was Edwin H. Clough, another California correspondent, who had the good luck to find himself already in the Far East, when the war cloud burst. I only caught a glimpse of him, as he was sitting on the veranda of the Manchuria hotel together with poor, ill-fated Etzel, while I passed up the Liao river in a sampan.

The next time I saw Clough was at the opening performance of one of Jack London's plays, in San Francisco. He then told me that he was full of homesickness for the Orient, where every hour of every day had afforded golden opportunities for copy.

Golden opportunities they were indeed, for all of us, but none made such good use of them both as an artist and writer as Helen Hyde.

The first time I called on Miss Hyde in Tokyo, at her little Japanese house where we had to take off our shoes at

the matted threshold, I remember, she spoke to me in touching words of her rikshaw runner, who had just been called to the colors. On my urgent insistence she promised to write it for her paper, the *Argonaut*, where, I believe, it has since then appeared. This is how she told the story:

"He came in uniform and how ugly he looked! They had tucked the broad-chested thing into a blouse that held him so tight that he had to unbutton it in order to make his bows perfectly. But he was in very good spirits and said that he was glad to go. He said to me: 'Your honorable America country such good friend to Japan, now am I and all Japan humbly grateful. Japan country very little, but the Yamato soldiers all very young and strong, and with the Emperor's kimono on our body we all feel twice stronger. I promise to kill all the Rokokujins I can; afterward if I still alive I will come back to your honorable house, and I humbly pray, if I am still strong enough to draw your august person, to take me back into your honorable service.'

"I began to get weepier and weepier and to retreat into the dining room.

'Good-bye and good luck,' I said while Toyo-san, the maid, presented to him my little farewell gift. He bowed profoundly, over and over again. 'Yes,' he said, 'I am indeed lucky to go to the front so soon.'

"At supper I proceeded to weep over my fish and chops. By the time I got to the fruit, said I to Toyo-san, 'I am very silly.' 'Oh, no,' said she, 'it is a very sorry thing.'"

Helen Hyde's drawings of Japanese life during the stirring days of the war speak for themselves. As she put it one time when I called at her studio after my return from Manchuria:

"Life is strenuous these days. I hope out of the stress of it some good work will come, but I am living deeply, and that is worth something."

Helen Hyde's Japanese sketches and etchings have long been known and prized, not only in San Francisco, her native city, but all over America. The same is true of the brilliant photographic work of Herbert Ponting, the foremost war photographer in the Far East. When I arrived in San Francisco,

the work of these artists was being exhibited side by side at the Vickery art galleries, yet, curiously enough, neither of these two artists, whose fame rests on their far eastern work, knew one another, though both have their homes in San Francisco, while their studios in Tokyo lay almost in sight of each other.

Ponting is the man, whose exclusive photographs of Port Arthur, Mukden, Manchuria, Korea, and the hostile war fleets in eastern waters were published broadcast by Underwood & Underwood at the outset of the war. Ponting was the only one who had the gumption to travel through these regions on the eve of the outbreak of hostilities, photographing every thing of warlike interest in spite of frequent arrests and danger of prolonged military imprisonment. When war broke out his unsurpassed stereoscopic pictures of the most important places and men in the theater of war, were in such demand that the publishers cleared many thousands of dollars, the reproductions appearing in American and European publications.



Copyrighted photo by Ponting

PHOTOGRAPHING CRATER OF ASAMAYAMA AT MOMENT OF ERUPTION



"MARCHING AS TO WAR"—FROM AN ETCHING STUDY OF CHILD-LIFE IN TOKYO
IN WAR TIME BY MISS HELEN HYDE OF SAN FRANCISCO

Later Ponting returned to the front as a photographer and war correspondent for *Harper's Weekly* and followed the fortunes of Kuroki's First Japanese army in the field. His photographs of stirring war scenes and of such notabilities, as Marshal Oyama, Marquis Ito, Admirals Togo, Kamimura and Uriu, Generals Kuroki, Nogi and

Kodama, with many others, have been reproduced a thousand fold in the best illustrated publications of the civilized world. They have rivalled the work of such renowned war photographers, as Hare, Dunn and Ricarltan, the three Americans, or Lindpaintner and Bulla, the two Russians, and his prints today adorn the walls of many studios.

Ponting's highest fame as a photographer, however, does not rest on his war pictures but on his exquisitely artistic views of the wonderful landscapes of Japan, Java, Ceylon and other garden spots in the Orient. In this field, while competing with them on their own ground, Ponting has surpassed even the Japanese—long recognized as the foremost landscape photographers and colorists of the world.

Famous above all others are his photographs of Japanese cherry blossoms and wisteria arbors, and of the sacred volcano Asamayama, the crater of which Ponting had the daring to photograph at close range while in eruption. His arduous ascent of this mountain in mid-winter has been described by him in the *Century Magazine*. So high an authority as the late Lafcadio Hearn

has pronounced this the best written article on the subject. What Ponting could do as a photographer was long ago foreshadowed when, as an amateur photographer in San Francisco, he won the world's prize in a free-for-all photographic competition arranged by Bausch & Lomb, the famous lens makers. The picture, with which he won this prize was a telephotographic view of San Francisco bay, taken from his country house in Sausalito.

The most successful, perhaps, of Ponting's pictures is a wonderfully artistic photograph of some army mules standing in a corral. Enlargements of this photograph, which suggests the best work of Rosa Bonheur, are still exhibited in such places of honor as the Camera Club of California and the San Francisco Family Club.



MR. PONTING ASLEEP IN A CHINESE TEMPLE IN MANCHURIA

It was the reputation acquired by this and other photographs taken at the same time that led Ponting to take up photography as a profession. This was in 1900. Immediately his work began to appear in such publications as *Colliers'* and *Harper's Weekly*, *Black and White*, the *London Strand* and the *Century Magazine*.

When I first met Ponting in the Far East, he was perched on a high ladder in the midst of a surging mob on the principal square in Tokyo taking photographs of a public reception given to Admiral Togo. Some one nearly upset the ladder. I caught it as it swayed and steadied it. Ponting merely glanced down for an instant and said, "Thank you, sir." Later, when I was more formally introduced to him

he told me that he had got so used to being upset with his camera that the danger of such an accident had ceased to have the thrill of novelty.

When I left the Far East Ponting was just setting out again for the front in Manchuria. The last news I have of him is a quaint photograph he sent me showing him asleep in the temporary quarters of the war correspondents with Kuroki's army in an ancient Chinese temple. He did not write who took this photograph. I am probably right, though, in presuming that he took it himself. No other war photographer, with the Japanese army, could turn out so good a piece of work. After the conclusion of peace I learn Ponting left the Japanese army and set out on a photographic tour of the world.

An Irrigation Pilgrimage

By E. J. WICKSON

Dean of the College of Agriculture of the University of California and Acting Director of the University Experiment Stations

Illustrated from Photographs by Tibbitts

And thou shalt smite the rock, and there shall come water out of it, that the people may drink. And Moses did so in the sight of the elders of Israel.—Exodus, XVII: 6.
—and the waters gushed out; they ran in the dry places like a river.—Psalms CV: 41.

SUCH was the beneficent promise and such its fulfilment thousands of years ago in the Sinaitic wilderness. So important was the episode in the traditions of the divinely paternal government of the Hebrews and so striking the practical lessons to be drawn from it, not only for personal motives and action, but for national loyalty and patriotism, that the historians, prophets and poets of the chosen people never wearied of its recital. It will live forever as the brightest conception of the

god-like beneficence of irrigation as a governmental art, practiced by many nations of prehistoric times, as we learn by the vestiges of irrigation systems brought to light by antiquarian researches in different parts of the world. It seems fitting to recall such early experiences of the race as one comes to comment upon the latest phase of similar beneficent effort, the first achievement of which was made manifest in this country last June by the release of diverted water from the Truckee river upon the

THE WORLD'S WORK



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of small incomes, has been less well worked out into practice among us than among most modern peoples of prosperous habits. We are better money-earners than we are money-savers. It has not yet become a part of the moral fibre of our people, outside of New England, to regard saving as an evidence of character. The true view of economic life requires that every expenditure be regarded as an act that involves a moral question as, indeed, it does. It is a moral act if it be necessary and wise. If it be unnecessary or unwise it is immoral, for it is the misuse of so much power as the money stands for.

The neglect of the rigid habit of saving, such as the mass of the people of France, and still more the mass of the people of Holland have developed, has been caused among us, in great measure, by the popularity of life insurance; but a still more fundamental cause has been the ease with which money-earners may earn more. But we are learning, year by year, that as a rule financial independence cannot be secured by most men except by saving.

The savings bank is, of course, the first place to invest savings, because it will receive small sums and pay an interest on them, and because it is safe. But when a man's savings have reached \$1,000, or even \$500, what shall he do with his money? Let us assume that he has not the time or the knowledge required to watch his investments. In other words, he wishes to put his money where it will be safe, where it will earn a fair rate of interest, and, if possible, where he can convert it into cash, if need be, on short notice.

Among investments of this kind for small sums of money are a few well-conducted building and loan associations. A few, mind you; for the prudent man will invest only in those which have been well managed for a considerable period. Better than most building and loan associations is the stock of a good local bank (preferably a national bank) that has had a successful career. But by all means should a small investor beware of the stocks of industrial companies. He may find a good investment in town or county bonds, which can sometimes be bought at a price that will yield a fair rate of interest. But stocks or bonds of great companies about which he personally knows nothing will be avoided by every prudent small investor.

It is better in the early stages of investing—

when a man has only a few thousand dollars—to look first for local bonds or stocks, such as good bank stock, if it be not held too high, or for good town or county bonds, or for the bonds of some railroad whose management is locally well known and whose record is good. There is certain danger in all speculative stocks. There is certain loss in most stocks and bonds that are widely advertised; for their advertisement, as a rule, means that they are going begging. It has been said of the industry of mining that in modern times "more money has been put into the ground than has been taken out of it." Much of what has been lost has been invested by people who were really gambling in that about which they had no special knowledge.

Land mortgages are dangerous, for the placing of mortgages wisely requires local expert knowledge of values and of real estate and property tendencies.

The small investor, if he be in reach of wise banking counsel and advice, will, with a little trouble, almost always be able to find a few safe local securities that will cause him no worry; and he will not venture into the larger stock or bond market till his knowledge of the better known stocks and bonds widens, and especially till his knowledge widens of other men's experience; for the successful investment of small sums is the beginning of riches. A small investor should make his own investments if he can possibly secure the necessary information; for the training of one's judgment can as well be done with small sums as with large ones, and a man of untrained judgment is not likely to accumulate large sums at all.

The financial independence in old age of the man who works for a salary depends on his savings and his investments of small sums; and the man who has self-control enough rigidly to put aside a part of his salary till its accumulation in a savings bank is large enough to warrant investment—such a man is likely to find safe investments; for his self-denial has taught him care. The man who cannot save is not so likely to be careful in his investments—if by chance he should have anything to invest. The first step, then, not only in getting money to invest but in getting the training that is necessary to invest wisely, is to save something. It is not, as a rule, the depositors in savings banks that become the victims of wild-cat schemes,

THE LEADERS OF JAPAN

THE PASSING OF THE OLDER GROUP—ITO, INOUE, OKUMA, YAMAGATA—THE YOUNGER MEN—SAIONJI AND HIS NOTEWORTHY CAREER—GLIMPSES OF JAPAN IN TRANSITION—HOW THE PEACE TREATY WAS RECEIVED—A VISIT TO ITO

BY

MARY CRAWFORD FRASER

[Extensive travel has made Mrs. Fraser a well-qualified observer of national and personal traits, and residence in Japan as wife of the late Hon. Hugh Fraser, British Minister to the Empire, gave her unusual opportunities to learn the Japanese and Japanese life. She has written novels and travels, among them: "The Brown Ambassador," "A Diplomatist's Wife in Japan" and "The Customs of the Country" (New Japan). Mrs. Fraser is now in Japan to prepare a series of articles for "The World's Work."]

"CAN you spare half an hour to an old friend?" I wrote to Marquis Ito when he was deep in the anxieties of the Portsmouth Treaty. The answer, a prompt one, was brought by a bright-eyed young secretary. The Marquis had gone down to Oiso for a couple of days' rest. Would I come and see him there and allow him to offer me a "modest déjeuner?" If so, Mr. Furuya, the bearer of the message, would pilot me thither and bring me home again. I traveled down to the beautiful spot on the coast where the great man has built his country house, between Fujisan and the sea. Besides Mr. Furuya, I had for a companion Mr. Tsuzuki, the Chief Secretary of the Privy Council, who is also a member of the House of Peers, a cultured, traveled man who has already held great posts, is close in Marquis Ito's confidence, and is one of the important men of the day. Tall, grave, with regular features and deep black eyes, he presents a great contrast to the genial, witty private secretary, who talks like a mercurial Frenchman and thinks with the accuracy of a German scientist.

At the front door my companions left me, judging rightly that after so many years' absence I should prefer to meet an old friend alone. I was standing in an upper room looking out at the sea and the hills, when I heard footsteps and turned to find the Marquis coming toward me with both hands stretched out in greeting. He looked more tired, but very little older, than when I last saw him.

Tired and anxious. The kind cordiality of his greeting did not dispel the lines in the strong face or quite clear the melancholy from the dark, wise old eyes that seem to

remember all the past and foresee all the future. Our talk turned to that of which both our hearts were full, the Peace.

"Tell me," I cried, "what do you really feel about it?"

There was a pause as he turned and looked at me. "I am sorry—but I am not surprised," he said slowly. "It is the best we can make at this moment—and this is the moment to make it. The people will understand it better soon."

"You knew it would prove a disappointment," I replied, "was that why you did not go yourself? I always said no one would ever entrap you into an unbecoming situation! But I wish you had gone, you would have obtained better terms than Baron Komura has done."

He was patient with my impatience. "I was ready to go," he said, "ready to accept the risks of the situation. Yes, I know what you think—but you are mistaken. It came to this, that inevitably the final decision had to be made here, and the Emperor wished me to be at hand when the moment should come. I was of more use to His Majesty here. Komura is a very able man. He has done all that could be done. And he is a brave man too."

"In what way has he shown that?" I asked.

"I warned him of what lay before him," the Marquis replied. "Oh, I remember my experiences in '95, I remembered the Treaty of Kyoto! I was here in our own country, with everything in my favor. I made the Peace after a successful war. All my conditions had been agreed to. I was satisfied. I was successful. The treaty was signed and

I came to lay it at the Emperor's feet. There was to be no more fighting over *that* business at least! How do you think I felt when France and Germany stepped in and tore my treaty to pieces, reversed its conditions, took from Japan that which she had honestly won? I shall never forget the pain of that time. I remembered it more keenly when Komura started for America. I said to him, 'My friend, you go with hurrahs and rejoicings and *banzais*. If you are received in the same way on your return, I will not come to meet you. The nation will do that. You will not need me. But, if things are otherwise, if, when you return, there are no shouts and rejoicings, if no single soul comes forward to welcome you, count on me, for then I shall come to meet you!'

The Marchioness's health has obliged her to give up town life altogether, and the family home is now at Oiso. There are two houses, a Japanese and a European one, both filled with books and old Chinese and Japanese paintings. The latter form the favorite hobby of the master of the house. There are two libraries—one for Chinese and one for foreign literature; both are crowded with books. It was a divine day, and all removable partitions had been taken out, showing a vista of room after room touched into richness by the soft gold of a screen here, a plant there, and a lovely view of the garden.

MARQUIS ITO'S LIFE

Marquis Ito, of course, stands out by himself in the class of the now retiring leaders of Japan. Familiar as the story of his life is, it is worth retelling in brief—the wise, silent, relentless old worker, whose motto, like that of a certain much abused Englishman, seems to be, "Get it done and let them howl." The outlines of his earlier life have been thrown into the shade by the renown of his later years, but they are too illuminating upon Japanese history and conditions to be passed over, and should be kept steadily in mind while one is forming any judgment of his character.

He was born on September 2, 1841, in Choshu, the province which has given Japan the larger number of her distinguished men. In popular regard, the Choshu men have always been something of a terror to the rest of the nation. Big-boned and robust in physique, warlike and dominating in tempera-

ment, until recent times they, with their neighbors of Satsuma, were the traditional fighters of the country. The inhabitants of other provinces* were, by nature, quiet and peaceable folk; those of the Home Provinces—Tokyo and its nearest neighbors—being proverbially timid. The universal spread of military education has now brought the courage and steadfastness of all Japanese men up to the high standard displayed in the late war. The elder Ito was a petty clansman of the powerful lord of Choshu. He was an obscure samurai, who certainly never dreamed of the honors that the future had in store for his son.

At a very early age the boy showed love of travel and adventure equal only to his desire to learn all that could be learnt about his own and other countries. He found a kindred spirit in Kaoru Inouye, a friend a few years older than himself, and the two young men left Japan secretly—as stowaways, according to tradition—and reached England in 1864. To leave Japan without permission was a bold act, to return and face the consequences of such disobedience still bolder; but the two patriots hurried home on learning that the Allied Powers had resolved to bombard Shimonoseki, the headquarters of the Choshu clan, in revenge for the rash act of the Prince of Choshu, who, in token of his disapproval of the Foreign efforts to establish relations with the country, had fired upon an American steamer, and upon a Dutch and a French warship.

Japan was then torn with dissension on this point. "Foreigners," "No foreigners," were the party cries, and were changed with phonographic rapidity as personal interest dictated. Ito and Inouye, their eyes opened by all they had seen in Europe, found themselves in opposition to their feudal lord, and to the mass of their fellow countrymen. Both young men were called base traitors by their own people, and Inouye very nearly paid for his liberal views with his life. When the question had been fought out and decided in favor of foreign intercourse, Hirobumi Ito had gained the confidence of his feudal lord, Kido, and had doubtless done much toward the latter's subsequent conversion to the new

*There are, correctly speaking, no more provinces, the country being officially divided into forty-six prefectures and two administrative "Dominions." But the old divisions and names are always used by the Japanese in speaking of the different districts.

ideas. Ito was alert, brilliant, a hard worker, always at his post, and he was soon singled out for advancement. On the downfall of the Shogunate and the restoration of power to the Mikado, he was made governor of Hyogo (Kobe), being then about twenty-six years of age.

In those early days of the Restoration the chief power naturally lay in the hands of the clans who had upheld the Imperial cause against that of the Shogun. Of these clans there were four leading ones, Choshu, Satsuma, Hizen, and Tosa. The best known statesman at that moment was Count Okuma, a Hizen man. He was made Minister of Finance at the Restoration, and continued to hold that post and to be supreme in the council chamber for the first ten years of the present reign. It was he, who, appreciating the great ability of the young Governor, invited Ito to enter the Cabinet. Okuma also first noticed the talents of Yamagata, the now famous Marshal, and installed him as Vice Minister of War. Inouye, Ito's fellow pioneer, was then Count Okuma's immediate subordinate, the Vice Minister of Finance. Matsukata and the great reformer, Okubo, were also in this Cabinet.

Okuma, in time, found the Choshu and Satsuma combination too strong for him. After holding supreme office for ten years, he was obliged to retire when, on the ground that the time was unripe for such a measure, his colleagues in the Cabinet refused to support his memorial to the Throne, urging representative government. After this, Ito began to rise to the supremacy which had been enjoyed by his former patron. His talents had had full play, both at home and abroad. He had been sent to Europe and America to assist Prince Iwakura in his efforts to obtain a revision of the old treaties, and he took advantage of the opportunity that was thus given him to study closely Western institutions.

The first fruits of his observation took shape in the Japanese banking regulations, copied from the American ones and drawn up in 1872. In 1881 he was sent with a large staff to study the representative systems of Europe and America, and the results of his travels and studies were given to the world in 1891, when the present constitution was proclaimed. The intervening years had been occupied in unceasing efforts to prepare the

country for the careful honors of representative government. It was Ito who insisted that a complete reconstruction of Japan's internal systems was necessary; that the Cabinet and all departments of state must be reorganized on the European models before this tremendous change could be inaugurated; and it is certainly owing to his patience and foresight that the new system brought with it so few shocks and disturbances. A whole generation had grown up while the wise and patient pioneer was educating the people to use their responsibilities aright.

Labors and honors came thick and fast upon Ito in the course of those years. In 1884 the title of count was conferred upon him; in 1885 he was sent to China to conclude the Tientsin agreement regarding the position of Japan and China in Korea. In the same year Prince Sanjo, the Emperor's lifelong friend, resigned the Premiership and recommended Count Ito for the position which he has since filled four times. I believe he has filled it unwillingly, always preferring the post of President of the Privy Council, where, free from party trammels, he could more independently give his opinion and perhaps be of greater service to the Emperor. During all the first part of his public life he supported the clan government which is still a tremendous engine, but in 1895, after the disappointing war with China, his convictions underwent a change.

The last phase of his development as a modern statesman has shown him as the advocate of party cabinets, this method being more in accord with the ethics of truly representative government. To-day, at the age of sixty-four, he has more enemies and more friends than any other public man in Japan, and he remains the Nestor of the council chamber, the man most necessary to the Emperor when any great decision has to be made.

He began life at a time when it was difficult even for the well-born Japanese to speak their own language correctly. The educational advantages he has done so much to bestow on the poorest Japanese child of to-day, were never his. The first passion with him was to know, and neither danger nor fatigue could turn him aside from that object. Having first taught himself, he became the apostle of political education to his countrymen. He

is called by his enemies an opportunist, but his worst enemies are obliged to confess that he is disinterested. He is a comparatively poor man to-day. His hands are clean. When I first knew him, fifteen years ago, I was inclined to think that the instinct of self-preservation was very strong in him; I remember saying that he had an extraordinary acuteness which warned him of the precise moment when he could becomingly discard responsibility for an unpopular measure; that he would always withdraw from public view during the worst of a storm and appear again, smiling and serene, when the storm was past.

large in aim and careful in detail—Japan has been happy in having such a man to train and restrain her first steps in the modern world.

The other statesmen, contemporaries of Marquis Ito under whose leadership Japan awoke from two and a half centuries' sleep, risked all—their Monarch's displeasure, their countrymen's hatred, life, reputation, fortune—to compass their country's renaissance. These men are passing away. Some of them have already been forgotten by most foreigners—for examples, Okubo, Mori, Kido, Itagaki, the reformers who devoted their whole energies to the struggle, the first two forfeiting



FRONT VIEW OF THE OFFICIAL RESIDENCE OF THE PRESIDENT OF THE PRIVY COUNCIL

Occupied by Marquis Ito when upon duty in the capital

This sense he certainly has, but I am sure now that it has been exercised for the general good and from no lack of personal courage.

The result of this private policy is the right to come forward as the adjuster of dissension. He is not so closely associated with any party, even his own, as to rob him of his independence. He has broken up one dangerous coalition after another by transferring its leader from the arena of Parliament to the dignified quarantine of the Privy Council. Astute, patient, far seeing, ready to yield on small points in order to win in great ones,

their lives in the contest. But Ito, Inouye, Yamagata, Okuma, are still spoken of abroad as the leaders of new Japan. No longer its leaders, though they were its makers to a great extent, they are statesmen of yesterday.

COUNT INOUE

Of them, the senior in years is Count Kaoru Inouye, whose gentle, noble character and scholarly attainments cause him to be regarded everywhere with affectionate respect. He made the forbidden journey to England in company with his friend Ito. Inouye

was particularly marked out by his fellow clansmen's reactionary ferocity, and was almost murdered for his advanced views. He filled many important government posts with great honor, and retired from public life in 1898. A courteous, kindly soul, always interested in foreigners, he was one of the men whom I met with most pleasure during my first years in Japan. He, like Ito and other distinguished Japanese, was a pupil of the late Rev. William Morrison, brother of the distinguished scholar, Alexander Morrison. He taught Ito and Inouye English, and translated from the French for their benefit the

service he devoted much of his life to the task of preaching the gospel of liberty to the men of his own province, Tosa. Tosa became the "nursery of freedom in Japan." After ten years, Itagaki returned to public life to urge representative government, and succeeded in extracting the promise that after the lapse of one more decade the change should be undertaken. He did not escape the usual honors accorded to Japanese reformers, for he was attacked and stabbed by a reactionary fanatic. As he fell, he cried: "Itagaki may die, but freedom never," a cry which roused the country like a trumpet call. Fortunately, he has lived



THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT, TOKYO

Though fine stone buildings have been erected for many public offices, these are still of wood, and very simple in structure. The two great halls stand in the same enclosure, the one to the left and nearest the spectator being the House of Representatives, the farther one the House of Peers. The lower buildings, running all around, contain offices and lobbies for both Houses.

greater part of the Code Napoléon, forming the groundwork of the Japanese legal code.

In spite of his withdrawal from public life, Count Inouye was commanded by the Emperor, at the beginning of the war with Russia, to attend all important councils, and especially to give his advice on questions of finance, and he rendered valuable service in this way, although considered by the Japanese long since to have reached the age of honorable retirement, being now seventy years old.

Count Itagaki is only two years younger. After a stormy period of military and political

to see the institutions for which he labored eagerly embraced by his now enlightened compatriots. Of late years he has abandoned politics and devoted himself to the noble work of bettering the conditions of the poor. His record as soldier, pioneer, statesman, and philanthropist is unstained by a single base or selfish action, and his name is justly dear to every patriotic heart in Japan.

COUNT OKUMA

If I have devoted so much space to the career of Marquis Ito, it is because he is the

type and figurehead of the group I have called the Statesmen of Yesterday; but my sketch of these would be incomplete without referring, though briefly, to his still living contemporaries.

It seems a pity that personal rivalry and the predominance of clan feeling should have forced such a man as Count Okuma into the position of critic and opposer of the Government which he has so long occupied. His intellectual gifts are of a very high order, and at the beginning of his career external advantages appeared to be on his side. His opinions were widely progressive, and many reforms since adopted in the country were originated by him, although others have reaped the credit attaching to them. Upright and enlightened, as well as kind and benevolent in character, he seems to have lacked the political tact, no less than the sense of self-preservation, so strongly marked in Count Ito. His first fall from power was occasioned by urging representative government at an inopportune moment; the mistake was a heroic one, but he paid for it dearly.

Something like bad luck has overshadowed his public life. He consented at the instance of his friend, the late Count Kuroda, to enter the Cabinet as Foreign Minister in 1888, in order to undertake the unpopular task of the revision of the treaties with foreign Powers. These treaties had been concluded before the Restoration. Japan had since grown up and could no longer be treated as half civilized. The new treaties were drafted so as to place relations with Japan on practically the same footing as those existing between European nations; but they were firmly combated by the anti-foreign section of the Japanese. The task of revising the treaties had been given up as hopeless by one administration after another, and by numbers of the foreign representatives who attempted it. In 1889 Japan was suffering from a fierce attack of this reactionary fever, fomented by the wild fanaticism of the "Soshi"—bands of young men, sons of the dispossessed samurai who could find no occupation so consistent with their pride as warfare, whether actual or political. It required no small courage to carry on the negotiations for treaty revision at that time, when both the Japanese and the foreign plenipotentiaries were the objects of popular misapprehension. I have described elsewhere the attack on Count Okuma. It

failed because the coachman perceived the assailant and dashed past him. The bomb exploded against the carriage door and cost the Count a limb. His stoicism showed that his courage was of a very high order.

He did not hold office again until 1896, and then for the comparatively short period of two years. Since then he has done much for education and finance, and has been perhaps more useful to the country than when actively concerned in politics. It is to be noted that



MARQUIS HIROBUMI ITO

(Created Count, 1884; Marquis, 1895.) President of the Privy Council, wearing the Grand Cordon of the Order of the Rising Sun, the possession of which is the highest honor which can be conferred on a Japanese subject. It has been bestowed on only nine persons (living) in Japan, namely the Crown Prince, the four "Fighting Princes," Prince Kujo the father of the Crown Princess, Marquis Ito, Marshal Marquis Yamagata and Marshal Marquis Oyama.

he has never been abroad. Perhaps Count Okuma lost, by his omission, some of that modern training and experience which Marquis Ito so eagerly assimilated, and which have helped him to use his natural gifts to such great advantage.

Count Okuma commands the respect of all his countrymen, the admiration of many, but he will never be a leader again. His remarks on the Peace were in great contrast to the

wise and practical tone adopted by Marquis Saionji, the actual leader of the Opposition, whose criticisms on the Government were subordinated to the great object of allaying agitation and directing the country's energies to commercial development. Count Okuma closed his jeremiad with this startling statement: "Our diplomacy was bound to fail when once we accepted the invitation of President Roosevelt to the Peace Conference. Our plenipotentiaries were in reality prisoners



COUNT MASAYASHI MATSUKATA

One of the "Elder Statesmen" who has a great reputation for financial ability, and was Minister of Finance for ten years, to the great advantage of the national credit. He has twice been Prime Minister and is LL. D. of Oxford University. He has retired from public life and is now the President of the Red Cross Society in Japan.

of war under the custody of the President. That they could achieve no good was a foregone conclusion." The man who could believe this has no place in modern politics. Count Okuma belongs to Japan's yesterday.

A LEADER OF THE NEW JAPAN

Marquis Saionji, who was a guest at Marquis Ito's the day that I took luncheon there, is one of the men of the future, a pupil and supporter of Marquis Ito, but full of independence and originality. He traces his

descent, not from the fighting samurai, but from the Kyoto courtiers who have always formed the personal following of the sovereign. In person he is tall and handsome, with brilliant eyes and regular features—the face lighted up with an expression at once cynical, gay, and kindly, an expression which I can only describe as extremely modern and extremely French. The piquancy of this personality was delightfully accentuated by his superb Japanese dress, making a strange setting for the face and figure of the man who seems to think in French, and whose appearance and conversation certainly bear out his reputation of being a brilliant wit and desperate heart-breaker!

These valuable social qualities had his opportunity to develop during a ten years' residence in the congenial atmosphere of Paris. The young courtier went there at the age of twenty-one, to pursue his studies, and he became an ornament of the Quartier Latin, as well as of less Bohemian circles. The date of his arrival coincided with the fall of the Second Empire; France was a republic once more, and the exuberant Liberalism of his surroundings, at that impressionable age, must have deeply tinged the convictions which Kin-Mochi Saionji brought back with him to Japan. He at once went into journalism, and started a "Red" paper, *Oriental Liberty*, of such democratic tendencies that the older men were horrified. Grave they went to remonstrate with him, expecting obstinate opposition from the hot-headed young man. But Saionji had grown tired; he was astute enough to perceive that no good could come of antagonizing his powerful elders and betters. He deferred to their opinion with easy politeness. If they felt strongly about the old paper—why, let it go. Anything to oblige a friend, of course!

This docility caused him to be singled out for office and honor. The modern title of Marquis was conferred upon him in 1884; in 1885 he was sent as Minister to Vienna, later to Berlin. His cosmopolitan sympathies made him welcome and at home in foreign posts, but the gay manner and recklessness of his expressed opinions covered a very real resolve to forward the best liberties of his country, and he gladly returned to Japan to fill a series of distinguished and hard-worked posts. His high rank and brilliant gifts caused him to be called, on the death of

Count Kuroda, to the exalted position of President of the Privy Council, an office which carries with it the obligation of acting as Prime Minister *ad interim* when that official resigns. Marquis Saionji has now stepped in four times in this capacity, and will doubtless one day be asked to exercise these duties more permanently.

In July, 1903, Marquis Ito was out of office, and devoted himself to the development of his bantling, the "Sei-yu-Kai" or "Model Party," founded by him to convert the House of Representatives to Liberal ideas of orthodox party government, as opposed to the old clan dominations which he had come to consider as antiquated and harmful. The present Katsura Cabinet was then in power—unconstitutionally, as Ito maintained, since it had twice dissolved the Lower House without resigning office itself, but in Japan the Cabinet, the last stronghold of clan government, is constantly at loggerheads with the House of Representatives, which believes the constitutional dogma that Cabinet Ministers should be the spokesmen of the prevailing majority. In 1900 Marquis Ito had seriously set about demonstrating the value of the derided party system. Undaunted by the scathing criticism of his enemies, who taunted him with the fact that he owed his own advancement to clan support, he came forward as a party leader and founded the Sei-yu-Kai, which still holds 130 seats out of 300 odd in the lower House. It has had its moments both of triumph and defeat. On one occasion the Peers were brought to terms by an Imperial rescript requesting them to reconsider their decision—a measure doing honor to the Emperor's wisdom and justice. Thanks to His Majesty's efforts, the party and the Cabinet weathered the storm, but the Ministry broke up of its own accord soon afterward, and the present Katsura Cabinet came into power. Nominally a nonparty one, it has had the prudence to conciliate in some measure the Lower House, and, in spite of two dissolutions, is now enjoying the record term of a fifth year of existence.

The "Model Party" was deprived of its leader and founder two years ago, when Marquis Ito was requested by the Emperor to become President of the Privy Council in place of Marquis Saionji, who doubtless felt that the stately discussions of the council chamber were less suited to his temperament

and ambitions than the stirring conflict of the arena. The world was amused to find that the two statesmen had merely changed places, the younger man instantly assuming the leadership of Ito's orphaned Sei-yu-Kai, generally called the Constitutional Party.

Saionji is a man of solid strength, who, without losing any of the fire which broke out in the political extravagances of his début, has attained to great justice and breadth of view, combined with a profound insight



COUNT KAORU INOUE

One of the "Elder Statesmen," or close personal advisers of the Mikado. He has been ambitious to put Japan on an equality with the most progressive Western nations

into the character of his countrymen and a no less clear perception of the symptoms of the times. This descendant of a hundred generations of subtle courtiers, who yet has all the samurai's love of a fight, would probably prefer to be described, in the language he knows so well as emphatically *de son siècle*.

He rendered valuable service recently, when he addressed to the Parliamentary members of the Sei-yu-Kai party a manly and thoughtful speech on the Peace. He said that the restoration of peace was, first of all, a matter for sincere congratulation, in the interest of



MARQUIS KIN-MOCHI SAIONJI

The leader of the Liberal or Constitutional party in Japan. He has been President of the Privy Council and has filled various diplomatic posts

humanity at large, that duty to that interest, and the acceptance of President Roosevelt's invitation to negotiate, placed the Plenipotentiaries, not in the relation of victor and vanquished, but on practically equal terms. From Japan's point of view, he continued, it might appear that Russia was conclusively beaten, but such was not the opinion of Western Powers, and Japan could not afford to ignore the trend of that opinion.

After showing the comparatively small value of her concessions at Portsmouth, the Marquis appealed to the good sense of his countrymen to consider which policy had produced the better impression on the moral sense of the world—that of the Czar, who, after repeated defeats, declared himself for continuing the war rather than make a small concession in the council chamber; or the policy of Japan, who, victor in every fight on sea and on shore, had nevertheless waived her demand rather than cause fresh bloodshed? While admitting that some feeling of disappointment was not unreasonable, he yet asked his countrymen to remember that Russia's aggression having now been fully chastised, surely the moment had come to "sheathe swords, clasp hands of friendship,

and devote themselves to the pursuits of peace." He earnestly hoped that the great party, whose representatives he addressed, would treat the situation calmly and contribute its influence and assistance to promote the numerous enterprises now awaiting the application of the nation's peaceful energies.

The meeting had been convened to protest against the Peace, but Marquis Saionji's wise and honest pleading carried the day with his party, and greatly helped both to calm the general agitation and to turn men's minds to the all important question of developing the country's internal resources after the terrible strain put upon them by the war.

In Ito and Saionji we have typical representatives of the best in Japan's past, and the best in her immediate future. Marquis Ito seems to be gradually effacing himself from the more active politics of the day. He is only sixty-four, and it is to be hoped that he will long fill his important and honorable post of best-trusted councillor to his sovereign, but he must feel that there can be little to add to the splendid record of his public service. Marquis Saionji still has his best work before him, and the country looks confidently to him to make that work worthy of his master and predecessor.



COUNT SHIGE-NOBU OKUMA

He has greatly interested himself in the cause of education. This portrait was taken in the midst of a great group of the professors and pupils of the college which the Count has established near his villa at Waseda in the suburbs of Tokyo

The World's Work

WALTER H. PAGE, EDITOR

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THE GARDEN
MAGAZINE



DR. W. A. P. MARTIN

FOR FORTY YEARS PRESIDENT OF THE CHINESE IMPERIAL UNIVERSITY AND AUTHOR
OF "A CYCLE OF CATHAY" AND "THE LORE OF CATHAY," STANDARD BOOKS ON CHINA

(See page 720)

had turned on the corrupt bosses who had ruled the city for years and was fighting for freedom. This spirit swept the whole state and the people seized the moment to revolt against the Treasury Cabal. From border to border the cry was, "We want a new treasury deal," and party lines in an almost unanimously Republican state, were wiped out to get it. The Democratic convention nominated Mr. William H. Berry, the reform mayor of Chester, for Treasurer. The Prohibitionists endorsed him; the Lincoln Party, which was the independent Republican organization, took him up; and the City Party which was fighting Philadelphia's fight, declared for him. The Republican machine nominated J. Lee Plummer, who was called "the gang's messenger boy." The state treasury became the sole campaign issue, overshadowing the tariff and all other subjects. "Turn out the gang," was the motto.

From a hundred platforms in every county, speakers told, night after night, the tragic story of the victims of the state treasury and the corrupt alliances for the misuse of its funds. The Turtle Creek conspiracy was exposed by Mr. Homer L. Castle, the Prohibition candidate for Judge of the Supreme Court, who also spoke for Mr. Berry. The whole state had waked up to the emergency.

WRECK OF THE ENTERPRISE BANK

Three weeks before the election, at the height of the exciting campaign, Cashier T. Lee Clark of the Enterprise National Bank committed suicide by shooting. An examination of the bank's affairs was in progress. The same day the bank failed. Yet two days previous, the State Treasurer had put in \$50,000 of the state funds.

In Clark's farewell note was this sentence:

"Andrews has worked my ruin."

When President Gwinner heard the news, he declared:

"This bank has been robbed by politicians."

The bank was found to be loaded with Andrews paper. The receiver began filing suits against Andrews to recover funds. The candidate for the New Mexican senatorship hurried home and sought to convert what real estate he owned into cash.

The suicide and failure were taken by the people as a proof of every charge made against

the Treasury Cabal. They were made the subjects of the closing speeches of the campaign. On election day at Allegheny, the ruined depositors marched to the polls and voted for Berry. Their cry was, "Remember the Enterprise." Berry was elected. It was the bank failure that did it.

"STRICT ACCOUNTING AND PUBLICITY"

At Chester I talked with the new State Treasurer. At fifty-three, Mr. Berry's hair is white, but his eye is clear and his jaw is firm. He has worked his way from a machinist's bench to success and prominence. He is a Methodist "local preacher" and spends much of his spare time in the pulpits of small country churches. Yet he has been in politics for years. Chester was ruled by a Republican machine. The Democrats and decent Republicans were hopeless until last year they asked Berry to run for mayor.

"I will if you don't spend a cent," he said. They promised, and he made a strenuous race and won. But Chester is now clean. This is the kind of man who succeeds to the state treasuryship next May.

"What will be your policy?" I asked him.

He whirled around in his chair and said "Strict accounting and publicity."

I asked Mr. Homer L. Castle, who has been retained by Mr. Berry as special counsel for the State Treasurer, what his plans were and he said:

"I expect to supervise all state deposits when Mr. Berry takes charge. If there is any question of the stability of the banks where state funds have been farmed out, we will demand the cash. The banks must give up their political secrets or the money."

The protest of the people against the treasury graft has been heard and heeded at Harrisburg. Governor Pennypacker, nominated and elected by the same machine that has manipulated the state treasury for years, has called an extra session of the Legislature to begin January 15th. The principal purpose is to enact laws to safeguard the state money, and to make it a misdemeanor to offer or receive compensation for the use of state funds other than the interest legitimately allowed.

Closely following this call, State Treasurer Mathues issued an order retiring the sinking fund from the various banks. He began to

buy state bonds. The effect of the new deal was already being felt.

The urgent constructive treasury reforms are these:

(1) A law to limit the amount of state deposits.

(2) Better security for state funds; collateral should be required instead of bonds by liability companies.

(3) Applying the immense idle surplus to constructive work, thus removing the temptation to manipulate it.

(4) Personal honesty in political life.

These reforms mean the passing of one of the most powerful and corrupt political machines ever created. It is significant of the constantly growing emancipation from grafting boss rule.

THE AWAKENING OF CHINA

THE BOYCOTT A SYMPTOM OF NATIONAL CONSCIOUSNESS—A NEW INDUSTRIAL AND EDUCATIONAL PROGRAMME—OUR DISADVANTAGE BECAUSE OF OUR NARROW POLICY

BY

DR. W. A. P. MARTIN

Dr. Martin, who writes the following article on the conditions and tendencies in China, went to that country in 1850 as a missionary. He soon assumed the duties of interpreter to the American Minister, and assisted in making the treaty of 1858. He was thirty years president of Tung Wen College, and then president of the Imperial University until the Boxer uprising destroyed it. He was in the Siege of Peking, and in 1902 became president of the University of Wuchang. His service in Chinese education covers more than forty years. He was made adviser to the Chinese Government in various international disputes and is a mandarin.

Throughout the fifty-five years of his residence in China, therefore, Dr. Martin has had constant intercourse with the leaders of Chinese affairs—with the Empress Dowager, with the Emperor and with Viceroy Chang. His visit to this country, during which this article was written, was partly to carry out an unofficial mission, asking the President's intervention in behalf of the Chinese Government's efforts to mitigate the stringency of our exclusion laws.

Because of Dr. Martin's accurate knowledge of the subject, and his personal acquaintance with the Chinese leaders, his least statement is authoritative. His books are standard sources of information on their subjects. Among them are "Chinese Legends," "A Cycle of Cathay," "The Lore of Cathay," and volumes in Chinese on international law, philosophy and Christianity.

FOR two years all eyes have been turned to China, as the theatre of a conflict between two adjacent empires. Who would have thought that the dawn of peace would reveal another spectre to fix on her the attention of the world? In addition to other superlatives, China now has the distinction of having organized the most extensive boycott in the annals of history. Such movements are usually directed against individuals or companies, but in this instance it has fallen like a paralytic stroke on the commerce of two nations—amounting to a war waged with the weapons of peace.

Boycotts were, indeed, not unknown before; and some of them affected the

intercourse of nations. Witness the destruction of tea in Boston Harbor, on hearing of which all patriotic Americans pledged themselves to abstain from the soothing beverage. Colonel Wynkoop, one of the grandsires of my own family, smashed his teacup against a fire grate by way of joining in the general protest, and the people of the Thirteen Colonies were of the same mind. But what were they beside four hundred millions? Or what was the value of the trade affected in comparison with the enormous traffic carried by so many lines of steamers between the two shores of the Pacific?

When I left China last July, the excitement

was at its height. Every community in seaport or riverport, from the extremity of the Great Wall to the confines of Annam, was seething like a caldron. An Association of American Merchants memorialized our Government with reference to the gravity of the situation, while a far larger body of Chinese merchants petitioned the Viceroy of the North to avert the ruin that was staring them in the face.

"We have ordered," they said, "many goods from America and we are responsible for them on arrival. If we take delivery—the trade in the South being already stopped—we cannot sell them. Besides, we have large stocks on hand. Several tens of millions of taels worth of goods will be left on our hands and no money to put them in circulation. There is danger of our being ruined, and the whole Shanghai market will be upset. We are greatly alarmed at the prospect."

THE BREAKING OF THE BOYCOTT

When I arrived at Seattle in August, the first question addressed to me by the reporters of the papers was, "What about the boycott? Is it serious? Will it last long?"—showing that our Pacific Coast was likewise in the throes of a commercial panic. I replied (and I quote my reply only as a proof of my foresight) that it would not be of long duration, because it would be impossible for the Chinese of different classes and sections to hang together and to merge their conflicting interests in a sustained struggle for a common purpose. That it was "serious" I admitted, for it not only occasioned present loss but threatened, even if it should be broken through, the crippling of our trade and the impairment of our national influence for years.

Scarcely a month elapsed until the news came that the boycott was broken, and now we hear that there is a fresh demand for American merchandise. Are we, therefore, entitled to dismiss all solicitude on the subject and to see before us only smooth seas and serene skies? In my opinion this whirlwind, so sudden and so destructive, is not the last that we have cause to apprehend. It forebodes other and possibly more terrible tempests. To vary the figure, when a fever is broken the patient is not always out of danger. The after effects are sometimes fatal. The only guarantee against the re-

currence of the malady is the removal of its cause.

The cause in this case is one that concerns our honor as Americans and appeals alike to our justice and humanity. We have to confess with shame that the treatment to which Chinese coming to our shores have been subjected has been such as to drive them to desperation, to arouse the indignation of their entire people, and to incline them to declare non-intercourse for all time to come unless they can come to us without exposing themselves to a repetition of such outrages.

The remedy as applied by the leaders of the boycott may, indeed, prove worse than the disease. But can we find it in our hearts to refuse them our sympathy? They never intended to employ other means than those of passive coercion; but why should we be surprised if their ignorant countrymen retaliate by acts of violence? The murder of American missionaries was not indeed a direct result of the boycott, but who can doubt that the boycott had so filled the popular mind with resentment that a spark from any quarter was liable to produce an explosion?

The root of the matter is found in the competition of two races in the labor market; and this dates back to the discovery of gold in California. When the white population was sparse, the wages of workers who had made their way on foot across the plains were prohibitively high, and possessors of mining claims and cattle ranches looked to the Far East for cheap labor to exploit the resources of their Eldorado? The first batch of adventurers from China were hailed with acclamation. They were actually received with the honors of a public welcome in the city of San Francisco. But it was not long till the wind changed and blew a furious gale in the face of all new comers. They were too numerous. They came in such swarms as to threaten to overwhelm the white inhabitants. Frogs are pretty objects as they sing in the bulrushes but when they push themselves into your doughtroughs, as they did in Egypt, admiration gives place to loathing.

FOREIGN IMMIGRANTS OPPOSE CHINESE

The poor whites, mostly immigrants from the Old World, became clamorous for the exclusion of a race who by low wages an-

cheap living took the bread out of their mouths. In the absence of legal restrictions they began to beat and to bully the long-suffering Orientals, justifying all sorts of outrages by the plea, "We are ruined by Chinese cheap labor; and they went for the heathen Chinese." Having votes, as their Asiatic competitors had not, they made themselves heard at the hustings and raised the issue into a party question. After it had been bandied to and fro for some years, the exclusionists, reinforced by every train that came on the newly made railroads, found themselves strong enough to dictate to the state Legislature, and the state made itself felt in the Congress of the United States.

In 1880, a special commission was despatched to China to make some arrangement to check the influx of unwelcome laborers, and they succeeded in negotiating a convention ostensibly to the satisfaction and interest of both countries. China agreed to keep her proletariat at home, as readily as she had consented to give away strips of territory or to grant concessions to other powers—acceding to the request in each case with a stately generosity that scorned to haggle about trifles. Her people to-day sneer at her former indifference as the result of ignorance rather than the outcome of a lofty policy. Confessedly temporary and tentative, that first convention permitted the United States "to regulate, limit, or suspend the coming of Chinese laborers," but a proviso was annexed apparently to save Chinese dignity, to the effect that "They may not absolutely prohibit it."

By 1894, the anti-Chinese party had grown so powerful that nothing would satisfy them short of absolute exclusion. A new convention was signed by which China abandoned the saving clause and allowed her laborers to be shut out forever, merely making an exception in favor of certain classes of her people, and engaging that the articles then agreed on should be subject to revision after the lapse of ten years.

A DEMAND FOR ALTERED TREATIES

The sands had run out; and it was time to renew, to alter, or to denounce the convention last year. The draft of a new treaty was submitted with a view to obtaining more favorable terms, and providing against the hardships experienced in coming to this

country by all classes except those armed with diplomatic credentials. It was rejected and counter proposals were offered which made the exclusion articles more stringent than before. Hence the boycott. Its object is to bring such pressure to bear as to secure proper treatment for the privileged classes, rather than to exact the admission of coolies.

In the pending negotiations, Sir Chentung Liang, a clever graduate of Yale, has not shown himself so easy to hoodwink as were his predecessors. Add to this that thousands of wide-awake readers of newspapers have been watching proceedings with an interest heightened by a growing sense of national solidarity and we have a phalanx through which insult and injury cannot pass unchallenged. It is unnecessary to suppose that the Chinese authorities have given their people a hint to agitate; for the lettered gentry and the leaders of mercantile enterprises are more vigilant and more sensitive than their highest mandarins. This boycott is essentially a popular demonstration, but it is not without the countenance and sympathy, open or secret, of all officials high or low.

To appreciate the motives that led to it, we must know what its leaders think of the treatment of their countrymen by the United States. Here is an extract from a circular of the general committee which is spread broadcast from the seacoast to the centre. It says:

"In ten years the 300,000 Chinese in the United States have shrunk to less than 100,000. Formerly they only shut out laborers; this time every one who is not a banker is called a laborer. Does not that mean that they intend to prohibit us all? Formerly a student going to America had only to obtain a certificate from a consul. Now when a steamer arrives he is not allowed to land, but must go into a dark, filthy building and stay ten or fifteen days, after which he is taken before a judge and tried. Is not this like the treatment meted out to robbers? If he makes the least misstatement he is expelled. He is examined by a physician; and even if he has no disease, the physician will say that he has and expel him.

"Formerly this examination was limited to arrivals in America. Now, however, they send a doctor to Hongkong. He holds up a bamboo and makes every one try to jump over it. If they fail, he pronounces them sick. If their eyes are the least little bit red, he says they are diseased. Thus they are utterly cut off from going. The very memory of these things stirs one's wrath. The

mere speaking of this treaty makes us heartsick. We have taken this action solely because this year (1904) the treaty closes."

They mean and they say elsewhere that they tabooed American trade to compel our Government to grant more favorable conditions in a new treaty.

THE DOOR CLOSED AGAINST STUDENTS

The picture has not been overdrawn. It might be corroborated by the testimony of hundreds of foreign witnesses. I cite but one. An army chaplain in the Northwest told me of two men, both sons of Christians, who wished to pursue their studies in some American college. Shut up in a noisy shed one of them fell sick and was removed to the hospital. The other obtained leave to visit his sick companion and they both escaped to Canada, whence they made their way back to China. Is it strange that while Japan is training an army of Chinese students eight thousand strong, scarcely half a dozen filter through to our universities? Who can tell how much we thus lose in our Oriental prestige?

That the boycotters thus emphasize the hardships of students bespeaks our sympathy. The outrages to which other classes are subjected are also dwelt on, but I forbear to enter into the harrowing details. If mandarins and people felt no resentment for such treatment, should we not brand them as wanting alike in humanity and patriotism?

When I was taking leave of Viceroy Chang, with whom I have spent the past three years, his chief adviser handed me a letter begging me to plead the cause of his countrymen with the President of the United States. It expresses not merely the sentiments of the Viceroy of Central China, but of all the high functionaries of the Empire—whatever they may say to the contrary. This document having been placed in the hands of the President, it is here inserted for the information of the American people.

Translation of a letter requesting good offices on behalf of the laboring and mercantile classes of China:

TO THE HON. DR. MARTIN,

Sir: During the last three years we have often exchanged views on the subject of education and other topics of the day; and to me it is a joy to reflect that no discordant note has ever marred our intercourse.

In view of your learning and your long residence of forty years at our capital, besides fifteen years in other parts of China, you are regarded by us with profound respect. When we hear your words we ponder them and treasure them up as things not to be forgotten. It is by your scholarship and by your personal character that you have been able to associate with the officers and scholars of the Central Empire in harmony like this.

Now, sir, there is a matter which we wish to bring to your attention, a matter that calls for the efforts of wise men like yourself. I refer to the exclusion of Chinese laborers. It affects our mercantile as well as our laboring population very deeply..

We beg you to bear in mind your fifty-five years sojourn in China and to speak a good word on our behalf to the President of the United States, so as to secure the welfare of both classes.

If through your persuasion the prohibitory regulations should be withdrawn, the gratitude of our Chinese people will know no bounds. Your fifty-five years of devotion to the good of China will have a fitting consummation in one day's achievement; and your name will be handed down to coming generations.

Being old friends, I write as frankly as if we were speaking face to face.

(Signed.)

LIANG TING FEN,
Director of the Normal College for the Two Provinces, Intendent of Circuit (Taotai), etc., etc.
Wuchang, July 8, 1905.

REAL MEANING OF THE BOYCOTT

This boycott is a portentous sign of the awakening of a great people whose interest and feelings are not to be trifled with. It required hard blows oft repeated to rouse the sleeping giant. But he is no longer indifferent to the opinion of the world or to the treatment that he receives at the hands of other nations.

No account of this wonderful awakening can fail to recognize the agency of Chang, the Viceroy of Central China. A senior optimus in the ancient classic, his conversion to the new school of thought was accomplished by the victory of Japan ten years ago. Scarcely had the smoke of the battle cleared away when he wrote for his subordinates a book of instructions entitled "Education, China's Only Hope." Laid before the Throne it had, along with Kang, not a little share in impelling the young Emperor to enter on that precipitate career of reform which caused his downfall. Distributed by Imperial command, it also prepared the way for reform on a national scale.

He has Japanese drill masters to train his troops, if necessary, to resist Japan, and he

has had experts in the arts from America, Great Britain, and Germany to prepare his people for a commercial conflict with the great nations of the West. The banks of the river in front of his capital, Wuchang, are lined for miles with cotton mills, hempworks, silk filatures, glassworks, iron foundries and powder mills, whose high chimneys proclaim the coming war. When China can supply her own markets, foreign steamers will cease to ascend the Yangtsekiang.

If this sort of progress is not altogether welcome to our merchants and manufacturers, let them console themselves with the reflection that progress creates new wants; and just as Great Britain continues to be our best customer, so will a renovated China (and Japan, too, notwithstanding temporary fluctuations open to us a future market of untold possibilities.

SPREAD OF THE NEW IDEAS

Going within the walls, we are struck by the great number of fine school houses in foreign style that rise above the huts of the natives. Our clever Viceroy knows that the industrial arts have their root in science and that science must be taught in schools. He thus proclaims from the housetops his gospel of the new education. He has embodied it in a book of rhymes, which are sung by his soldiers to the beat of the drum and committed to memory by all the school children in a population of fifty millions. The following are some of his sounding periods:

We pride ourselves on our antiquity
But foreign nations ridicule our weakness.
Knowledge is power.
What but their newly acquired knowledge
Enabled the Japanese to gain the victory
over us
And win for themselves a place
Among the great powers of the earth?
Over against their three small islands
Have we not a vast territory with four
hundred millions?
If we of the yellow race learn to stand
together

Where is the nation that will dare to molest
us?

The Empress Dowager and all her grandees have become converts to Chang's new gospel. Not merely has she reenacted the Emperor's ordinance for the establishment of graded schools in all the provinces—ousting the idols

and using their temples for want of houses—she has cut down the annual expenses of her theatrical troupe to one-third and devoted the other two-thirds to the erection of school-houses. She has taken a still more revolutionary step in abolishing the old tests (polished essays and jingling verse) and ordering that the highest degrees shall be conferred on students of the new universities. China will thus have millions of her brightest intellects competing in every line of scientific study and investigation.

THE TRANSFORMATION WILL GO ON

The question again recurs, Is the boycott to be taken as a sign of reaction? It might be if America were the only country engaged in schooling the Celestials, or if progress were exclusively an American product. They have indeed banished our text-books, but so thoroughly are the social centres permeated with the spirit of progress that the great transformation must go on, even though, to our disgrace, we may be omitted from the programme.

The emblem of China is her great river. Its course is interrupted by many a cataract and many a reflux eddy, yet it moves onward to the sea. She may not be able to dispense with the produce of our fields and our looms, but nevertheless American influence has suffered a blow from which it will not soon recover.

In taking leave of my mandarin friends at a parting banquet given me by the Viceroy, I exhorted them not to allow a petty grievance to make them forgetful of the great benefits which they owe to the United States—particularly their neutrality in the recent war, and their escape from dismemberment after the Boxer uprising.

That Japan has had any agency in instigating the boycott I do not believe; but without doubt she will reap where we have sown. Under her hegemony, China may be trusted to advance with rapid strides, the more rapid as the Japanese are a kindred people and exemplify the reforms which they advocate. There is no reason to fear that they will exert any sinister influence, but they can hardly be expected to abdicate their supremacy in our favor. To maintain our influence in the one and regain it in the other, it is indispensable that we make justice and humanity conspicuous in our dealing with both empires.

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JAPAN SINCE THE WAR

THE THOUGHTFUL MOOD OF THE PEOPLE, AFTER THE REACTION FROM THE FRENZY OF WAR—THE NEW INDIFFERENCE TO FOREIGN OPINION—A CLOSER UNION OF THE SOCIAL CLASSES—THE STRENGTH OF THE OLD RELIGIONS—THE BUSINESS READJUSTMENT AND THE WORKING OF WAR CHARITIES

BY

MARY CRAWFORD FRASER

[The second of a series of articles on present-day conditions in the Far East. "The Leaders of Japan" appeared in January, 1906.]

OF ALL the events which have so notably influenced life in Japan during the last sixty years, there is only one, the fall of the Shogunate and the consequent Restoration of the Imperial power, which can compare with the recent war for force and significance in the molding of national character. The introduction of modern methods in science, in education, in government, has affected chiefly the external and material existence of the people. Those changes were bound to come. Had the country not adopted them voluntarily, to her own glory and benefit, they would have been forced upon her from without—perhaps at the hands of a conqueror, as reform has indirectly but practically been forced upon Russia by Japan to-day.

Thirty years of modern methods had left the heart of Japan untouched when war was declared in February, 1904. In the innate fortress of Japanese thought no new breaches had been made since the Restoration had roused to renewed life and strength the long dormant loyalty to the Emperor. During the rule of the Shoguns, the feeling towards the sovereign had grown to resemble that which many hard pressed Christians feel towards the Deity. They do not doubt His existence; but since He is always invisible and always mute, they leave Him out of their calculations and set themselves to combating or propitiating the concrete personalities around them. In theory the Emperor has always been what he is now, a ruler given by Heaven, a High Priest in direct communication with Heaven for his people's good. In practice, as everyone knows, the emperors, for centuries before the Restoration, were

factors of no importance in national life; they were invisible, powerless, often painfully poor, and, except as pawns in the great game of the Shogunate, completely overlooked and forgotten. The signal and exclusive benefit conferred on Japan by the Restoration was the Restoration itself. The Tokugawa Shoguns, clear thinkers and strong rulers on the whole, were quite as likely to introduce in time the much prized modern methods as any member of the Imperial House. With a wisdom and abnegation which have not received their due meed of praise, the last Shogun saw that the time of double rule, even in name, was past, and divested himself of power in order to give back to Japan her Emperor.

IMPULSE OF THE RESTORATION.

The people's knowledge of him was almost nil, but their instinct about him was unvitiated and infallible. Like some child who has never experienced filial love, but who feels it suddenly flame up in him on being brought into the presence of a hitherto unknown parent, the nation rose to meet its long unseen monarch and at once enthroned him in the shrine which had been kept inviolate for him. The life of the country took on the amazing warmth and vigor which have carried it to such pinnacles of success; under the Emperor's eye, for the Emperor's sake, no effort has seemed too strenuous, no sacrifice too hard, no attainment impossible. He issued his famous rescript commanding every one of his subjects to educate himself fitly according to his station in life. The Japanese became a well-educated people. He decreed an army which should be efficient, brave, and frugal: the army is before us to-day. His

relation to his people united them with one another, for in him patriotism found its figurehead, through him religion became real and binding once more. That the present Emperor's character and ability should have been found equal to the strain of these awesome honors, that after thirty-seven years of his reign his people's faith in him should remain unshaken by a single act of injustice, selfishness, or arrogance, is perhaps the most signal blessing yet conferred on Japan by indulgent destiny.

The Restoration has been matter of history for thirty-seven years, and its results have had time to work themselves out fully and satisfactorily. The war with Russia ended only a few months ago, but so tremendous was the violence with which the conflict and its ending struck into the national consciousness that already its mark is visible on thought and character. A profound gravity has descended upon the country, and with it an apparent and quite new indifference to outside opinion, whether voicing praise or blame. During the last eighteen months patriotism has fired all the beacons of the heart, duty has been glorified to martyrdom, martyrdom counted as a commonplace of service; forty million souls have breathed an atmosphere overcharged with the whitest fire of heroic passion—an atmosphere in which mothers could bid their sons never return to them, could say, "Since some must die for the Emperor, let me have the glory of giving him thee, my son!" Men dug their own graves and put up their tombstones before going to the war; young wives set their houses in order, dressed themselves in their grave clothes, and cut their throats, to follow and serve the spirit of a husband killed in Manchuria. The country was singing peans on the rack.

JAPAN'S RESOLUTE SELF-CONTROL

Then an order went forth. Cold good sense decreed that no more heroism was needed, that saints and heroes and martyrs should fall back into the ranks of everyday citizens, roll up their sleeves, get to work and pay the bills. With a gasp the nation obeyed. The little ebullitions of feeling at the moment of the conclusion of peace had less effect on the Empire than last summer's race-riots in New York had on the Constitution of the United States, less than the Ulster Orangemen's murderous outbreaks a few weeks ago have

had on the stability of the British Empire. England and America, recognized powers, prosperous and at peace, took these breaks of public nervousness with unruffled calm and were not admonished to "be careful," not reproached with having "a civilization only skin deep." But for mischievous and most deliberate misrepresentation no one would have thought twice of the disturbances which took place in Tokyo at that critical time. The marvel to us on the spot was the sober "orders are orders" mood of the country at large, suffering as it was from the terrible revulsion of feeling caused by the cession of territory legitimately conquered—the apparent eclipse of glory for which such a heavy price had been paid.

That revulsion of feeling seems to have had the curious effect of making the thinking Japanese stand still to take stock of himself. Brought face to face with the cataclysmic forces of his own character, and feeling them dominated and controlled for everyday necessities by a power superior to the most transcendent and ardent passion, he seems to be soberly contemplating himself from an outside point of view. "What am I then, a man, a machine—or a god?" That is the unformed question in his mind, a question which others than himself have lately asked about him. Meanwhile, the general attitude among statesmen, generals, admirals—the men of famous names and well-known faces, whom one meets here now everyday—is one of sober and melancholy humility. The tone in conversation, whether of a public or private nature, is deprecatory rather than triumphant. These victors of yesterday are silent, unsmiling; they seem to be saying in their hearts, "Either all is Vanity—and then Vanity has cost us very dear—or there lie before us as the completion of past achievements, new tasks as hard to carry through as those which lie behind."

A NATION'S HIDDEN SADNESS

Two nights ago, at the reception given by Baron Komura on the occasion of the Emperor's birthday, I was sitting at supper with the Austrian Minister and one or two other diplomatists who were laughing and talking cheerily. As I raised my eyes, I met those of a Japanese friend, a gallant admiral, who was sitting at another table. He is one of the two or three who are called the "Brains

of the Navy." He was looking toward me with something like reproach. With another glance I asked him what was the matter—a good deal of wireless telegraphy takes place in drawing rooms here, as I suppose it does everywhere else. The reply I got surprised me. With a gesture of the saddest dignity, he raised a glass of champagne, waited for me to do the same, then touched his to his lips, all with that sorrowful gaze which said as clearly as any words, "Are you, too, one of those who neither remember the dead nor understand the future?"

The bright room, the gay uniforms, the pretty women, all disappeared for me. I remembered—and I understood.

But there is more than regret for the dead and preoccupation for the future in the universal mood of gravity. For some decades past, there has been, behind all the strenuous, honest effort to do the best for the country's sake, the desire to win the complete approval of the Western nations, a desire which has caused detractors of Japan to say that her humanity, her self-denial, even her gallantry, all came under the head of "playing to the gallery." It is easy for idlers to throw flippant accusations at people who are too busy to refute them, but there was just the grain of truth in this one necessary to make it stick. The Japanese have been on probation ever since many of the present leading men were born. The West had set up its inflexible standards in government, in science, in arms, in education; and these people, the proudest and most persevering in the world, had sworn to themselves to reach those standards and make their models and teachers acknowledge that they had done so. Even the detractors now admit that they have more than fulfilled their aim. I have even heard their successes in these different fields bewailed as a misfortune by American citizens. "As long as the Japanese were behind the times," said one man, "we had nothing to fear from them. Now they may become a danger at any moment!" I remember replying—perhaps too hotly—that a nation which could not "become a danger" was of very little use in our world of to-day. But the Japanese feel the change of mood, and, as usual on the attainment of that which has been long striven for, are beginning to doubt whether foreign approbation be so necessary to their well-being as they had imagined.

The strange change in temper of American newspapers after the opening of the Portsmouth negotiations came as a shock to the devout believers in American friendship, a thing which all classes here hold in wise and tender regard. In other directions, too, the sudden cooling of kindness on the accession of respect has not gone unmarked. The Japanese are very sensitive in such matters, and they quite realize that in order to overcome a powerful foe and secure an illustrious alliance, they have been obliged to risk some ancient and pleasant friendships. This experience of one of the penalties of greatness has doubtless deepened the prevailing mood. Henceforth the Japanese will never ask what foreign nations think of him. He is taking the responsibility for his own standards. There is no longer any "gallery." All that matters in future is his estimate of himself. That is about to be searched by very high canons, and his powers will be almost as severely tried by adjusting the consequences of the war as they have been by the strain of the struggle itself. When the troops have been brought home, the enormous bills paid, the finances adjusted, the unemployed provided for, commerce developed, colonization organized—then and not till then will the country's leaders and rulers feel that their work is done. Meanwhile, they want no compliments and ask for no criticism, for only they themselves can judge of the magnitude of the tasks.

This calm appreciation of that which waits to be done has, I think, much to do with the quiet humility of bearing noticeable no less in the returning conquerors than in the official circles which have welcomed them back. I was not in Japan at the conclusion of the war with China, but I know that the wild triumph felt at the country's success, tempered though it was by the interference of the Powers and the loss of conquered territory, was disastrous to advancement for some time. The indemnity paid by China induced reckless enterprise and speculation that were followed by widespread failure; industry and economy were temporarily lost sight of. The most thoughtful of the Japanese tell me that they consider Russia's refusal to pay an indemnity as a most salutary check on the repetition of such misfortunes. "Better," they say, "that we should have to pay our war taxes in perpetuity, that we should be kept poor and frugal and industrious

forever, than that there should be a sudden enormous influx of money into the country, to turn our people's heads and plunge them into speculation and extravagance. Thank Heaven we have avoided that pitfall!"

The constant reference in conversation to the China-Japan war and its consequences is very striking. The Japanese tell me that they look back upon the latter as a lesson—the most instructive of all lessons—as to how not to do things. That it has been taken to heart the present course of action clearly shows. In public finance, as well as in public and private charities, there is a wholesome dread of inflation and lavishness. Even the utilizing of foreign capital in private enterprises has been regarded with distrust. It would seem that the authorities fear nothing so much as a "boom" in any direction. Indeed, a few weeks ago, an attempt was made by the Government provisionally to forbid private firms to carry on their business with foreign capital unless official consent had been obtained to the transaction. This was unconstitutional, and the Japanese business men refused to submit, but the fact that such a measure could be suggested shows the extreme nervousness prevailing in official circles on these points.

RETURNING TO PURSUITS OF PEACE

But prudence has not been allowed to stifle activity. The moment the end of the war was in sight the Government began to provide for the exigencies which would follow the conclusion of peace; the way was prepared for taking up the important public works, harbor works and railways especially, which had perforce been suspended while the men and money necessary for them were being employed in the war. I believe it was on the 19th of August that the question of the completion of the Yokohama Harbor works came up for discussion. On that occasion Count Okuma, who is better as a financier than as a politician, gave utterance to a very sound axiom. He said, "A time of war is particularly favorable for inaugurating such enterprises, as men's minds are in an *expansive and daring condition*." The Japanese Government, while carefully guarding against the dangers of rashness on the one hand, recognizes that, on the other, the best fruits of the war will be wasted unless that "*expansive and daring mood*" be at once utilized for legitimate enterprises. Now

that the struggle for the integrity of the country is successfully ended, every loosened strand is being gathered up to be woven into the fabric of internal and external development.

Railway works were the first to be resumed, and rightly, since every added mile of line in the country represents a quickening of commerce and a strengthening of unity. A society, called the "Association for the Study of Railway Systems in East Asia," has been formed by Japanese engineers, and one of the members has started on a tour of investigation beginning with Manchuria and proposing to end with the railways of India. The Japanese railway system and management still leave much to be desired, and great anxiety has been felt lest the immense numbers of the returning troops—all requiring to be conveyed to their own districts—should cripple the transport of commodities, and block the depots for weeks at a time with undelivered goods. The merchants have been assured that the greatest care will be exercised in the return operations and that legitimate traffic will be interfered with as little as possible during the many months which they will cover. The repatriation of such an immense army must be a slow affair; the first estimate of the time it would occupy gave eighteen months as the lowest limit, but this has now been cut down to six, and every effort will be made to extend the railway system and increase the rolling stock meanwhile. I believe I am right in saying that the greater part of the foreign capital so far proffered has been destined for railway enterprise.

A rather serious difficulty arises in the question of employment to be found for the soldiers who have served through the war and who will now be put on the retired list or on the Reserve. Also the cessation of hostilities will throw out of work some thirty thousand persons (I give the figures as quoted, but they seem very low) who have been employed in the special trades, such as blacksmith's work, saddlery, military tailoring, and the canning of provisions, which received an artificial impetus from the war. It is hoped that many will take up land in Sakhalin; where the Government is offering good inducements to bona-fide settlers. Altogether it must be admitted that the Japanese Government never shirks nor belittles a responsibility, and that from the moment a

question of importance arises it receives its due share of attention.

The two questions, of the relations with Korea on the part of Japan, and of those with China, the former decadent and rotten to the core, the latter full of vitality but ever suspicious, distrustful, incapable of seeing the larger aspects of political truth, form the grave and immediate preoccupation of Japanese statesmen. Marquis Ito took Korea for his field and has gone thither with his usual staff of experienced workers, while Baron Komura, still barely recovered from his illness, and worn out with the strain and anxiety of the Portsmouth negotiations, started for his old haunts in China the day after the Emperor's birthday. These are prompt measures and the situation demands them. The danger of certain now open doors being closed by foreign intrigue or endemic ignorance is one which Japan—and the world—cannot tolerate for an instant, and we may take it for granted that when Marquis Ito and Baron Komura return to Tokyo that danger will for the most part have disappeared.

Meanwhile the Diet was convened and went into session early in January. The question of Finance is the all important matter before the country now, and the budget for the fiscal year will be, next to the Treaty of Peace, the most interesting document of the now ended war. With an expenditure* for the most part extraordinary, of \$120,000,000 to pay as interest and sinking fund on the National debt, \$20,000,000 in army pensions, \$68,000,000 for naval and military increment and repairs, \$17,000,000 in connection with Port Arthur, Korea and Sakhalin, \$10,000,000 for the East China Railway, \$23,000,000 for the railways to connect the Manchurian and Korean systems, and a sum—stated to me by a competent authority but so large that I hesitate to name it—required to bring home the Manchurian armies, the country has, to say the least, a very strenuous task before it. It is equally clear that the nation is confident of its power to meet the strain. There might have been fear and hesitation before the war, but the war has shown that there are no impossibilities where an honest and intelligent government can rely upon a conscientious and loyal people. With cheerful goodwill the entire

nation, from the Emperor down to the humblest taxpayer, is set upon the great business of paying the bills and coming out with honor—and a balance. There is not the slightest doubt that this result will be obtained, and, incidentally, the resource, the self-denial, the industry, which the process must call forth, will be invaluable to Japan, as a great moral capital on which to build up her commercial prosperity for the future.

THE WAR AND NATIONAL CHARACTER

In summing up the effects of the war upon national character here, three great points strike one very clearly—the desire to suppress impulsiveness and “gush” and to bring quiet common sense to bear on all questions; the new indifference to foreign opinion where it does not affect real interests; and the sympathetic drawing together of the upper and lower classes. If these seem but modest results of the tremendous epic we have watched to its close, let it be considered that they are useful elements in national life and particularly hard for the Japanese to acquire. By inheritance and training he is an enthusiast—and something of a mystic—in spite of all that has been written and said about his light and superficial character. This myth has been disposed of finally by the grim earnestness and relentless logic shown in every operation of the late war. It was credited by those who knew the Japanese intimately. To them the danger ahead, some years ago, appeared to be the inroads, in some quarters, of materialism, not of the grosser sort, but the materialism induced by a superficial acquaintance with science, the sudden light of which dazzles the neophyte into the mood which can only be described by the old-fashioned word “atheism.” Mr. Marion Crawford, who certainly speaks with knowledge, has been heard to say that as soon as the ordinary Italian beholds a steam engine, he cries out, “There is no God!” The Japanese have escaped this snare. I am told that many politicians have discarded all religious belief, but they say very little about their misfortune, and the nation at large, including the Army and Navy, pays devout and open tribute to a Higher Power, and finds its simple and ancient faith perfectly compatible with modern exigencies.

The suppression of individuality, of which Lafcadio Hearn wrote so fully and lumin-

*This is the rough estimate. It is considered optimistic here.

ously, applies only to externals; the Japanese, in his inmost heart, is a creature of the strongest individual passions and aspirations. Till now, these have governed all of him that was not claimed by the iron rule of public service and etiquette. They often showed him events and persons in an unreal or exaggerated aspect, with the result that he did occasionally scandalize us by the lengths to which his feelings could carry him. But, slowly, during the last few years, the real has conquered the unreal; the tremendous stress of the eighteen months of the war showed him that without the patient good sense of the man who forebore personal glory and stayed at home to organize and administer, the magnificent bravery and loyalty of the fighters abroad would have availed nothing. And now, high on the list of virtues to be respected, to be striven for, a place has been found for the all-important quality of good common sense.

WOMEN'S CHARITIES

This desire to do all things rightly and reasonably, with the minimum of expense and the maximum of result, has been very noticeable in the many charitable undertakings necessitated by the war; and, creating sympathy and comprehension between the rich and the poor, it has done much toward producing at home that which the sharing of hardship and danger called forth in the field, the drawing together of class and class, to the immense benefit of all concerned. In the work at home the Japanese ladies have shown an intelligence and devotion which have surprised even their most ardent partisans. Fifteen or sixteen years ago, when I first came among them, the Japanese ladies were without initiative, timid of anything approaching novelty; admirable in their home duties, but incapable of originating or organizing public enterprises. Their charity and zeal during the China-Japan war were beyond all praise; but much money was thrown away, many sacrifices were made in vain, because there was no proper direction, no experience of working methods, no applying of the principles of common sense to the good work attempted. A great deal of money was distributed among the sufferers from the war, with the result that poor women, who had never handled more than tiny sums at a time, had their heads turned, and launched out into

relative extravagance and dissipation. It seemed a very beautiful and heroic thing for great ladies to dismiss their servants and do their own washing and cooking, in order to devote the money saved in wages to the assistance of soldiers' families. There is something in even the most sincere and generous feminine heart which asks for a dramatic setting of pain and sacrifice where good is to be done; but when the sweet, brave ladies of Japan came to sum up the results of their many self-denials and activities, they were appalled to find that they had done more harm than good. To them as well as to others that episode of the China-Japan war was a lesson as to how things should not be done, and they acknowledged their mistakes with characteristic honesty and humility. Having done this, they quietly studied out the questions of how best to assist the working classes in times of stress. The ease and readiness with which the conditions were met when war broke out again, and some hundreds of thousands of breadwinners were called out of the country, showed that time and thought had been devoted to the subject during the ten years that intervened between the two wars. When, in the spring of 1904, the men began to be drafted away to Korea and Manchuria, the ladies were ready with their plans. They had struck the common sense note without which benevolence is mostly wasted; the object this time was not to give away money, but to provide work and pay for it.

One of the most useful of the charitable organizations has been the Association for the Aid of Soldiers' Families, headed by Baroness Sengé, the wife of the Governor of Tokyo. The committee rented a group of houses in Ayabu, a high, leafy quarter of the town, and here they gathered in the mothers, the wives, the daughters, of the absent soldiers, and started to teach them two trades, laundry work and sewing. Nurseries were provided for the children who were too young to go to school, and kindergarten teachers were engaged to keep the little ones good and happy all day.

"Will you come and see them at work?" I was asked. A day was set, and I started out on my pilgrimage of inspection. After a drive through roads set between deep green hedges (Ayabu is only half town as yet), we passed an immense enclosure where

several hundred khaki uniforms were hanging on bamboo scaffoldings waiting the weather's pleasure to dry.

"That is our laundry ground," said my companion, "we will visit it when we have seen the work rooms." In a few minutes we alighted at the foot of a steep garden road leading up to an old Japanese doorway. At the old-fashioned entrance we were met by Baroness Sengé, a calm-faced, sweet-looking woman, Viscountess Ito, the wife of the Admiral, and one or two others. The place was as poor and bare as possible, the committee room into which I was ushered differing in nothing from the rest, save that it had a table and chairs, and on the walls a number of tickets on which were the names of the women enrolled among the workers, and the amount which each had put into the Savings Bank.

THE WOMEN'S BURDEN

Soon we were passing through the rooms where women of all types and ages sat on the floor before low tables, working away for dear life at shirts and drawers for the soldiers. It was the plainest, most uninteresting kind of work, but they seemed utterly absorbed in it. As we went by, they made the regulation bow—then in an instant the busy fingers were moving again as if everything in life depended on finishing the garment in hand.

"They seem desperately in earnest!" I remarked. "They are," was the answer. "We pay them by the piece. The quickest workers can make as much as sixty-five sen (thirty-two and a half cents) a day, and that is a very high wage for women of this class."

I pointed to an old woman who was sewing feverishly at a shirt. Her face was so sad, her eyes so eager. "That is a soldier's mother," I was told. "She is taking care of his children—the wife is dead. That young girl next to her is the daughter of a man who was killed at Port Arthur. We have many widows and orphans here, and the poor things are so thankful to learn how to maintain themselves.

"Here is the machine room. Do you see that poorly dressed girl in the corner? She is the best worker we have." I came nearer and saw a young woman with a homely face redeemed by beautiful eyes and an expression of the most earnest resolution. Even among

all those poor women, her dress, though clean, looked shabby in the extreme. She hardly glanced at me—hands, feet, eyes, were all working their hardest. The wheel was a mist, the needle invisible, and the garments seemed to slip through and come out complete with the rapidity of lightning.

"Who is she?" I asked. "The wife of a soldier in Manchuria," was the reply. "She has not missed coming, for a single day, since the place was opened, and she will hardly stop working long enough to eat. She never spends a penny on herself—she is supporting her own mother and her old father-in-law, besides sending money to her husband. We keep back a percentage of all money earned, and put it into the Savings Bank—so that there will be something to show for the labor besides daily bread.

"Now let us show you the laundry, for we are very proud of that."

This, then, was whither those cartloads of soiled uniforms were being carried—cartloads which had made me turn my head more than once in the peaceful streets near my house in Ayabu. The great barn-like building was piled up with a fresh consignment, and if any one doubts the pathetic personality of mere clothes, he should see, as I did, the mountains of stained and ragged uniforms, clogged with mud and dirt, and alas, blood also, which lay tied in bundles on the floor of that laundry. They were not pretty and they did not smell sweet, but I could not get past them. All the war seemed to pass before my eyes as I stood and looked at the forlorn piles, badges and pipings still telling the regiments of their owners. Incidentally, I was struck with the scrupulous economy of the authorities who are attempting to have such wrecks cleaned and mended up to wearing point—but one learns many lessons in that way in Japan.

Then I was shown the last new thing in drying rooms, with a thermometer affixed to every sliding cupboard, and once more I was impressed with the way in which the organizers of this charity have brought the arrangements up to date without expending an unnecessary penny on accessories. At last we left the laundry, with all its tragic associations, and went to visit the children's quarter, the gayest, sweetest place imaginable. I do not know how many there were; the playroom was a moving rainbow of bright colored robes and merry little faces. Boy

and girls, tiny toddlers and elderly people of five or six, they were all revolving round their pretty, smiling teacher, who was taking them in detachments to play little games where march and song and gesture were full of life and harmony. "This is the way the pigeons fly," was going on when we arrived, and the air was full of the whirl of sleeves doing duty for wings; then the pigeons were fed—in pantomime, and all the time the song went on, while the second teacher played the tunes on a wheezy old harmonica in the corner. Two or three very old ladies, soldiers' mothers and grandmothers, were taking care of the babies in arms—that is the recognized occupation of very old people in Japan. The youngsters, being dressed according to privilege of their age, in flaming reds and pinks, made a pretty spot of color in their corner of the room. The ceiling was all garlanded with paper chains and toys and tiny lanterns, and the aspect of the whole place was bright and wholesome as possible.

This is only one of the many charitable undertakings evolved from the necessities

of the war. There are many others, industrial schools especially, equally deserving of praise; but this one is typical, and my object is not to go into the details of all that the Japanese women are doing, but to point out how well they are doing it, to show what sense and energy are applied to benevolent work, and what a solid support these women will be to the nation in the difficult task it now has on hand. Less than twenty years ago the Japanese great lady was useless for all work which entailed publicity or initiative. Publicity is still a great trial to her, and all undertakings are carried on as quietly and impersonally as possible. But the events of her time have drawn her relentlessly into the foreground, and she is showing such fitness for the activities of modern life that she is already a power in the land, a supporter of industry, of progress, of education. The men of Japan confess at last that there is a great deal of fine and necessary work which only women can do, and they are proud to see that their women are doing it wisely and well.

THE ARMY AS A CAREER

A PLAIN STATEMENT, BY AN OFFICER, OF ITS ADVANTAGES AND DISADVANTAGES—LEISURE TO PURSUE A HOBBY AND THE CHARMING SOCIAL LIFE, ITS ALLUREMENTS—ITS DARKER SIDE, SLOW PROMOTION, INADEQUATE PAY, AND THE STRUGGLE TO CARE FOR A FAMILY

BY

LLOYD BUCHANAN

AN OFFICER OF THE UNITED STATES ARMY

WHEN I entered West Point my feelings were similar to those that come at one time or another to every healthy boy. My head was crammed with "Cadet Days" and "The Colonel's Daughter." To me the army was a place where every man was very straight, wiry, brave and honorable; where you would be much happier sharing a comrade's crust than another man's pot pie; and where you would eventually, after slaying a suitable number of Indians and winning the adoration of your troop, marry a beautiful girl. You would then forever live happily in a cottage—sitting before a wood fire in winter, taking moon-

light rides in summer, and eating a great many panned oysters and Welsh rarebits from chafing dishes in all seasons alike. Now that a number of years have passed my opinions have modified—somewhat. This article is the result of the series of experiences that have gradually accomplished the modification.

There are many things in army life that are good. The best, to my mind, is the kind of men with whom you are associated. The average officer is considerably fatter and less erect than I imagined, but he is—as nearly all Americans are—brave, and he is a generous, honorable gentleman. The officers of

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Salvation by Senatorial Courtesy

IF "conservative" oracles divine truly, the country is in a desperate plight. Reform has become an orgy. No wonder that "conservatives"—especially those whose special privileges are under scrutiny—should view the future with alarm. What with a nation rising to demand the examination of the land titles of senators, the reduction of salaries of insurance dynasties, the removal of public funds from banks that pay half the current rate of interest, the cancellation of contracts granted as rewards for political jobbery, a law to show that railroads are the servants, not the proprietors of the country, and an order to advance rather than to "stand pat," "conservative" respectability, like the Czar, has need of Cossacks.

* * *

But after all, apprehension need not grow too intense. There is the "conservative" Senate. True, even it has its martyrs and LaFollette is yet to come. Two senators have been indicted and sentenced to imprisonment, and another has seen his reputation as the ideal gentleman in politics shrivel up and blow away. But these men after all must have been victims rather than sinners. Had the public been under the sway of true senatorial courtesy instead of an hysterical determination to reform things, they might even now be assisting their former colleagues to temper the madness of the people! For in senatorial courtesy lies salvation. The Senate will not act while a senator has unexploited legislative privilege.

* * *

As long as we have the Senate the "conservative" element of society can sleep o' nights. If the President yields to the temptation of extrava-

gance and pays Panama commissioners salaries which are a fifteenth of that received by presidents of insurance companies, the Senate will see that the treasury of the country is not robbed. If public opinion and executive zeal overreach themselves and threaten equality of treatment in railway rates, the Senate will protect the endangered corporations from demagogic appeal. If the House of Representatives, too susceptible to that public opinion to which its members owe their office, would hasten legislation, the Senate will wisely guard the people against that impetuosity which would pass a bill in a single session. If the business men and the press of a great city favor the retention of an efficient postmaster, they are delivered from unseen evil by the foresight of a senator who provides salvation in the person of a practical politician. If the nation at large demands relief from a tariff that checks the development of important industries in half the republic, the senators from states the size of a county in the affected districts will protect the republic and incidentally their own interests from the shortsightedness of men who want what they ought not to want.

* * *

Yes, the "conservative" interests of the country have much to thank the Senate for. Even those of us who belong to the unimportant millions who are threatened by misguided reformers may feel assured that, however hasty may be our action, and however revolutionary may be our well-intentioned demand for fair play, we, too, are under the aegis of senatorial courtesy and disinterested senatorial "conservatism." Washington and the fathers are dead, but Aldrich, Platt, Hopkins and Depew still care for us. Therefore, let us rejoice and be glad!

* * *

And therefore let us rebel. Let us serve notice on our senators that we own them and that they do not own us. Let us see to it that they are elected by the people and not by too tractable legislatures. If a pocket-state can not free itself from the feudal lord set over it by financial suzerains, let those of us who live in states that are too big for any master except themselves, provide enough senators who are representatives not of sovereign states or of sovereign corporations but of a sovereign people. We want to be saved from "conservatism"—that euphemism for "privilege." We want to be saved from senatorial courtesy—which is a euphemism for log-rolling. We want to be saved from the Senate—which is a euphemism for vested interest.



Russian officers about to embark after their release

The Last Scenes in the Russo-Japanese Drama

It is only recently that the Russian prisoners of war have been sent back to Russia. The embarking of these prisoners recalls the uniform kindness shown them by the Japanese throughout the war. So remarkable has been this treatment that eighteen thousand of these prisoners wish to take out naturalization papers and remain in Japan.

Peace is welcomed by the Japanese Empire. The anti-treaty riots were the work of a



Russian soldiers, prisoners of war, on their way to their ship



Japanese troops about to start for Sakhalin

few politicians who opposed the government. The actual lawbreakers were few, although the crowds were large. The rejoicing over the fleet and the magnificent welcome accorded the navy were a truer expression of the spirit of the people. Admiral Togo has been a model to his country of modesty and greatness. He seldom appears in any other but a fatigue uniform, without decoration except a single star on his breast. The story told of the Admiral and the Crown Prince on the day of the great naval parade illustrates something of the Japanese



Watching the naval review at Yokohama

spirit. The master of ceremonies had arranged that the Admiral and the Crown Prince should ride together in a carriage following the Emperor, but the Crown Prince replied: "I can not ride with Admiral Togo; he is an admiral and I am but a captain. I will ride in a jinriksha behind him." When Togo heard of this he said: "I can not permit this; if my Crown Prince rides in a jinriksha, I will ride in a jinriksha, too." And so it came to pass. Following the carriage of the Emperor there came a jinriksha with the Admiral, and then another in which rode the Crown Prince. Next came the carriages with other admirals and state officials.

MEN OF THE MONTH



GEORGE W. BOSCHKE

ENGINEER OF THE NEW SEA WALL OF GALVESTON

BY

C. M. HYSKELL

GEORGE W. BOSCHKE, chief engineer of the Harriman railroad lines in the Pacific Northwest, just now has the distinction of directing work on more miles of final survey and actual construction than any other railroad engineer in the country. The work cut out for him at this time involves an expenditure of \$24,000,000 before the close of next year. The Southern Pacific main line in Oregon is being relaid with heavy steel, all wooden bridges are being replaced with steel structures; the main line of the Oregon

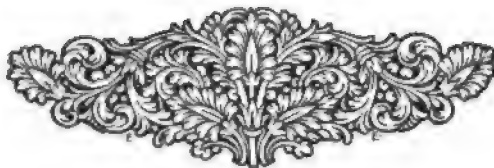
Railroad & Navigation Company is undergoing similar treatment and a block signal system is being installed; a chain of fuel-oil tanks is being built to provide fuel for oil-burning locomotives that are to be put in commission on both systems; 90 miles of new railroad are being built along the Snake River from Riparia to Lewiston; 60 miles of new road are under construction through the canyon of the Grand Ronde River and up the Wallowa to Joseph, Idaho; 90 miles of new road are being surveyed from Drain, Oregon,

window where the yellow cat lay purring on the sill. The rector's voice reached them, raised in protest.

"What! You keep me waiting a dozen years and more, and now you will not let me kiss you?"

Miss Gates answered: "Just one, then, since you insist. The cheek, please; I shall keep my lips for a wedding present."

The sunbeam slipped under Lavinia's sheltering palm and revealed her eyes, where love and laughter mingled.



GRENSTONE RIVER

By Witter Bynner

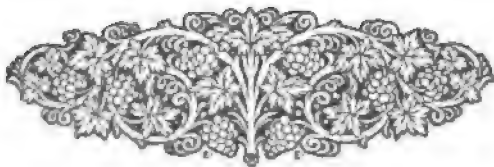
THINGS you heard that blessed be
You shall tell to men like me:

What you heard my lover say
In the golden yesterday,
Leaving me a childish heart,
Glad to revel, quick to start.

And though she awhile is gone
And I come to-day alone,
'Tis the self-same whisper slips
Through your ripple from her lips.

Long shall she and I be dead,
While you whisper what you said;
You, when I no word can give her,
Shall forever, whisper, river:

Things you heard that blessed be,
Telling them to men like me.



THE NEW CHINA

By Thomas F. Millard



THE Western world has waited so long for China to rouse from her sleep of centuries that an impression has obtained that she would never awake. It is not surprising, then, that there should be a disposition to overlook the psychological moment (if under such circumstances it may ever be accurately determined), when the decisive change takes place. Yet I venture to suggest that, aided by the perspective of coming years, the future historian will fix this turning-point for China somewhere among the years from 1900 to 1906. It is perhaps too much to say that China is already fully awake, but it is certain that she has opened her eyes and is taking notice of what is going on in the world about her.

In attempting to analyze the forces now struggling for mastery with the hope of in a measure determining the course upon which this vast and unwieldy ship of state is setting, it becomes necessary to examine them somewhat in detail. These forces may be roughly classified as external and internal, the external forces being those exerted through foreign influence, and the internal forces those inherent and susceptible of development in China herself. Since the external forces are immediately responsible for the existing transformation, and certain to be very influential in shaping its course, they may well be considered first.

It is not necessary, in this connection, to trace the course of foreign influence in China from the advent of the first European along through the sometimes disturbing episodes which have attended overzealous missionary labors and more or less grasping commercial exploitation. While the effect of these conditions has been subtle and far-reaching, external political pressure is the direct power that is forcing China into the path of modern progress, although its most obvious manifestations are along commercial and industrial lines. So persistent and determined has this pressure been that it must by this time have accomplished the

partition of the empire and its division into sections, each the scene of a system of special exploitation, had it not created, by calling into play the usual international jealousies, its own check in what is generally called a "balance of power." Thus, while China has as yet managed to preserve a sort of national autonomy, she has not been able to escape the influences which have been planted deeply and ineradicably in the social and political life of the empire, and which are certain to bear revolutionary fruit. To get at the effect of these external influences, and the probable results upon the future of the Far East, it is necessary to scrutinize some of the principal elements and the methods employed to introduce and advance them.

Americans are not accustomed to consider political forces in connection with the struggle for foreign trade. Consequently, notwithstanding that appreciation of this question is growing with the expansion of our commerce and the recognition of its importance to our internal industrial situation, it is difficult for the average American to realize the extent to which the diplomacy of other nations carries its efforts to advance the private interests of their nationals. In no part of the world has this method been carried to such extremes as in the Far East. There an apparently innocent and legitimate business proposition may be, and frequently is a political design in disguise, while a mild and seemingly inoffensive diplomatic note or treaty may contain the genesis of some far-reaching commercial scheme. In the Far East diplomacy stalks its political prey under cover of commercial and industrial enterprise, while commerce and industry strike at competition through open or surreptitious diplomatic wire-pulling. So closely are the two interwoven that it is often very difficult to distinguish one from the other, if indeed they are ever entirely separated. Foreign enterprises in China, as well as in most Far Eastern countries, are conducted under the terms of what are called "concessions," which

are practically analogous to our public franchises. Owing to the peculiar relations between the provincial and imperial administrations in China, the securing of a concession is almost invariably a difficult and complex matter, even when foreign diplomatic opposition is not encountered. The necessity of gaining the support or passive assent of a long line of provincial and petty local officials, as well as that of the Imperial Government at Peking, creates innumerable places where antagonistic diplomacy may lurk in ambush to assassinate a project. As a consequence, it has become almost impossible to secure any important concession without gaining for it the passive support of other foreign legations in Peking by a reciprocal arrangement of some kind. Americans are familiar enough with this process at home; but our interests in the Far East have usually been compelled to make such headway as they could without much diplomatic assistance, even while encountering at every hand the hostile machinations of rival projects supported by all the influence their respective governments can exert.

Of all the foreign concessions which have been made to cover and advance far-reaching political designs in China, and have at the same time exerted a tremendous and permanent influence upon the social, industrial, and political life of the nation, the railways undoubtedly take first rank. It is probable that the first railways planned for China were conceived as purely commercial projects, as the art of conquest by railroads had not then reached its later stage of development. And the earlier opposition which was encountered sprang principally from the forces of inherited conservatism. But it is now clear that, at least so far as popular feeling is concerned, the character and extent of such opposition was greatly exaggerated, and was largely the result of, if not entirely created by the antforeign propaganda stimulated by reactionary official classes. At any rate, such opposition to railroad construction as still remains in China is entirely political, and any analysis of it must of necessity touch the mainsprings of the evolution which is creating the new China.

In attempting to get at the determining forces which developed the prevailing system of conquest by railway in the Far East, one is inevitably drawn to the time when the Trans-Siberian Railway began to press for

an outlet through Manchuria. By what schemes, promises, threats, and bribes this concession was secured by Russia will probably never be fully known. It marked the beginning of the struggle for railway "concessions" in the Far East. European chancelleries at once saw the true significance of the project, and promptly acted upon the hint. English, German, French, and Belgian concessions were energetically urged upon the Chinese Government, and even an American concession entered the field. To follow the diplomatic intricacies involved in the introduction and urging of these various projects, extremely interesting as it might be, is not possible here. The Chinese Government, awakened by this time to a partial realization of the true import of some of the demands, exerted all the art of its devious diplomacy to retard and avert them. Under the circumstances, it had only one effective means of obstruction: to play the various powers against each other. But the pressure was too strong to be long resisted by a belligerently impotent nation. However, since they found themselves powerless to stave off the inevitable, Chinese statesmen displayed remarkable ingenuity in preserving among the foreign powers a balance of interest calculated to maintain the political equilibrium of the Chinese Empire. It was not until Russia, feeling the need of an outlet to Port Arthur after she had secured a lease of that port, and desiring to extend her railroad south from Harbin, was compelled to make common cause at Peking with Germany and France, that the Peking-Hankow, Shantung, and Manchurian concessions were secured. Nor was this done without some diplomatic side-stepping, which introduced Belgium as a joint mover with France in the Peking-Hankow project. The introduction of Belgium was a clever move, designed to allay the growing apprehension of China. It was pointed out that Belgium was not a military power and, consequently, could not be assumed to have aggressive political aspirations in China. Some of these concessions, too, took the form of a contract to build and operate the railways under an agreement by which China could in time purchase and take over control. This shows that China was becoming wary. And in this spirit, undoubtedly, the American concession was conceived—whose check-

ered history I will not attempt to trace here until the Chinese Government finally purchased it back from the promoters.

Enough has probably been said, coupled with the now general knowledge of the uses to which the Russian and German railways have been put, to demonstrate the peculiar significance to China of even the most innocent-looking foreign commercial or industrial enterprise. Thanks to the history of the railway concession, even American projects are now regarded with suspicion and some distrust. But the law of compensation operates here as elsewhere, and out of all this beneficial forces are gathering strength. No matter what reason led to their introduction, or the uses to which they have been put, the railroads have come to China and are there to stay. I think it probable that during the next twenty years more miles of railway will be built in China than in any other part of the world; and while foreigners may assist in providing the capital to finance this tremendous industrial evolution, the prime movers will be the Chinese themselves, who will insist, as far as they are able, upon retaining substantial control. This disposition supplied the real force which led to the reclaiming of the Canton-Hankow road, and it is safe to say that hereafter no important commercial or industrial concession will be willingly granted by the Chinese Government in which Chinese capitalists are not interested, or in which the government does not reserve the right to take it over under equitable conditions, especially if public utilities are involved. The reason is that the Chinese have discovered that railroads are convenient and valuable in the development of the country. In bringing about this remarkable change in sentiment the Imperial Railways of North China is largely responsible. Originally projected by an Anglo-Chinese corporation as a means of communication between the sea and some coal-fields, this railway has been gradually extended until it has attained important dimensions, with plans for greater extensions well under way. While it employs foreign administrators in a majority of the more important positions, the road is principally owned and operated by Chinese. But the main thing which impresses the Chinese is that the road is extremely profitable. This was the one thing needed to give an enormous impetus to railroad

building in China, and it has now been conclusively established. Wealthy Chinese in all parts of the empire are now willing, even anxious, to invest in railroads. In fact, a disposition to exclude foreigners from these enterprises is growing, and would probably be put into effect did not certain internal conditions at present make the foreigners a practical necessity. One of these conditions is the absence of native institutions capable of financing undertakings of such magnitude. The financial system of the country is in a chaotic state, and while there is at present a feeble effort toward reform, no great progress need be expected for many years. But the more essential reason lies in the fact that as China is now governed there is no real legal security for the property of Chinese subjects, should it become the object of either the rapacity or enmity of high officials. Of course, a liberal application of bribes in the form of "squeeze" can usually command protection; but Chinese capitalists are coming to realize that the "squeeze" method is too elastic and uncertain to be satisfactory when applied to great interests, whose prosperity may depend upon the stability of their debentures in the financial markets of the world. So under existing conditions an enterprise composed almost exclusively of Chinese capitalists will organize as a foreign corporation for personal and business reasons, and in doing this it is wise and necessary to have the co-operation of foreigners.

Aside from railway, mining, and other industrial enterprises which have, by stepping outside the customary course of development of foreign commerce in China, created a peculiar relation of their own, there is the great volume of foreign trade which cannot be overlooked in any estimation of external influence. In respect to her general foreign commerce, China's position is now singular among the great nations. Foreigners can do business within the empire only at certain places, designated as "treaty ports," which are administered under what are termed "extra-territorial rights." While these ports seem to be comparatively numerous, they are really very limited when the vast extent and population of the empire is considered. To-day in China a foreigner requires a passport to travel away from the treaty ports, and if he does so without one it is largely at his own risk. But even under

these handicaps foreign trade has grown to enormous proportions, and considerable foreign populations have settled in many of the treaty ports. The material growth of the foreign concessions at Shanghai, Tien-tsin, Hankow, and other places is really astonishing, even to one who has kept in touch with the Far East in recent years. The influence exerted by the planting of these modern cities permanently in China is tremendous, incalculable, and ineradicable. From them radiate to the remotest parts of the empire commercial and industrial connections inseparable from the life of the people and indispensable to the future progress of the country. And, fortunately, the character of the foreign population is steadily changing for the better. There has been a time, not so very remote, when the China coast was the dumping ground for the derelicts of Europe and America, and when even respectable foreigners residing in China were animated by the chief purpose of getting all they could out of the country regardless of the effect of their methods upon the natives. But the time has already come when such persons and methods will find their opportunities limited in China by the same forces that limit them elsewhere. The day has passed when unscrupulous agents can sell the Chinese Government defective rifles and cannon of one calibre and ammunition of another calibre for them; when worn-out machinery can be unloaded upon the Chinese as the latest and best, and when dwarf locomotives discarded by the New York elevated railroad can be used to equip a Chinese trunk line. This is all finished. The China of to-day has no more use for such things than has the United States. The European or American with a bunco game on a big scale might as well stay at home. His chance of working it will be fully as good there as it is in China; perhaps a little better. But to the young Westerner who knows how to do something useful and is willing to do it, to the business concern which has something valuable to offer upon reasonable terms, this wonderful country beckons and will reward.

One is somewhat at a loss, in turning from external to internal forces in the transformation of China, in which class to place the Japanese influence. That this is a vital factor may not be doubted. Technically, in the sense of nationality, it must be con-

sidered an external element; but in its broader, more elementary aspects it already displays tendencies, at least to me, to become associated more with the internal forces at work within the empire. Different as the two peoples are in many ways, they have and will retain characteristics which bring them in some respects nearer to each other in thought and incentive than either can approach any Western people. That there should be at present a flush of Japanese influence, perhaps out of proportion to its real carrying power, is only natural. Personally, the Chinese, as a rule, do not like the Japanese, and *vice versa*. But, aside from the control of what has been Chinese territory and provides a powerful political leverage, the foundations of Japanese influence are being too solidly and carefully laid to fail to accomplish some of the purposes for which they are designed. Since it is evident that the Japanese can reach the Chinese in a way Western nations cannot, and by methods which Western nations cannot imitate in many of their phases, a study of some of these methods and purposes, in so far as they have progressed, may develop something of significance. In this it will be better to leave out of consideration that part of China where Japanese military control has established peculiar conditions, and confine myself to that greater part of the empire where the interests and influence of Japan may be still assumed, hypothetically, to be analogous to those of other powers.

It so happens that the year just ended has given a significant demonstration of certain internal forces operating within the new China, which bear incidentally, even directly, upon some methods of the extension and use of Japanese influence. I refer to the so-called boycott of American goods. I was in China from the time this extraordinary movement first attracted serious attention until, after many ostentatious diplomatic burials, it reached the end of its utility and was permitted to dribble out so far as direct manifestations are concerned; and I took more than ordinary pains to follow its gradual developments. This incident attracted wide-spread attention, particularly in America, where, if its true origin and import is but imperfectly understood, it has served to call attention to a matter of considerable importance—the treatment of

Chinese who attempt to visit the United States. This phase of the incident has been so fully discussed that it need not be mentioned particularly, except to permit me to express the opinion that our usage of certain classes of Chinese who wish to pay us a friendly visit would be more characteristic of a nation of barbarians than of a great and progressive republic, and should be corrected in the interest of the future of our trade in the Orient if ethical considerations have no weight. But the so-called boycott had a more far-reaching significance than the issue raised by this question, and deserves a more careful elucidation than it has yet received in this country.

An extremely interesting and important development of the last few years in China is the unusual growth and change in character of the native press. Until recently the native newspapers have been little more than official gazettes, controlled by the court and the official classes, and have exerted small influence upon the political life of the nation. Now this is entirely altered, and the manner of the change is significant. In an article previously printed in this magazine I called attention to the application of a press propaganda concerning Far Eastern affairs throughout the West, in various interests, and particularly to the activity of Japan in this respect. While Japan has, in this matter, merely copied a well-established formula long and successfully used by England in the advancement of her imperial policy, she has given another striking exhibition of her adaptability by discovering and putting into operation a new and original extension of the method. This is nothing less than its application to the native press in China. Peculiar conditions have made this comparatively easy. I have mentioned the "extra-territorial rights" under which the foreign concessions of all treaty ports are governed. Translated into practical administration, this means that China has no legal jurisdiction over foreigners, and only partial jurisdiction over Chinese who reside within the limits of such treaty ports or concessions. So a vernacular newspaper, operating under a foreign charter, may be published in any treaty port subject only to the laws of the foreign nation where the charter is secured. This means, for instance, that a Chinese newspaper printed in Shanghai by a British or Japanese cor-

poration is subject only to the publicity laws of those respective countries; and it is not possible for the Chinese Government to apply a censorship. So such papers, which circulate only among the Chinese, are as free to criticise the acts of the Chinese Government and officials as is the press of New York. It is true that outside the foreign concessions the Chinese Government may exercise its authority to suppress the circulation of such papers, but attempts to do so have usually proved to be impracticable, resulting only in the punishment of a few coolies who sold the papers, while the publishers rested secure in extra-territorial immunity. Thus we have a despot government which cannot control to any appreciable extent publicity within its domain, for treaty ports are scattered throughout the empire and new ones are being constantly created. It requires no argument to demonstrate to Americans the political and social possibilities involved in this situation. These newspapers are already a power, and are stirring latent forces among the people which have never before been touched.

I do not think I shall be accused of exaggeration when I say that control of this tremendous force of publicity, in its primal application to the mental processes of one-third of the inhabitants of the earth, hitherto cut off from and indifferent to its influence, is of extraordinary importance to the future of the Far East and to the whole world. And when I say that there is positive evidence of the existence of a systematic and well-developed plan of Japan to control and manipulate this force, or at least a predominating section of it, it will be seen that I broach a matter of some significance. While in China recently I was presented by a person in close touch with the progress of events in the Far East with a list of twenty-six vernacular newspapers believed to be either directly or indirectly controlled in the Japanese interest. Not all of them are operating under Japanese charters, although the more important ones are. Several are printed in cities outside the extra-territorial jurisdiction, which limits, but by no means obviates their usefulness. While I have no means of accurately verifying this list, I have good reason to think it is substantially correct. It is likely that political considerations prevented all or a majority of these newspapers published in

treaty ports from being chartered in Japan, for it could hardly be expected that rival interests would overlook such a coincidence, but the advantages of such charters to Japan are obvious. Take, for instance, a Chinese newspaper printed in the foreign settlement of Shanghai under a Japanese charter. This means that the publicity laws of Japan apply to its publication; ergo, the Japanese Government can exercise the same supervision over it as it does over newspapers printed in Japan. The methods adopted in controlling the policies of these newspapers are as varied, subtle, and difficult to trace as are similar methods in England or America; and often the proof must depend mainly upon circumstantial evidence not apparent to laymen, but easily discerned by the trained journalistic eye. But let us see what these papers are doing.

While this systematic effort to influence popular opinion in China, and through it governmental action, preceded the beginning of the war between Japan and Russia, it did not receive its real impetus until after the war had commenced. The issue was then drawn, the fight begun, the necessity urgent. Leaving out of consideration those questions which apply chiefly to the issues of the quarrel between Russia and Japan, which consisted largely of special arguments amply published in America, we may rather devote attention to matters concerning Western nations in general. Early last year there began to appear in certain Chinese vernacular papers articles which may without exaggeration be termed antiforeign in trend. These articles were so cleverly handled that for some time they attracted little attention. Indeed, their antiforeign animus was usually carefully stowed away in the body of an article just enough in its main expressions. Germany was generally made the direct target for such attacks for two reasons: Germany's conduct in China has been such as to make her very vulnerable, and her policy is extremely unpopular with some other foreign powers, a fact that not only tended to blind the Western press as to the fundamental import of the propaganda, but was calculated to induce wide reproduction of it. To illustrate what I mean, let me recall an incident which occurred last spring. This happened before the shift of Germany's diplomatic attitude at Peking. A Chinese official of some

importance, while travelling on the German railway in Shan-tung, was insulted and subjected to indignities by a petty German railway employee. He complained to the central government at Peking, which made representations to the German Government. The situation at the time practically compelled the German Government to take the matter up; with the result that the railway employee was dismissed and an apology made to the insulted Chinese. Naturally the incident was widely commented upon in both the foreign and native press. In this connection my attention was called to the character of comment which appeared in the vernacular newspapers edited in the Japanese interest, and I secured a number of translations. Their general tone was so identical as to leave little doubt that the same mind conceived them. To reproduce one in full would be interesting, but a brief *résumé* must suffice. The details of the incident would be narrated in, on the whole, a fairly correct manner, although the critical mind could easily note an artful emphasis upon those passages dealing with the severe treatment of the Chinese official. The article would then proceed to draw certain inferences from the incident, pointing out the growing tendency to aggression of foreigners in China, and their habitual indifference to the rights of the Chinese in their own country, with a reference to and warning of what might be expected to happen in the future, unless the spirit of foreign aggression was checked. But the kernel would be cleverly ensconced in the concluding paragraphs, which would contain some incidental references to the unselfish efforts of Japan to free China from the foreign yoke. This cracker on the whip would be so cleverly appended as to be almost invisible to the casual foreign reader; but would, nevertheless, and was obviously designed so to do, leave the impression in the mind of the Chinese reader that China must look to Japan for relief from such oppressions.

This subtle and insidious revival of the antiforeign agitation had progressed for some time before the boycott of American goods cropped up. However, it had not escaped notice. Several of the more conservative British journals published in China had entered mild protests against the tenor of some articles which appeared in the native press, and cautioned moderation in language,

which clearly showed the existence of a suspicion as to the real influence at work. Germany and Russia were the chief targets for these attacks where some specific ground for complaint was needed, but other Western nations came in for a touch now and then, with the single exception of England. It is the plain truth that, except in regard to our exclusion laws, the dealings of the United States Government with China have been marked by unusual equity and justice. This had been so often remarked upon that America had come to stand almost apart, in Chinese eyes, from the other powers in her relations to the Far Eastern question. This was the situation when the boycott showed its head. The exact origin of this peculiar movement is somewhat obscure. There are several well-defined theories, of which the one ascribing it to an effort on the part of a rival to discredit the Chinese minister in Washington has as much plausibility as any. Taking this or any similar view of its inception, it is certain that the movement was not expected by its promoters to get beyond an academic stage, sufficient definitely to accentuate it without producing any serious consequences. Then, at the proper moment, the thing would be adjusted with a flourish of diplomatic trumpets, to the credit of certain high officials. Mr. Conger, formerly United States minister to China, brought considerable ridicule and criticism upon himself by early expressing the opinion that the boycott was simply a flash in the political pan and would amount to nothing. But Mr. Conger was entirely right in his judgment, estimated by ordinary experience and standards. He erred in failing to consider the new element internally operating in China, and which was quickly injected into the boycott movement. This element was the Japanese influence, operating through that part of the native press manipulated in the interests of Japan.

I have been able to discover no satisfactory evidence to show that the boycott movement, in its original form, was created by this influence. But the manipulators of the propaganda in the native press were apt to grasp the opportunity. Here was provided ready to their hand a two-edged sword, slashing at American interest and prestige on one side, while cutting directly into all white foreign influence on the other. To trace the movement minutely through its

uneven course, its seeming lapses into inaction, its curious revivals in many places and many forms, its persistent, steady progress at all times under governmental ban and official condemnation is not possible here. Passing through Shanghai on his way to take his post at Peking, Mr. Rockhill, the new American minister, was assured by the Shanghai gentry and guild leaders that the boycott was merely a sporadic affair and was already abandoned. High officials at Peking promptly disavowed the whole matter, and promised energetic measures to suppress it, but it somehow continued to make headway. It is a great mistake to regard this boycott as a spontaneous expression of popular sentiment in China, called out by our exclusion law. The whole thing was carefully and systematically worked up by artificial stimulation, and indirect political pressure of a kind entirely new to China, until it assumed the outward form of a popular movement. Nor is it impossible to detect the chief means employed, and trace them with reasonable assurance to their source.

The chief agency employed in the extension of the boycott agitation was, naturally, publicity. Several channels were used; newspapers, placards, and cartoons being the principal ones. In the course of several months hundreds of thousands of placards, pamphlets, and pictorial caricatures were circulated throughout the empire. I have seen a large number of these publications. Some were amusing, some interesting, and some alarming. The cartoons usually represented a Chinese being maltreated by a white man, presumably an American, although no particular pains was taken to preserve national identities in many of them. How these posters were circulated was at first hard to discover. Naturally, the provincial and local officials were anxious to keep their skirts clear, fearing retribution in some form, and pretended to, and in many instances did prohibit the distribution of boycott circulars and cartoons. But a convenient agency was found. Within the last few years thousands of Japanese, many of them Buddhist priests, have gone to China and are now scattered to the remotest parts of the country, where other foreigners are seldom, if ever, seen. Some estimates place the number of these Japanese now in China as high as fifty thousand, although this is probably a mere guess.

However, it is certain that thousands of Japanese tradesmen and commercial agents have settled in various remote parts of the empire, adopting the life of the people and often their dress. Since other foreigners are not permitted to live or engage in business outside the treaty ports, it will be perceived that considerable present and prospective commercial advantage promises to accrue through this condition, which will not be shared by other nations. Dismissing this phase of the matter, there is good reason to believe that these Japanese were instrumental in furthering the circulation of the boycott propaganda. In fact, many instances where they did so are positively known. As time passed and reports of the spread of the movement in the interior began to reach the foreign population centres, it became known that many of the placards and cartoons circulating outside the established sphere of foreign contact were of an absolutely incendiary character, couched in the same general antifeign spirit that the "boxer" movement took root in.

A movement so wide-spread and sweeping could hardly fail to leave tangible traces, and this one planted some pretty deep footprints. To carry on such a systematic campaign required organization and central direction. It also required money. The printing bills alone ran into a large sum. While the agitation was at its height in Shanghai a reasonable estimate placed the expense in that district alone at between one and two thousand dollars a day for printing, bill posting, renting of halls for meetings, speakers, and other incidentals connected with publicity. Someone provided these funds; someone directed their application. A brief review of conditions in Shanghai, which was the centre of the agitation, may shed some light on the matter.

The movement was ostensibly carried on by the commercial guilds and presumably supported by the better class of Chinese merchants, who were supposed, through their guilds, to provide the money to keep up the agitation. But as the movement progressed it became evident that it did not have the support of the merchants, although many were constrained outwardly to array themselves with it. It soon became known that the agitation was backed by an element entirely out of real sympathy with the merchant guilds, and the human agency prin-

cipally employed was a class of Chinese generally spoken of as the "Japanese students." Within the last few years thousands of young Chinese have gone to Japan to be educated along certain lines, and many are now back in China in the employ, openly or surreptitiously, of the Japanese Government. They form a mobile and intelligent element perfectly adapted to certain political uses in China's present stage of development. They were the active agitators, and from their ranks the principal speakers were drafted, to address the numerous meetings that were held. I attended some of these meetings, and while I cannot understand Chinese, I was able with the assistance of an interpreter to follow what was done. These meetings were invariably "packed" by the agitators. On several occasions Chinese who had been educated in America and who desired to present fairly the American side of the matter and point out the futility of such a movement were shouted down. Not only this, but surreptitious intimidation was resorted to. Chinese who deprecated the movement, and this class embraced nearly all the prominent and influential merchants throughout the empire, received threatening letters, and in some cases were assaulted at night in their homes by ruffians employed by the agitators. When the boycott, by the "packed" action of some of the guilds, was put into effect in Shanghai, nearly all the big Chinese *compradors* and merchants went to their American associates and told them that while they were very much against the boycott they were compelled to obey the mandate of the guilds. Nor is there any sound reason to doubt that this attitude was sincere, for the longer the boycott continued the more it demonstrated that, although it might effect some casual detriment to American commerce, it was wreaking great and immediate harm to Chinese interests.

An illustration or two will make this clear. For instance, a large Chinese piece-goods house which deals extensively in American cottons has for years put out certain "chops," or brands, of its own. The goods are partly made in America, partly in England, while a considerable quantity is manufactured in a Shanghai cotton-mill owned almost entirely by Chinese. All these goods are assembled in the godowns of the firm and put before the

consumer under its special "chop." Such commercial methods are common throughout the world. When the boycott was instituted this particular "chop" was black-listed, with the result that it not only affected English-made goods, but actually boycotted goods made in Chinese mills by Chinese workmen. Another instance is that of a great American corporation which has included a number of English and German factories in its organization, retaining the English and German trade-marks. It so happens that this concern, which does an enormous business in China, operates in the Orient under a British charter. It so happens also that the brands of goods which are chiefly sold in China come from the British and German factories, having had a large sale in this region at the time they were consolidated with the American firm. All the goods sold by this corporation were boycotted, with the result that the real industrial loss fell upon England and Germany. Such cases might be multiplied *ad infinitum*. As the movement extended to the consumers it developed another unexpected tendency. Chinese purchasers found it difficult to distinguish American from other foreign goods, so they evinced a disposition to eliminate the possibility of error by refusing to buy *any* foreign-made goods, thus threatening many merchants with ruin. All of which merely again demonstrates the well-known fact that a general commercial boycott is a many-edged sword and will cut the hand which attempts to wield it. So it was, and must have been, that such a movement as this boycott, under the conditions possible to apply it, could only be detrimental to commercial classes in China; and the assumption that it was supported and encouraged by this class is as destitute of fact as it is of rational incentive.

Of the newspapers printed in Chinese under Japanese charters, the principal one is published in Shanghai under a title which translates into the "Eastern Times." It is managed and edited by a Japanese brought over from Japan for the purpose, and there is scarcely any reason to doubt that its policy is directed from Tokyo, or rather, as has been openly asserted in Shanghai, from the Japanese consulate. When the organized propaganda discovered a valuable asset in the "boycott," and set it on its feet again just as it was beginning to totter, its centre

of operation apparently became the office of the "Eastern Times." This paper actively took up the agitation, and the other vernacular papers published in the same interest throughout the country promptly followed suit. This is no matter of deduction or conjecture. It had been officially announced by the Shanghai guilds that the boycott had been suspended until the United States Congress could meet to consider the matter, and the American consul-general in Shanghai had received positive assurances to this effect. In other words, the movement, in its original form, was dead. But the new agitation quickly took root and was soon found to be making headway. Naturally, the policy of the "Eastern Times" did not escape notice. Its attitude became so flagrant and offensive that Mr. Rodgers, the American consul-general, called the attention of the Japanese consul-general to the matter. The fact that the paper was published under a Japanese charter lent propriety to this step. The Japanese consul-general politely replied, disclaiming personal responsibility and expressing regret at the tone of the newspaper, and intimating his intention to interpose an official check. It may be that he really intended to do this; but a few days afterward he was recalled to Japan and a successor put in charge. Suffice to say that the "Eastern Times" did not alter its policy. On the contrary, it became more aggressive and offensive in urging it. It even went so far as to select a date, July 20th, when the boycott was to be carried into effect. For some time before July 20th, the "Eastern Times" printed daily in large type, "Six Days until the Boycott Begins," etc., altering the words from day to day to suit. Meetings were organized, and the city flooded with posters and placards containing the same reminder as the "Eastern Times" daily displayed. Suddenly, almost mysteriously, the agitation revived; and from then progressed steadily along the lines I have already outlined. Upon the day set by the "Eastern Times" the boycott promptly went into effect.

It had not progressed far, however, before certain antiforeign aspects the movement was assuming became too serious to longer dally with. A meeting of the foreign consular body in Shanghai was held, at which it was agreed to take joint action

to suppress the agitation. The shoe had begun to pinch other toes than American. Certain newspapers which had been indirectly stimulating the movement switched their attitudes overnight, and roundly denounced the boycott and the influences (though not specifically) behind it. Not to go further into details, this action struck the knell of the movement so far as active agitation is concerned. It had never made any practical headway away from Shanghai. From then it was merely a question of how long it would take for the movement to die out. This is undetermined as I write this, for its mutterings can still be heard in places. And it is generally admitted that the past few months have brought a noticeable revival throughout the empire of the old anti-foreign, which in this case means anti-white sentiment. It may be that we shall have to seek the ultimate results of this unusual incident in the future. The actual detriment to American commerce has been slight. But the fact that new forces exist in China with the power and will to injure American and European interests is a fact to which the Western world cannot afford to be indifferent. It probably should be stated in this connection that I have information of the recent establishment of three Chinese newspapers in the Russian interest, two in the German and one in the French. Several have long been edited indirectly in the British interest.

Turning to purely internal evidences of the awakening of China, they may be found on every side. And while foreign and quasi-foreign influence will be deeply felt in the forthcoming transformation, the fundamental factors are to be found in the people and country; for whatever political manifestations attend the evolution, these will always remain the chief elements with which they must be worked out. After several visits to China, and observation of and association with them in peace, internal disorder, and war, I confess to a sincere liking and admiration of the Chinese people. This is no sudden or sentimental impression, but rather one which has evolved gradually from an originally adverse predisposition. In so far as any general characteristics can be associated with a race it seems to me that the Chinese are industrious, reliable, law-abiding, good-humored, capable, and tolerant. These are good qualities, and intelligently

directed in the path of modern progress cannot fail to accomplish great results.

In the prevalent Western conception of the Chinese there are, I think, several radical errors. One is that they are adverse to modern improvements; another that they have no military capacity; another that they are incapable of playing a significant part in the political regeneration of the nation owing to absence of a national spirit. Without pausing to discuss these propositions in detail, I will ask if these things could not have been said, with a considerable semblance to truth, about Japan half a century ago? And they were no more true of the Japanese people then than they are of the Chinese people to-day. The Chinese as a people have never been averse to modern progress, except as their government has incited them to be, and used its authority and influence to keep them as they were. And this is true, I think, of the history of all peoples. Take the matter of railroads in China. For many years, or so long as the official classes circulated among the people fantastic reports about the foreign steam monsters, so long as they were taught to believe that the passage of a railway would be a desecration of the graves of their ancestors, the people were bitterly hostile to the building of such roads and were easily incited to attack surveying parties and the like. But no sooner had the railroads, in spite of these artificial difficulties, been built and put into operation than the people literally swarmed to use them. Local railway passenger traffic upon fully established roads in China has to-day no parallel except in the daily rush in and out of our great population centres. Not only this, but the Chinese are rapidly arriving at the point where they will be practically able to dispense with foreigners in the operation of their railroads. The entire northern division of the Imperial Railways of North China had not, the last time I travelled over it, a single white employee. Station agents, train dispatchers, conductors, guards, locomotive drivers, road inspectors, etc., are all Chinese. It will be a revelation to many Westerners to make a stop at Tong-shan, where are the principal workshops of this railroad, and where with Chinese workmen the company is building its own locomotives, all its own rolling-stock, pump machinery, and similar necessities. Here foreigners still superintend the more

important branches of the work, and will probably do so for some years to come. But, as in Japan, even this is a transitory condition. The impulse acquired by modern industries in China within the past ten years is really remarkable. At Wu-chang the Chinese are making modern rifles and artillery for the new army, while the smoke-stacks of all kinds of factories are to be seen from one end of the country to the other. And the universal opinion among foreigners who have had experience with them is that the Chinese are naturally capable in all branches of skilled and unskilled labor, and learn readily and willingly to operate modern machinery. It no longer astonishes one in China to see a Chinese electrician come to fix the electric lights or the telephone, do his work quietly and quickly, and go about his other business. The common thing now is to see wealthy Chinese going about the foreign concessions in their motor-cars, driven by native chauffeurs. Even the new woman has made her appearance. Recently I saw the young daughter of a high official riding a bicycle through a street in a foreign concession, attended by a servant on another wheel. Nor are these superficial demonstrations; but signs of real import. I do not hesitate to express the opinion that among peoples to-day none is more disposed to take up new and improved methods than the Chinese.

I should take pleasure in dwelling upon the impressions created by the natural aspects of the land as one travels for days through fields of waving grain and growing crops, by thousands of villages and numerous large cities, on one of the new trunk-lines or along one of the great rivers. All this has been described many times, although it is only lately that Westerners have begun to look upon it all with eyes toned to appreciation of its inherent industrial and commercial possibilities. And evidences of a coming national rehabilitation, should China be permitted to retain her political entity, are not lacking. The influence of Chinese educated abroad, and who are now coming home to live in large numbers, is beginning to be felt in the political life of the empire. While the actual accomplishments of the reformers, such as Wu-ting-fang's recent revision of

the code of punishments, by which the abolition of the "thousand cuts" was wrung from timid conservatism, are often more likely to cause a smile than invoke serious belief in them as an indication of progress, there are hopeful signs on the horizon. The new army now exists largely on paper, except in the north, but it will come. Arrangements to secure the services of thousands of Japanese officers are now under way. Personally I see not the slightest reason to doubt that the Chinese will make excellent soldiers if they are properly armed and trained. They possess courage and capability in plenty. All they require is efficiency, and that can be gained by proper effort. Entrenched conservatism is being hustled on all sides, and cannot long withstand the new forces at work. The sending of commissions to study conditions and methods in foreign countries is a sign of the new era. In fact, the political and social construction of China is peculiarly favorable to a comparatively rapid and easy transition. The old China will die hard, but it is doomed.

In the great new future that is coming to this old country two elements will struggle for supremacy. One will be the forces inherent in the Chinese people coupled with such assimilative influence as Japan will be able to exert. The other will be the more material, more advanced civilization of the West. Neither will entirely win the battle, but one or the other will finally point the way. I am no very serious believer in what is called the yellow peril; not owing to any trust in the motives or influence of Japan, and not only because I have great faith that the star of destiny still hangs over the West; but because I believe that under any favorable circumstances the good sense and sound character of the Chinese will vindicate themselves. In respect to the yellow peril, it is interesting to recall what a Chinese official of progressive tendency recently said to me:

"The future contains no yellow peril for Europe or America," he remarked, "but it does contain one for Europeans and Americans in Asia unless your nations and people learn to treat Asiatics with more consideration."

This is the voice of the new China, and it is to be heard and considered.

The Outlook

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FINLAND AND HER RELATION TO RUSSIA

BY BARON SERGE A. KORFF

Head of the Russian Law Course at the University of Helsingfors

THE crisis that Finland has recently passed through and the manifesto of November 4 of the Czar restoring the old Finnish guarantees have completely changed the position of this small State and her relation to her greater neighbor.

The restoration of her old rights came to Finland not quite unexpectedly. Already Prince Obolensky's policy was characterized by the slackening of the system of Russification of his predecessor, General Bobrikoff. Now that the country has again her constitutional guarantees and Prince Obolensky is succeeded by Privy Councilor Gerard, an educated and trustworthy Governor, the relations of Finland to Russia have entirely changed, and the change is cordially welcomed both by the liberal Russian party and also by the Finns, although not by the Russian reactionaries, who look upon the Finnish constitution and the Finns' recently acquired liberty as a severe blow to their pride and to their hopes.

The administration of Bobrikoff was particularly galling to Finland, as the people had been accustomed to independence and freedom since the reign of the Emperor Alexander I. Her constitution and juridic relations to Russia have been well described in the works of Telliulk, Pillet, Despagnet, Brie, Fisher, and Lapradelle; they all agree on the question of the existence of the real union between the two countries being similar to the union between Austria and Hungary, or the former union between Sweden and Norway.

The Czar's manifesto of November 4 was the solemn restoration of Finland's old rights, and is so considered by the Russian Government, by all the liberal parties of Russia, and also, naturally, by the Finns.

The policy of Russification that lasted

for about six years had strained to the utmost the good relations of the two neighbors. All of General Bobrikoff's measures aimed at the introduction into Finland of the methods of the Russian bureaucracy, and the means employed were almost invariably compulsion and force.

The Russification consisted in compulsory teaching of the Russian language in the schools to the detriment of Finnish and Swedish, the mother tongues of the population; in the appointment of Russian bureaucrats and officials to all the important positions in the civil government; in the introduction of press censorship, not known in Finland since the eighteenth century; in the court-martialing of all those who tried, even passively, to resist Bobrikoff and his associates (later on such persons were deported, without trial, to remote Russian cities). All this was done with the object of reducing Finland to the position of a Russian province, and utterly regardless of the great racial and historical differences between the two countries.

The repressive policy of Bobrikoff and his associates was the more hateful to the Finns because they had been for nearly a century accustomed to full political freedom and liberty. Unlike the Russians, the Finns never knew slavery or serfdom, and until 1898 they knew of bureaucratic evils only by hearsay.

Under the constraint of Bobrikoff's rule the strong character of the Finn grew still stronger; his will had a better training; his ideals were focused on one point—the restoration of liberty, law, and order. The heavier the pressure of the Russian Government, the worse the action of Bobrikoff, the better the Finn learned to draw a line of distinction between Russia private and Russia official; and the worse the hatred grew against the latter, the stronger were the

sympathies that were manifested for the former of these classes.

The stormy days of the November strike afforded strong proof of this, and showed plainly that no feeling of national hatred exists now, or ever did exist, between the two countries, though the Russian and the foreign press have for years past spoken so often and so much of the national dislike of the Finns for the Russians that it is difficult even now to persuade the world of the fallacy. The reactionary and official press of Russia endeavored to persuade the people that racial and national hatred existed, and offered that as a reason for the detested policy of Russification.

The events during the past months afford the strongest possible proof of the sympathy existing between the Finns and the Russians. During the strike one could see Russian soldiers and Finnish workmen going about the city arm in arm. Russian and Finnish children marched together in procession through the city.

At the University a new society has been organized, whose aim is to study Russian history, life, laws, and conditions.

On the day the manifesto was published, every shop on the main streets displayed Russian and Finnish flags and ribbons of the National colors draped together. The Russian relief concerts and money collections attracted many hundred Finnish marks. These are significant facts. The good understanding has undoubtedly grown very much stronger during the last months, for the Finns realize that the whole empire of Russia is struggling for freedom and liberty, and to throw off the yoke of the bureaucracy. With such a movement the Finns heartily sympathized, having so recently learned to know by their own bitter experiences the ways and means of bureaucratic government.

The natural consequences of this form of government and the result of the policy of generating national hatred are only too clearly demonstrated in the present conditions existing throughout the whole empire. The Baltic provinces are devastated, Poland is in a perpetual state of siege, and the Caucasus is in

open rebellion. Considering these facts, the calm evolution of Finland is certainly noteworthy.

The Czar's manifesto restored Finland's old order of government, provided for the summoning of the Diet, and referred to the latter the reform of the nation's representation.

And now as to the cardinal question of the future relations of the two countries to one another. From careful study and observation, I can confidently assert that not only does Finland not desire to separate from Russia, but separation would be decidedly detrimental to the best interests of both countries. Finland agrees to the union with Russia as it was outlined by Alexander the First. Russia has exclusive control of foreign affairs, the military and naval policies, and consequently the right of settling international questions. At the same time, the Czar, as Grand Duke of Finland, has the right to summon, open, adjourn, and close the Finnish legislature, and has at the same time a far-reaching power in all legislative questions and in the administration of law.

The Governor-General, the highest executive officer in Finland, is and will be a Russian, responsible only to the Czar, who has the right of confirming the nomination of Senators. All military and naval forces stationed in Finland are under the direct orders of the Russian Minister of War. Those are the bonds that bind the two countries into a close union. Finland agrees to this union, and will maintain it—a union with Sweden being now impossible and undesired by the Finns.

Although Finland does not wish to separate from Russia or to break the union, she nevertheless stoutly defends her independence. What Finland desires is a separate legislative body, the independent administration of her internal affairs, and, in short, to stand in somewhat the same relation to Russia as that of Canada to England, which would be as advantageous to Russia as to Finland.

The main determining question of modern life is trade, and trade prospers only when peace is guaranteed. The administration of Bobrikoff and his col-

leagues did not and could not stimulate exchange between the two neighbors, their relation being too severely strained. The longer Bobrikoff remained in office the less became the exports and imports on the Russo-Finnish frontier. For the past year the conditions have materially improved, and exports and imports show a very large increase.

Finland imports from Russia food-stuffs, meat, and flour, and it sends to Russia paper, wood, iron, and manufactured goods. It is quite clear that when friendly relations are firmly established the trade of the two countries will prosper and develop, to their mutual benefit.

As the Russian press quite rightly pointed out, Russia must have the full right and opportunity to take requisite measures to protect herself against her enemies in case of war. A frontier within thirty miles of the capital and undefended is far too dangerous, as Finland fully realizes. Russia has a row of fortresses on the Finnish fjords, has the supervision of pilots, and the authority to mine all harbors and channels. She keeps stationed in Finland a whole army corps, and she can always use for military purposes the Finnish railway system. To these and similar rights the Finns have never objected.

Finland has free trade with Russia, and there have never been any custom-houses on the frontier. Russia, on the contrary, having a high tariff, has to keep her Finnish border closed by customs. The extension of the Russian custom frontier to Finland is quite impossible. It would ruin Finland and be a great burden to Russia. It could not increase the revenue of the latter to any extent, and would cost millions of rubles to guard the Finnish coast, for topographical reasons. This question is so well understood by the Russian Government that even under the Bobrikoff régime it was proposed only by the most ignorant.

Such are the relations between the two countries. Among the unsolved questions which are agitating the Russian nationalistic party are these: the question of citizenship of Russians in Finland, and vice versa; the civil serv-

ice question; real estate ownership; and, last but not least, the military service of the Finns. The present laws give many privileges to the Finns, to which the Russians object. Russians have not the same positions in Finland that Finns have in Russia. This is certainly unjust, and was one of the reasons offered for the Russification of Finland. Happily, both Governments realize the necessity for a speedy agreement on these points. It is evident that the only way to settle them is by a mutual understanding of the Legislatures of both countries, the Duma of Russia and the Diet of Finland. Only by the decision of the representatives of both countries can they be settled, and only in one possible way—full mutual equality. Only by such an understanding will the root of grievances be extirpated and the door opened to the broad path of mutual help and development of brotherly relations of the two countries on their way to culture and progress.

Peaceful as the present relations are, it is nevertheless unfortunate that these remaining points of difference cannot be settled in the near future; but both countries are now in full process of reorganization of their system of national representation, so that temporarily all other questions must remain in abeyance.

Finland's representative reform will be submitted to the Diet in February, but it will be several months before the new Legislature can meet.

The reform now under consideration by a special committee, of which many professors are members, includes universal suffrage of all citizens twenty-one years old, without distinction of sex. The Legislature will probably consist of one House, as in Norway.

The Russian Duma can hardly meet before May, and will at the beginning have so many serious questions to settle that the points referred to must be held in abeyance. Such a postponement, though undesirable, cannot be avoided, and we can only hope that both countries will exercise patience and wait until their representatives can meet and amicably settle the points of difference and not disturb the peace and good understanding by hasty and violent action.

OKLAHOMA AND INDIAN TERRITORY¹

BY GRANT FOREMAN

THE discussion by Congress of the proposition to admit Oklahoma and Indian Territory as a State suggests just one important question—Is that section of the country ready for Statehood? There is nothing in the attitude of Congress toward the subject to suggest any doubt that the people of those so-called Territories wish to be united in one State; just what they desire in the premises, in fact, seems to be of secondary consideration.

In the month of July, 1905, a call was made by the Chiefs of the Five Civilized Tribes for a Constitutional Convention to assemble at Muskogee, Indian Territory, on August 21, 1905. At this Convention there assembled one hundred and eighty-two intelligent representative men, both Indians and white, delegates from every section of Indian Territory, presided over by Pleasant Porter, Chief of the Creek Tribe of Indians. In the treaties with all the Five Civilized Tribes it is provided that all their tribal governments shall pass wholly out of existence on March 4, 1906. To anticipate this situation, to provide some form of government to take the place of their own, and to provide for local government for people of all classes, it was proposed by this Convention to draft a Constitution and ask for the admission of Indian Territory into the Union.

The Convention laid out its work in a methodical manner, and labored industriously for a month. At the end of that time it had framed a Constitution that would be a credit to any State in the Union; it named the proposed State Sequoyah, after the illustrious Cherokee of that name who invented the Cherokee alphabet; it nominated four members for Congress (two Republicans and two Democrats), to go to Washington and work for the admission of the State of Sequoyah under its proposed Constitu-

tion; it declared in favor of Statehood for Indian Territory separate from Oklahoma, and submitted the whole to the people of Indian Territory to be voted on November 7, 1905—the first general election ever held in Indian Territory.

There is little room for doubt that Indian Territory and Oklahoma are both prepared for Statehood. Either would make a State more populous than any other State at the time of its admission; as populous as any one of eighteen of the States at the present time, and equal almost in area to the average size State east of the Mississippi, with taxable property greater than that of any one of four or five States.

To appreciate the desire for independent Statehood in Indian Territory, one must understand the anomalous relation of this domain to the United States. While called Indian Territory, this country has not even a Territorial form of government; now that the tribal governments are stripped of most of their powers and jurisdiction, it has less of local or representative government than Porto Rico, Alaska, or the Philippines, while possessing a citizenship superior in intelligence and morals to that of many of the States. The government is administered at long range by the rules and regulations of the Interior Department and by the United States Courts for Indian Territory. The people have no voice in the enactment of laws for their own government; they have not even a delegate in Congress, as has Oklahoma. Chafing under this order of things, the people of this country pray to be delivered from any form of government not of their own making and administration. And there are many who think they see in the anxiety of the people of Oklahoma for joint Statehood an intention to take the reins of government in their hands if joined in a State with Indian Territory, which would savor of the non-rep-

¹ See editorial comment elsewhere.—THE EDITORS.
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The Outlook

SATURDAY, MARCH 10, 1906

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An Indefensible Vote

The Senate Committee, by a vote of seven to six, has refused to report to the Senate, even without recommendation, the bill reducing the tariff on imports from the Philippine Islands. That is, the Committee not only refuses to give any relief to the Filipinos by opening to them, as subjects of the United States, the markets of the United States, but it refuses to allow the question whether they shall have such relief to be discussed in the open sessions of the Senate. The obstructive character of the Senate has had no more dramatic illustration lately than this action. The justice of this bill is so apparent to the Administration that it has been earnestly urged by the President, and we believe by all his Cabinet; and so apparent to the people that it passed the House of Representatives by the non-partisan vote of 258 to 71; and yet a Committee of the Senate refuses to allow the Senate to consider it. For the Committee refused to report the bill, even adversely. The votes against the proposition to put the bill before the Senate for consideration but without recommendation were those of Messrs. Hale, Burrows, Dick, and Brandegee, Republicans, and Messrs. Culbertson, Du Bois, and Stone, Democrats. We hope that the local press will report the facts to their constituents, and that those constituents of these Senators who believe that the honor of the country is involved in giving our Filipino subjects a fair chance for industrial life will send their protests to the Senators who have misrepresented them. The only argument a Republican can make to justify this action is that the tariff is so fragile a house of cards that a discussion of any aspect of it may bring it tumbling down. What argument a Democrat can make to justify the action our imagination is not ade-

quate to conceive. We believe that Senator Lodge, who has the bill in charge, can move to discharge the Committee from further consideration of the bill. Precedents are said to be against such a course; but fair play is worth more than precedents, and we hope that Mr. Lodge will make the motion and give the Senate a chance to put itself on record and the country a chance to see how its Senators stand on a question so vital to our commercial interests in the East and to our honor in the civilized world.

⊗

Senator Foraker on Railway Rate Regulation

Senators rarely pay one of their number the compliment of a full house. They did so, however, last week to Senator Foraker, of Ohio, the galleries also being crowded, and gave close attention to a much-heralded speech from perhaps the most conservative opponent of railway rate regulation as intrusted to the Interstate Commerce Commission. Mr. Foraker conceded that some railway evils exist; they were (1) excessive rates, (2) rebates, (3) discriminations. Under the first heading he found little to complain of; rebating, he said, was a more serious evil, and Mr. Foraker naturally traced the present railway consolidations to the fact that the Supreme Court decisions against pooling had left the railways without protection from rebates except to resort to some general understanding (like that, we suppose, upheld on the following day by the Supreme Court itself). As to discriminations, the speaker declared the power of the Elkins law to be as broad in remedying discriminations as to localities as it has been found to be in remedying discriminations as to persons. Though the Supreme Court has never passed on the question of the right of Congress to make rates, he

believed that it would decide adversely; and such a decision would be fatal to the entire scheme of railway rate legislation now before Congress.

⊙

*An Estimate of
his Argument*

Respecting Senator Foraker's most fundamental contention, that the Supreme Court would hold the railway rate regulation bill to be unconstitutional on the ground that Congress has no power to regulate railway rates, The Outlook has simply to say that if it should so hold it would run counter, if not to its previous decisions, certainly to the trend of those decisions. For the Supreme Court has held that a State Legislature has power to regulate rates within the State, and it has also held that the Federal Government has all the powers over inter-State commerce which any sovereign nation can have over its railways, subject only to the express or necessary implied limitations imposed by the Constitution itself. It is difficult, in the light of these decisions, to see how it is probable that the Supreme Court would deny to the Federal Government the authority over inter-State commerce which it has declared is possessed by the State over State commerce. We think Congress has a right, in the light of these decisions, to assume the Constitutional power of the legislative body to enact that railway rates shall be just and reasonable, to define in general terms, as the pending bill does, what are just and reasonable rates, and to leave to the administrative department of the Government the application of these general principles to individual cases as they may arise. We certainly agree with Senator Dolliver, of Iowa, who in his reply to Senator Foraker declared it to be most important to know what power Congress had in regard to rate-making, and urged the passage of the pending measure for that purpose if for no other. The other question raised by Senator Foraker is more difficult; it is at least doubtful whether under the Constitution any department of the Government has a right to allow more favored rates to one port than to another, which is now done by the railways upon the plea that this is necessary to secure a

distribution of the traffic and a consequent distribution of the prosperity which that traffic brings. But if it is unconstitutional for any department of the Government in its railway rate regulation to allow such differentials, it is at least questionable whether it is Constitutional for the Government to allow them to be made by the private corporations into whose hands have been intrusted the administration of the National highways. Certainly, if the traffic is to be distributed by artificial methods, such as discriminations in rates between different ports, such discrimination should be made by an organization which represents all the people of the United States rather than by one which represents special interests and special localities. Under any circumstances, said Mr. Foraker, the attempt to confer upon a body asserted to be administrative in character all three powers of the Government—legislative, judicial, and executive—“would be alarming if its utter unconstitutionality were not as apparent as its unreasonableness.”

It involves the general supervision by a political board, appointed by the President, of a business so tremendous as to be practically incomprehensible, and so complicated and difficult in its character as to be almost beyond the power of human intellect to master it, with authority to change rates with the stroke of a pen, affecting revenues to the extent of millions of dollars, and to make new regulations of every character affecting the operation of more than 200,000 miles of railways, and affecting also, because of their relations to the railroads and their dependence upon them, almost every other kind of important business conducted throughout the length and breadth of the country; and in this behalf this board, to the judgment of which these vast interests are to be subjected, is authorized to be legislator, prosecutor, judge, jury, and marshal all combined.

If, however, Congress has the power to fix rates, Mr. Foraker would still oppose any bill which would overturn the practice of granting differentials on export traffic, although he apparently admitted that the differential system violates the Constitutional provision prohibiting a preference in favor of the ports of one State over those of another State. Citing the differentials allowed, he declared them to be essential to the diffusion of the export traffic, yet they conflict with one

FINLAND AND HER RELATION TO RUSSIA

BY BARON SERGE A. KORFF

Head of the Russian Law Course at the University of Helsingfors

THE crisis that Finland has recently passed through and the manifesto of November 4 of the Czar restoring the old Finnish guarantees have completely changed the position of this small State and her relation to her greater neighbor.

The restoration of her old rights came to Finland not quite unexpectedly. Already Prince Obolensky's policy was characterized by the slackening of the system of Russification of his predecessor, General Bobrikoff. Now that the country has again her constitutional guarantees and Prince Obolensky is succeeded by Privy Councilor Gerard, an educated and trustworthy Governor, the relations of Finland to Russia have entirely changed, and the change is cordially welcomed both by the liberal Russian party and also by the Finns, although not by the Russian reactionaries, who look upon the Finnish constitution and the Finns' recently acquired liberty as a severe blow to their pride and to their hopes.

The administration of Bobrikoff was particularly galling to Finland, as the people had been accustomed to independence and freedom since the reign of the Emperor Alexander I. Her constitution and juridic relations to Russia have been well described in the works of Telliulk, Pillet, Despagne, Brie, Fisher, and Lapradelle; they all agree on the question of the existence of the real union between the two countries being similar to the union between Austria and Hungary, or the former union between Sweden and Norway.

The Czar's manifesto of November 4 was the solemn restoration of Finland's old rights, and is so considered by the Russian Government, by all the liberal parties of Russia, and also, naturally, by the Finns.

The policy of Russification that lasted

for about six years had strained to the utmost the good relations of the two neighbors. All of General Bobrikoff's measures aimed at the introduction into Finland of the methods of the Russian bureaucracy, and the means employed were almost invariably compulsion and force.

The Russification consisted in compulsory teaching of the Russian language in the schools to the detriment of Finnish and Swedish, the mother tongues of the population; in the appointment of Russian bureaucrats and officials to all the important positions in the civil government; in the introduction of press censorship, not known in Finland since the eighteenth century; in the court-martialing of all those who tried, even passively, to resist Bobrikoff and his associates (later on such persons were deported, without trial, to remote Russian cities). All this was done with the object of reducing Finland to the position of a Russian province, and utterly regardless of the great racial and historical differences between the two countries.

The repressive policy of Bobrikoff and his associates was the more hateful to the Finns because they had been for nearly a century accustomed to full political freedom and liberty. Unlike the Russians, the Finns never knew slavery or serfdom, and until 1898 they knew of bureaucratic evils only by hearsay.

Under the constraint of Bobrikoff's rule the strong character of the Finn grew still stronger; his will had a better training; his ideals were focused on one point—the restoration of liberty, law, and order. The heavier the pressure of the Russian Government, the worse the action of Bobrikoff, the better the Finn learned to draw a line of distinction between Russia private and Russia official; and the worse the hatred grew against the latter, the stronger were the

sympathies that were manifested for the former of these classes.

The stormy days of the November strike afforded strong proof of this, and showed plainly that no feeling of national hatred exists now, or ever did exist, between the two countries, though the Russian and the foreign press have for years past spoken so often and so much of the national dislike of the Finns for the Russians that it is difficult even now to persuade the world of the fallacy. The reactionary and official press of Russia endeavored to persuade the people that racial and national hatred existed, and offered that as a reason for the detested policy of Russification.

The events during the past months afford the strongest possible proof of the sympathy existing between the Finns and the Russians. During the strike one could see Russian soldiers and Finnish workmen going about the city arm in arm. Russian and Finnish children marched together in procession through the city.

At the University a new society has been organized, whose aim is to study Russian history, life, laws, and conditions.

On the day the manifesto was published, every shop on the main streets displayed Russian and Finnish flags and ribbons of the National colors draped together. The Russian relief concerts and money collections attracted many hundred Finnish marks. These are significant facts. The good understanding has undoubtedly grown very much stronger during the last months, for the Finns realize that the whole empire of Russia is struggling for freedom and liberty, and to throw off the yoke of the bureaucracy. With such a movement the Finns heartily sympathized, having so recently learned to know by their own bitter experiences the ways and means of bureaucratic government.

The natural consequences of this form of government and the result of the policy of generating national hatred are only too clearly demonstrated in the present conditions existing throughout the whole empire. The Baltic provinces are devastated, Poland is in a perpetual state of siege, and the Caucasus is in

open rebellion. Considering these facts, the calm evolution of Finland is certainly noteworthy.

The Czar's manifesto restored Finland's old order of government, provided for the summoning of the Diet, and referred to the latter the reform of the nation's representation.

And now as to the cardinal question of the future relations of the two countries to one another. From careful study and observation, I can confidently assert that not only does Finland not desire to separate from Russia, but separation would be decidedly detrimental to the best interests of both countries. Finland agrees to the union with Russia as it was outlined by Alexander the First. Russia has exclusive control of foreign affairs, the military and naval policies, and consequently the right of settling international questions. At the same time, the Czar, as Grand Duke of Finland, has the right to summon, open, adjourn, and close the Finnish legislature, and has at the same time a far-reaching power in all legislative questions and in the administration of law.

The Governor-General, the highest executive officer in Finland, is and will be a Russian, responsible only to the Czar, who has the right of confirming the nomination of Senators. All military and naval forces stationed in Finland are under the direct orders of the Russian Minister of War. Those are the bonds that bind the two countries into a close union. Finland agrees to this union, and will maintain it—a union with Sweden being now impossible and undesired by the Finns.

Although Finland does not wish to separate from Russia or to break the union, she nevertheless stoutly defends her independence. What Finland desires is a separate legislative body, the independent administration of her internal affairs, and, in short, to stand in somewhat the same relation to Russia as that of Canada to England, which would be as advantageous to Russia as to Finland.

The main determining question of modern life is trade, and trade prospers only when peace is guaranteed. The administration of Bobrikoff and his col-

leagues did not and could not stimulate exchange between the two neighbors, their relation being too severely strained. The longer Bobrikoff remained in office the less became the exports and imports on the Russo-Finnish frontier. For the past year the conditions have materially improved, and exports and imports show a very large increase.

Finland imports from Russia food-stuffs, meat, and flour, and it sends to Russia paper, wood, iron, and manufactured goods. It is quite clear that when friendly relations are firmly established the trade of the two countries will prosper and develop, to their mutual benefit.

As the Russian press quite rightly pointed out, Russia must have the full right and opportunity to take requisite measures to protect herself against her enemies in case of war. A frontier within thirty miles of the capital and undefended is far too dangerous, as Finland fully realizes. Russia has a row of fortresses on the Finnish fjords, has the supervision of pilots, and the authority to mine all harbors and channels. She keeps stationed in Finland a whole army corps, and she can always use for military purposes the Finnish railway system. To these and similar rights the Finns have never objected.

Finland has free trade with Russia, and there have never been any custom-houses on the frontier. Russia, on the contrary, having a high tariff, has to keep her Finnish border closed by customs. The extension of the Russian custom frontier to Finland is quite impossible. It would ruin Finland and be a great burden to Russia. It could not increase the revenue of the latter to any extent, and would cost millions of rubles to guard the Finnish coast, for topographical reasons. This question is so well understood by the Russian Government that even under the Bobrikoff régime it was proposed only by the most ignorant.

Such are the relations between the two countries. Among the unsolved questions which are agitating the Russian nationalistic party are these: the question of citizenship of Russians in Finland, and vice versa; the civil serv-

ice question; real estate ownership; and, last but not least, the military service of the Finns. The present laws give many privileges to the Finns, to which the Russians object. Russians have not the same positions in Finland that Finns have in Russia. This is certainly unjust, and was one of the reasons offered for the Russification of Finland. Happily, both Governments realize the necessity for a speedy agreement on these points. It is evident that the only way to settle them is by a mutual understanding of the Legislatures of both countries, the Duma of Russia and the Diet of Finland. Only by the decision of the representatives of both countries can they be settled, and only in one possible way—full mutual equality. Only by such an understanding will the root of grievances be extirpated and the door opened to the broad path of mutual help and development of brotherly relations of the two countries on their way to culture and progress.

Peaceful as the present relations are, it is nevertheless unfortunate that these remaining points of difference cannot be settled in the near future; but both countries are now in full process of reorganization of their system of national representation, so that temporarily all other questions must remain in abeyance.

Finland's representative reform will be submitted to the Diet in February, but it will be several months before the new Legislature can meet.

The reform now under consideration by a special committee, of which many professors are members, includes universal suffrage of all citizens twenty-one years old, without distinction of sex. The Legislature will probably consist of one House, as in Norway.

The Russian Duma can hardly meet before May, and will at the beginning have so many serious questions to settle that the points referred to must be held in abeyance. Such a postponement, though undesirable, cannot be avoided, and we can only hope that both countries will exercise patience and wait until their representatives can meet and amicably settle the points of difference and not disturb the peace and good understanding by hasty and violent action.

sympathies that were manifested for the former of these classes.

The stormy days of the November strike afforded strong proof of this, and showed plainly that no feeling of national hatred exists now, or ever did exist, between the two countries, though the Russian and the foreign press have for years past spoken so often and so much of the national dislike of the Finns for the Russians that it is difficult even now to persuade the world the fallacy. The reactionary andacial press of Russia endeavored to persuade the people that racial antipathy existed, and offered no reason for the detested partition.

The events during the summer of 1905, afford the strongest evidence of the sympathy existing between the Russian and the Russian people. One could see this in the work of the Russian army.

On July 1, 1905, a call was made by the Five Civilized Tribes for a Constitutional Convention to be held at Muskogee, Indian Territory, on August 21, 1905. At this Convention there assembled one hundred and eighty-two intelligent representatives, both Indians and white, delegates from every section of Indian Territory, presided over by Pleasant Porter, Chief of the Creek Tribe of Indians. In the treaties with all the Five Civilized Tribes it is provided that all their tribal governments shall pass wholly out of existence on March 4, 1906. To anticipate this situation, to provide some form of government to take the place of their own, and to provide for local government for people of all classes, it was proposed by this Convention to draft a Constitution and ask for the admission of Indian Territory into the Union.

The Convention laid out its work in a methodical manner, and labored industriously for a month. At the end of that time it had framed a Constitution that would be a credit to any State in the Union; it named the proposed State Sequoyah, after the illustrious Cherokee of that name who invented the Cherokee alphabet; it nominated four members for Congress (two Republicans and two Democrats), to go to Washington and work for the admission of the State of Sequoyah under its proposed Constitu-

open rebellion. Consider the calm evolution of noteworthy.

The Czar's land's old order for the sake of referred nation.

RI-

avor of Statehood separate from Oklahoma Territory to be voted 1905—the first general held in Indian Territory. A little room for doubt that Indian Territory and Oklahoma are both for Statehood. Either would make a State more populous than any other State at the time of its admission; as populous as any one of eighteen of the States at the present time, and equal almost in area to the average size State east of the Mississippi, with taxable property greater than that of any one of four or five States.

To appreciate the desire for independent Statehood in Indian Territory, one must understand the anomalous relation of this domain to the United States. While called Indian Territory, this country has not even a Territorial form of government; now that the tribal governments are stripped of most of their powers and jurisdiction, it has less of local or representative government than Porto Rico, Alaska, or the Philippines, while possessing a citizenship superior in intelligence and morals to that of many of the States. The government is administered at long range by the rules and regulations of the Interior Department and by the United States Courts for Indian Territory. The people have no voice in the enactment of laws for their own government; they have not even a delegate in Congress, as has Oklahoma. Chafing under this order of things, the people of this country pray to be delivered from any form of government not of their own making and administration. And there are many who think they see in the anxiety of the people of Oklahoma for joint Statehood an intention to take the reins of government in their hands if joined in a State with Indian Territory, which would savor of the non-rep-

¹ See editorial comment elsewhere.—THE EDITORS.
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The Outlook

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GRATITUDE

BY HENRY VAN DYKE

Do you give thanks for this, or that?—No, God be thanked,

I am not grateful

In that cold, calculating way, with blessings ranked

As one, two, three, and four,—that would be hateful!

I only know that every day brings good above

My poor deserving;

I only feel that on the road of life true Love

Is leading me along and never swerving.

Whatever turn the path may take to left or right,

I think it follows

The tracing of a wiser hand, through dark and light,

Across the hills and in the shady hollows.

Whatever gifts the hours bestow, or great or small,

I would not measure

As worth a certain price in praise, but take them all

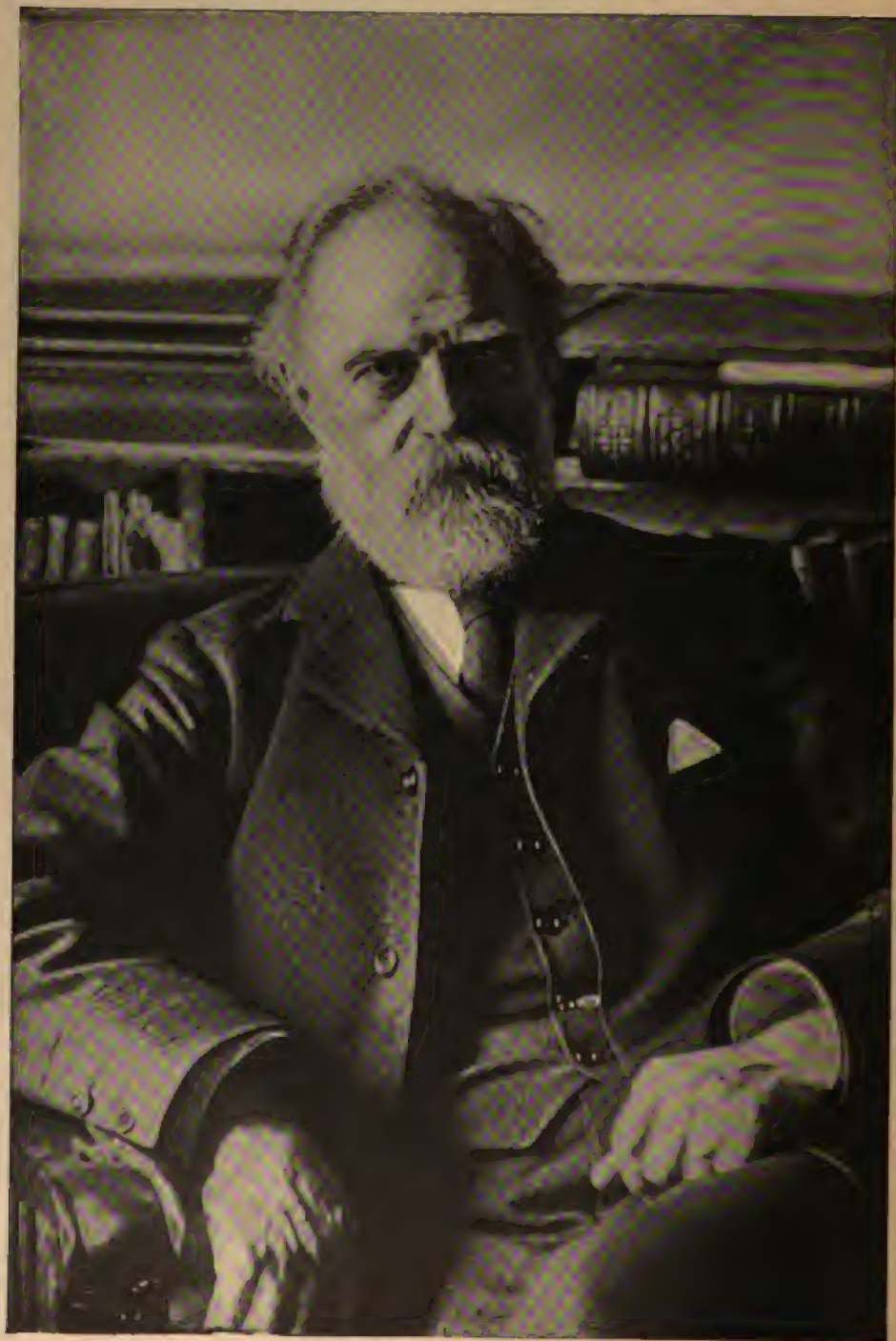
And use them all, with simple, heartfelt pleasure.

For when we gladly eat our daily bread, we bless

The hand that feeds us;

And when we walk along life's way in cheerfulness,

Our very heart-beats praise the Love that leads us.



N. W. TCHAVKOVSKY
Photographed for The Outlook by Arthur Hewitt

THE RUSSIAN REVOLUTION- ARY MOVEMENT

BY N. W. TCHAYKOVSKY

The author of this article is sometimes called the "Father of the Russian Revolutionary Movement." He has been for over thirty years actively engaged in organization looking to political reconstruction in Russia. He was graduated at the St. Petersburg University in scientific courses in 1873, but during his final examination was interrupted and put under arrest, was detained in prison for several months, and there prepared the concluding papers of his examination. The fact that after such a detention no serious proofs were brought forward against Mr. Tchaykovsky illustrates the arbitrary methods employed against Russian students suspected of disaffection. Partly as a result of this persecution, Mr. Tchaykovsky took up his life-work of political agitation, spent several years of study in free countries, including a stay of four years in the United States, partly in the Russian colonies in Kansas and New York. In 1879 he returned to Europe to rejoin the active work of the Revolutionary party, and has since made his headquarters in England. While he has written articles and pamphlets bearing on the world's radical movements, the greater part of his time has been occupied in forwarding, as organizer and practical manager of societies, the cause of Russian political freedom. His experience of life covers a variety of professions, such as student of science, farmer, ship-carpenter, laborer in a sugar refinery, newspaper correspondent, editor of a technical periodical in Russian, teacher, manager of works, commercial agent, managing director of an industrial concern, consulting chemist, and writer. He is now visiting this country once more.—THE EDITORS.

WHEN the magic word "volia" (freedom) first swept the whole length and breadth of Russia in 1861, I was but ten years old. Living with my parents in their country estate in the northeastern part of Russia, I spent most of my playtime with the village boys, and learned very early to understand the joys and sorrows of the peasant life. I sympathized with them instinctively; their secret thoughts and aspirations were familiar to me. They actually believed at the time that the Czar, the "Little Father," was at heart on their side against nobles and *chinovniks* (officials), and no arguing could persuade them to the contrary.

With age and learning these early impressions of mine gathered into a consciousness of deep historic injustice to the peasants, a conviction that all privileged Russians must make reparation to the *toilers* of Russia. This feeling was very general among the youth of our generation. It formed a sort of philanthropic though quite sincere undercurrent for the reform movement of that time. The question of how this debt to the people could be most successfully re-

paid formed one of the standard problems and its solution a common mission of the decade 1860 to 1870.

The factors that caused this undercurrent to be transformed into a widespread craving for deep revolutionary upheaval later on were two: first, the reaction of the Court, headed by men like Muravieff, "The Hangman," and P. Shuvaloff, the arch spy; and, second, the tide of new republican and socialistic ideas flowing in from Europe. The former tended to paralyze all reforms of Alexander the Second, while the latter proved to us the futility of merely political liberal reforms granted from above and not obtained by spontaneous efforts of the people themselves.

This explains the fact that the first steps of men and women of our generation like Peter Kropotkin or Katharine Breshkovskaia were invariably merely liberal attempts to help the toiling masses in their cultural development by starting private schools, spreading and reading among them useful booklets, assisting them in court in numerous disputes for land, procuring medical assistance, etc.

I was not an exception to this rule. I

started my public career as soon as I entered the University in Petersburg in 1868 as a member of the circle for organizing a private school for children, together with Sophie Perovskaia. But by the end of the same year the students' movement was started for obtaining corporation rights and privileges, and I was involved in it. The broader current of political ideas soon swept away the previous philanthropic thread of our views, and we began to think of the destiny of the whole Russian nation instead of our personal obligations to the poor and the oppressed. The necessity of forming an organized popular force for advancing the interest of the toiling masses became clear to us, and we decided to work for it. A group of five prominent students representing the three most important higher institutions in St. Petersburg—the University, the Medical Academy, and the Technological Institute—was the result; and I represented the University. This was the group of initiative for recruiting and organizing all the revolutionary elements of our generation into an advanced guard of the future popular party on the basis of common political and ethical ideas.

At first the work was limited to the intellectual youth, but in the course of two years our organization grew so strong and spread so far throughout the country that it was decided in 1872 to transfer the main field of our action from students' lodgings in cities into the industrial suburbs of towns and into villages. This new work was carried on at first through individual connections and by forming small groups of factory workmen and peasants animated with the same ideas as ourselves.

The new gospel we announced was a "true volia." It included the communal possession of the whole land by the peasants, and our adherents were urged to gain their rights and liberties themselves by fighting instead of waiting till the Czar would order re-allotment of the land. This was the famous movement "back to the people," and our organization, to which my name was usually attached, occupied the central position in this agitation. So swiftly did it spread that in the report of Baron Palen, the Minister of Justice, in

1874, it was said there were signs of revolutionary propaganda in thirty-six provinces of European Russia, and the persecutions followed as a matter of course.

The further evolution of this movement under the names of "Zemlia and Volia" (1877-79) and the "Narodnaja Volia" (1879-87) has been so admirably described by Mr. George Kennan, S. Stepniak, and recently by Prince Kropotkin in his memoirs, that I do not need to dwell upon it now. It is to be pointed out, however, that although this movement failed to involve in its ranks broad popular masses, and eventually was crushed in 1885 by the reactionary party, it accomplished an important historic mission. It destroyed the mystic faith in the "Little Father" in the breasts of the masses of people; it produced a splendid band of heroes and martyrs of the democratic cause; it created glorious revolutionary traditions for the future, and it outlined the platform of the democratic party in Russia.

A question probably will be asked—why peasants and masses of workmen did not respond to the call of "Zemlia and Volia" (land and freedom), in 1877. This question has formed a disputed ground for the two last decades in Russia. Its answer can be given in the light of the recent events. The mass of peasants at that time still continued hoping, against evident facts, for further reforms from the Czar. They actually believed the story invented by the reactionaries—that Alexander II. had been assassinated by nobles for having liberated the serfs. The only response which those revolutionary organizations received from below came from the town artisans and factory workmen, who formed several half-economic and half-political organizations of some thousand members which formally joined the "Party of the People's Will." The author of the attempt of 1880 (Narodnaja Volia) to blow up the Emperor in his dining-hall in the Winter Palace was one of the leaders of such a purely workingmen organization (the Northern Union), a cabinet-maker by trade, S. Kholturine. Nevertheless, it has to be admitted now that the revolutionary wave which culmi-

nated in the "Party of the People's Will" has been mainly a movement of intellectuals followed merely by groups of town workmen and by only a few individual peasants.

Circumstances have entirely changed since that time. The revolutionary wave of the present day, although it covers all classes of the nation, is mainly based upon the movement of popular masses of workmen and peasants, who form the bulk of the democratic parties.

Therefore this part of the story requires our special attention. These men not only take active part in struggling for liberties and the new democratic order, but they evolve from themselves a new class of half-intellectuals, peasants and workmen, so-called "conscious workers," who undertake and very effectively do the part of the leaders of the masses. Although deficient in the rudiments of school education, they are well versed in all burning problems of the day, and can discuss and argue them from their point of view against any intellectual scholars; as a rule, they are well read in political and economic standard literature, and a special class of current literature sprang up in Russia within the last ten years to answer their mental needs.

When the Emperor Alexander III. went to Moscow to be crowned in 1883, he took particular care to receive the deputations of peasants from various provinces, in order that they should hear his personal declaration that no re-allotment of land whatsoever was to be expected, and that *they should obey the heads of the nobles*. This solemn declaration of the autocrat was almost equivalent to his abdication. It opened the eyes of the peasants, since they learned from the Czar himself what we had told them long ago—namely, that the Czar of Russia is but the wealthiest and the mightiest noble *pomeschik* (landlord), who never could side with them in good earnest against his own class. Similar declarations, almost in the same words, were repeated by the present Emperor to the deputations of peasants when he visited Kursk for maneuvers a few years ago. This cold shower to the patriotic hearts of the peasants, together with

their own economic difficulties, accomplished the miracle. Peasants even of the remotest parts of Russia began thinking for themselves.

The misery of the Russian peasant is almost proverbial, and it has been ever growing since the emancipation of serfs. Their land allotments were insufficient enough at that time (1861), on an average of about seven acres per family. The population has doubled since, and the average allotment now is about three acres and a half per family. The productiveness of the land in the meantime has rather decreased than otherwise, owing to the reduced number of cattle in possession of the peasants and the natural exhaustion of the soil. No improvements in the methods of agriculture were possible, owing partly to the want of capital and partly to the deficiency of education, which was systematically denied to them. The only way open for the peasant out of this situation was either to look for a job at the factory gate or to rent more land at an exorbitant rental from the neighboring *pomeschiks*. He actually tried both, but to no purpose, for the market prices were against him. The grain which he produced had to be sold for ready money as soon as it was gathered in order to pay the taxes—and that at prices which grew lower and lower every year, probably owing to American competition. On the other hand, all goods that he had to buy for ready money—salt, petroleum, iron tools and implements, calico prints, tobacco, and wine—were more and more heavily taxed and therefore grew in prices. The two ends of the millions of toilers, that is to say, their earnings and expense, ran farther and farther from each other, to their infinite perplexity and dismay. They growled under the burden, but could not comprehend the causes, "as it was known to everybody from olden times that the market prices are God-made." And there was a period, indeed, when our people were on the brink of despair.

Now there comes a clever intellectual who puts into the peasants' hands a concise little booklet which explains everything. It says that market prices are not God but Czar's-Minister made; that there are such things as indirect taxes

and protective duties on articles of popular consumption, which make prices rise as obediently as water in a pump under pressure; that these taxes and duties are made high by the Government of the Czar in order to suit the convenience of the privileged people, such as rich manufacturers and Czar's highly paid officials; that the Government increased the yearly budget of the State for the last ten years from one billion rubles to two and a half billion rubles, and that almost all this enormous heap of money was obtained from the peasant class by means of an artificial rise in the prices by means of indirect taxes and tariffs, since it was impossible to fleece and flog out of the people any more direct taxes (they were 120 per cent. in arrears in 1902) than were already demanded.

This was quite a revelation to the peasants. The booklet went from village to village, was read and discussed at hundreds of private meetings, until it was torn in pieces. Then the readers asked their town friends to send them some more of those precious booklets. Their desire being readily gratified, they further learned that they will never get out of their difficulties and misery unless they have a voice in the matter of prices and taxes through an elected assembly of deputies from all classes, including themselves, and in equal proportion; that they ought to have all officials to be elected and controlled by themselves instead of being appointed by the Czar, as at present; moreover, that they will never be able to elect the right men or control them effectively until the people have liberty of press and speech, liberty of meetings and unions, in addition to the liberty of faith, and that these ought to be guaranteed to them by handing over the land and the control of the budget to the people.

This completed the course of political education of the peasants. They formed, in the course of the last eighteen months, local branches of the Peasant Union, and the ties of friendship between the village toilers and the advanced intellectuals were drawn closer; they concluded an alliance against the whole autocratic bureaucracy and their system of self-aggrandisement and tyranny, and became

parts of the new-born conscious democratic force of the country.

As to the younger brothers of the peasants who went to town to look for jobs, they learned the truth still quicker. As soon as they commenced working they found that there was quite a net of fines and tricks in the factory system, enabling the foreman to exact extra profit from the men. But as soon as the men grumbled and began to discuss the situation, and especially when they declared a strike, they were threatened by the factory police, by the factory inspectors, and, last but not least, by sotnia of Cossacks. In this way they found by bitter experience that the price of their labor was, after all, kept down by the Czar's agents, and that in order to improve their position they ought to change all that; they ought to have liberty of meetings and of strikes, liberty of speech and press, and, above all, liberty of forming unions; and that all these privileges ought to be guaranteed to them by a constituent assembly elected upon equal, direct, and universal suffrage. Consequently they joined the union of their trade, the purpose of which was to get not only improved conditions of labor, but also the rights and liberties of the people. They elected representatives to the council of the workmen's delegates and took enthusiastic part in the political demonstrations and public meetings on Sundays, held in spite of the prohibition of the police. There they heard from their leaders that nothing short of the general political strike could settle their claims; and they believed it. This completed the course of political education of the factory hands, and completed their alliance with the intellectuals who opened their eyes. Next they wrote home to their village relatives that they had joined the union, and learned from them in reply that they had done the same. Now they were parts of the huge national organization which they believed could accomplish miracles and was sure to obtain them liberties, rights, and land, above all.

The year 1905 was the year when such a course of political education was actually completed by many millions of Russian toilers. The "Bloody Sunday,"

when Father Gapon said that the "last link between the Czar and the mass of the workers had been broken," was merely the last straw that broke the back of the camel. Sympathetic strikes and demonstrations in all parts of Russia, involving millions of people, followed. All attempts of the Government at suppressing them acted like oil poured upon fire, and enhanced the enthusiasm. But the practical outcome of all this gigantic commotion was the formation of thousands of unions of all trades and professions, with branches in the provinces. They sprang up all over Russia, met in local conferences, passed resolutions demanding liberties, convocation of the constituent assembly on the basis of universal suffrage and granting the land to the people, besides general improvement in conditions of work. These local organizations sent delegates to the national conference, who formed national unions, and finally these national unions federated into a Union of Unions. The whole federation covered from seven to ten millions of people, including the peasant union (up to three million members) and the railway employees' union (about eight hundred thousand men). Delegates of this most important organization, together with the representatives of local organizations of the capitals and the representatives of the advanced political parties, formed what was called the Councils of Workmen Delegates in St. Petersburg and Moscow, which practically ruled the situation. It comprised 320 delegates, representing 170,000 workmen in St. Petersburg alone.

It would not be right to say that the democratic and republican force covered workmen and peasants alone. Professional unions, as those of doctors, lawyers, engineers, writers, artists, etc., played an important part by placing their knowledge at the disposal of the organization. They withstood the hardships of the struggle side by side with wage-earners. They stopped work when the general political strike was proclaimed, and very often lost their positions after the strike ended. They were arrested for attending committees and public meetings, and speaking at them; some

of them attended sick and wounded under the fire of the Government machine guns, and were afterwards shot for doing their duty. Lawyers attended to the legal business of the unions, defended the persecuted members of the advanced parties and of the unions, and looked after the interests of the amnestied comrades, doing all these things of course free of any charges.

These are the elements upon which the present republican and democratic movement in Russia is based. No wonder that these men showed such splendid pluck at the critical moment. They are the pick of the nation. In Moscow they withstood the artillery fire for eleven days. Trains full of railway men came to the town every morning to do their risky duty and used to return home for the night.

There is another question which I may expect from the reader. Are Russian peasants and workmen ripe enough to participate in republican self-government? This I am bound to answer in the affirmative. Russian peasants as a class have not lost the habit of taking active part in the management of their own communal affairs, in spite of all the moralizing efforts of the local autocrats (*Zemskie Natchalniki*) appointed since 1882. Moreover, the new class of half-intellectual peasants alluded to above forms a very effective body of men to guide and protect their interests. And as to the want of elementary education and the illiteracy of peasants (who form about fifty per cent. in the central part of Russia), their craving for education is so strong that the greatest probability is that under favorable circumstances they would soon overtake other classes in this respect.

What was the reply of the Czar's government to all these splendid manifestations of the young vigor and constructive strength in the nation? Brutal oppression and promises which it never meant to carry out. Not even an attempt to grasp the needs of the nation as a whole and to satisfy them. Is such a government worthy of another chance to try its skill? It ought to go; and the sooner the better.

A MOTIF FOR AN AUTUMN ROMANCE

BY EMERT POTTLE

AT ten o'clock Bartlett conducted Mr. Hatch to the park—an unvarying event on fine mornings. It was late October, and the day was bland with sun. The slight depression incident to the falling, sear leaf and the wane of the season became in the brilliant warmth of the morning hardly more than a motive of gentle retrospect, an agreeably modulated memory of the past. Even Mr. Hatch, keyed to a mood of more than usual petulance, had to admit—as he trotted crossly through the Seventy-second Street entrance, Bartlett properly behind him with a rug—that he'd seen worse weather, though all days in the city were makeshifts.

Mr. Hatch made for the center of the park. Presently, casting about with his little, sharp, gleaming eyes, he drew a gloved hand from his pocket, and, pointing, said, with a mixture of deference and imperiousness, "I'll sit over there on that bench, I guess, Mr.—or—Bartlett."

"Very good, sir."

The footman tucked the rug carefully about the knees of the old man, and then stood impassively back of the bench. Mr. Hatch endured this polite espionage for several minutes, fidgeting in his seat and growing inwardly more irritable.

"Go away," he exploded at last, fretfully, "and walk around—walk 'way off. I'll sit here."

"Yes, sir; and when shall I come back for you, sir?"

Mr. Hatch smothered a mild curse.

"Beg pardon, sir?"

"An hour, I guess—an hour! That's about all I can stand of anything," the old man snapped.

"Very good, sir."

Mr. Hatch watched him woodenly depart, with a frown of extreme displeasure on his wrinkled forehead.

"It ain't decent," he muttered, "wearing monkey clothes like that and being

called by your last name. Seem's if a man ain't got any notion of the Constitution or his freeborn rights, to be shilly-shallying around at anybody's beck and call like those fellows do. 'Very good, sir!' Puh! If he'd get out on a farm and do a day's haying! He reminds me of old Sam Ward's idiot boy—he was always standing about, saying nothing, dumb as a pump. They ain't no company to a man, these chumps."

Furtively Mr. Hatch jerked the kid gloves from his knotted hands. He stared at them contemptuously. "Kid gloves! And in October! My Lord! Mittens are good enough for *me*—when it's cold." He unbuttoned his topcoat, taking occasion to rub the silk lining between his thumb and his forefinger. "Good goods," he grugged. "Must have cost George an awful lot of money. No warmth to it, though. I'd rather have my old brown overcoat than two of these."

He gazed about him critically. "It's the best they can do, I s'pose—nice walks and trees—but they don't seem *real*. But I can stand it here better than being cooped up in *them*! He waved his cane indignantly toward the row of imposing stone apartment-houses rearing their handsome heads above the splendid mass of autumn reds and yellows—arrogant mansions confident of their expensiveness.

"Receiving vaults," he sniffed. "And they call 'em houses—no upstairs and no downstairs! Can't see how they stand it in 'em. Don't seem's if I could stand it in George's house. 'Twenty-five foot front'! My Lord, our old house was—" The irascible old gentleman lapsed into a monotone of gloomy, scornful phrases.

Gradually the benignant sun and the placidity of the gracious park began to soothe Mr. Hatch even against his will. He settled more comfortably upon his

bench and let his eyes stray tolerantly over the green lawns and brilliant trees. His mind, indeed, wandered out across the pleasant expanse, beyond the troublesome confines of the city, far into a cleaner, greener land.

"Everything's harvested at home," he mused, lonesomely, "and the boys must be gathering the hickory-nuts and the walnuts on the farm. Everything's harvested but—me. I'll bet 'twas a fine morning home—one of them crisp, sparkled kind of mornings, sort of frosty on the grass and a frisky feeling in the air. I'd hitched up and gone into the village by this time, to get the paper. Seem 's if I got more news out of that paper! These here they have are so big, and fancy, and such liars I can't seem to find out much from 'em except about the divorces. I'll warrant Drummer 'd kick up his heels to-day a little—pshaw! getting too old to drive colts, am I? I could show 'em. I wonder if they'll paint the barns this fall? They need it. My Lord! 'twas twenty-five years ago I put 'em up! Everything is old. I'm old, too. The women I knew are old or dead. Everything is old but *this place!*"

Mr Hatch roused himself with a little shiver, and moved into a greater warmth of sun. He looked about him with renewed belligerence. "*But this place!*" he reiterated, pettishly. "Hullo! there comes that old woman again." He sat up more stiffly, and watched a tiny, delicate old lady slowly moving toward him along the walk. He was vaguely aware that she was expensively gowned, that the furs she wore—even on so warm a day—were very costly. There was a maid with her, a pretty, foreign creature, with a pert air of disdainful service.

"I'll bet that girl don't give a hoot for the old woman," considered Mr. Hatch, with interest, "no more than that Bartlett does for me. Somehow she don't seem city-bred, the old girl, for all her fine clothes. Wonder if she'll sit here like she did yesterday."

Indeed, at that moment the little, fashionably dressed old woman was saying, with a delightful air of importance, "I'll sit right down here, Maree."

"Yes, madame," and the maid rather

contemptuously folded the rug about her knees.

"You can walk around, Maree. I guess I'll sit here about an hour. You can come back then."

"Thank you, madame, yes." She tripped neatly away.

The little lady fluttered her wings and settled her plumage prettily, with an obvious delight.

"Just like a canary," considered Mr. Hatch.

Presently she glanced curiously at the old man on the next bench. Certainly he was a most respectable old man; his broadcloth was dignity itself, she thought, as he sat in the rigidity of perfect propriety. "A nice-looking old man, but quite feeble, I should think. I shouldn't wonder if he came from the country—somehow he reminds me of—of—dear me, so long ago!" She patted her furs caressingly. Her movement of hands and head was most alert; indeed, her whole body, despite its undeniable age, was vibrant with youthful pride and satisfaction.

The two continued to steal furtive glances at each other. Mr. Hatch coughed suggestively. His neighbor conspicuously arranged her white-gloved hands outside her rug.

They sat silent and decorous. A fat, bold squirrel coquetted lightly toward them. Mr. Hatch, with an involuntary look of pleasure, began to toss the animal nuts which he drew from his pocket. So absorbed did he become in his pastime that he was quite startled to find himself saying to his companion: "Tame, ain't he?"

"Yes—oh yes," she answered, almost unconsciously. "I'm used to the red ones, though."

Mr. Hatch threw out the last nut. He straightened up slowly and regarded the little lady with a franker manner. "I guessed you were from the country when I saw you," he said, simply.

She flushed uncomfortably. "I'm sure I—" she began, distantly.

"No offense, ma'am, and it was not from your clothes," said Mr. Hatch, hastily but diplomatically.

She smiled with ill-concealed pleasure. "Well, how—?"

"Oh, I don't know," he replied, vaguely. "I just sort of *knew*."

"I guessed the same* of *you*," she hazarded in a twitter of a voice.

"No! Did you, now? Well, I'm glad to hear you say that—I've been kept dressed up so for the last year, I didn't know, but—and you *guessed*?"

She nodded.

"Old dogs."

"New tricks?" she queried.

"You've hit it," he chuckled.

She pursed her lips and smoothed her gown admiringly. "I don't know," she asserted, "about that."

"I know about *me*," he declared, irritably. "Have you been here long, ma'am? Do you live here?"

She hesitated, but her desire to talk was too strong for personal ideas of decorum. "Not so very long—last spring, and we were away for the summer—and this fall. I live over there in Central Park West."

Mr. Hatch shoved nearer on the bench. "Do you like it here," he asked, confidentially, "in these human warehouses?"

"Where?" she asked, blankly.

"Flats, then? Apartments? Whatever you call 'em?"

"Oh, *yes*—very *much*."

Mr. Hatch stared. "You said you were country-raised?"

She laughed outright. "I don't know as I did. But—I was."

"And you like those *houses*—and this great, big, bellowing city?" He was quite incredulous.

"Yes, I do. It seems to me that for the first time in my life I am actually—" she broke off confusedly.

"What?"

"Living like folks. Seeing things," she completed, defiantly.

"My Lord!" groaned her neighbor.

She sat up very primly, pulling her furs closer about her neck. Mr. Hatch eyed her despondently.

"To me," he continued, gruffly, after a long silence, "it's just like the circus. When I was a boy I used to like the circus. Start off and make a day of it—peanuts, pink lemonade, the whole thing!—if I could run away from the farm. And, great guns! wasn't I tired

when night come? Well, I've outgrown the circus. But I have to go to it—night and day—now. And I'm tired—tired clean through." He sighed laboriously.

The old lady regarded him with compassion. "I wasn't allowed to go to the circus when I was a girl," she smiled.

Mr. Hatch completed the analogy. "And now you're going it to make up for lost time?" he snorted.

She decided not to take offense. "Well, if you call it that. I—I *like* it."

"I never understood women," remarked Mr. Hatch, with a pious note of self-congratulation.

She replied with some asperity. "I s'pose you were like most men, so busy telling women about yourself you didn't have time to understand 'em."

Mr. Hatch grinned good-naturedly. "I guess you got me there. But I always say they's two times when you *don't* understand a woman. Before you're married—and after." He chuckled over his little joke until he coughed alarmingly. His companion took it all with a polite smile.

"Some one said that to me once before," she said, abstractedly. "I was trying to think—when I was a young lady—"

"Now that's queer. Your previous remark sounded mighty familiar."

They laughed happily over the encounter. After this the ice was rather more broken.

"Do you live here all alone?" he asked, curiously.

"Oh my no! I live with my married daughter."

"I live with my married son."

They edged closer to each other, quite unconsciously.

"I s'pose—" he essayed, hesitatingly—"they—you—you said you liked it—"

She was quick to catch his meaning, and drew herself up with proud satisfaction. "You mean—do they treat me well? Why, Harriet—"

"Your girl's named Harriet?"

She nodded. "Harriet can't do enough for me. And her husband—he's something big on Wall Street—why, he—he calls me *mother*. He says I'm just the same as— His mother died, you know, when he was a baby. And I

never had a son. Oh, I never thought it would be like this—it's just heaven!"

She looked at her companion with sympathetic, questioning eyes. He interpreted, shrewdly. "Oh, no, nothing like that." She started guiltily. "You probably think that because I—I kind of act discontented, that my boy George— Don't you believe it. That boy'd give his last cent to make it comfortable for me. He's the best boy a man ever had. I say so. Look at these clothes—George got 'em. Wanted to get me a *vally*, too, but I kicked. And Caroline, George's wife, that girl's doing for me all the time. They don't imagine I don't care for it here."

"I'm real glad," she murmured. "I was afraid—"

"Nothing for it but I must come and live with 'em," he continued, with justice, though with a touch of sarcasm. "Been at me for ten years. Ever since my wife died. And then last year my daughter got married, and that left me alone in the house. I had to come then. They said I was too old to stay alone! *Too old!* I ain't but sixty-nine. I could have stayed alone. I could do a day's work with any of 'em," he scolded. "But George is a good boy, though; I shouldn't want him to know I want to get home."

The little lady was deeply interested. "I guess he *is* a good boy from what you say. I thank the Lord every day for the good boys and girls in this world. Oh, there are some children that—it just makes my heart ache to think of their fathers and mothers. I just come last spring to Harriet. I was living alone, except for the shiftlessest fellow and his wife who lived on the place. And do you know, it was the funniest thing," she leaned toward him confidentially. "I don't know why I should be telling you," she hesitated, shyly.

"Go on, ma'am. I guess we're two birds of a feather."

"Well, do you know," she went on eagerly, "they'd been wanting me to come and live with them ever so long, but they wouldn't ask me because they thought I'd be unhappy in the city!" She laughed delightedly over the absurdity of the idea.

"Sensible folks, I should say," grunted Mr. Hatch.

She disregarded this. "And they are so pleased now that I'm here and like it, and so afraid that I'll not stay contented. Honestly, it seems sort of *wicked* when I look at the things that Harriet and Robert have given me. Dear me, I try to think of the suffering poor in the world that need so much, but—I'm dreadful, I guess—but somehow I don't seem to care. I'm just glad for *myself*." With a charming ingenuousness she drew off her glove. On a trembling, wrinkled finger, the joints swollen with rheumatism, gleamed a splendid ring of diamonds. "Robert gave me that this morning—it's my birthday. Isn't it beautiful? I've dreamed nights of having a diamond ring."

Mr. Hatch was fumbling at his cravat. "It's a fine one," he commented, "but just look at this that George gave me." With thinly assumed indifference he extracted a shimmering opal pin.

"It's lovely," she breathed admiringly.

"I don't care much for such gimcracks," said Mr. Hatch, sternly, replacing the pin with great pains.

For some moments they sat, quite in silence, basking like aged cats in the grateful sunshine.

"You can talk about your diamonds," broke out Mr. Hatch, argumentatively, "but, ma'am, on a morning like this the diamonds that'd please me are the frost-diamonds in the grass out in God's country. Where it shines and sparkles. And it's crisp and—can't you see it, ma'am?"

"I can," she replied, tartly. "I've seen it for—for a good many years. I don't ever want to see it again. There was a board right by my back steps—I'll warrant I fell down on that old thing forty times—frosty mornings."

"I can smell the fine air of the early day," rhapsodized Mr. Hatch. "Good, good!"

"So can I. For forty years I got up at daylight—cold, nasty, horrid daylight—and lighted a lamp to see my way around to work. Till my husband died there were fourteen cows to look after. I can't hardly eat butter now, thinking of it."

"I'd had the morning's work done by now," sighed Mr. Hatch.

"I wouldn't," she replied, acidly. "I never had it done. I worked day and night. Look at those fingers! And saved and saved, and worked and worked. And they was always more to do. I used to pray God nights to let me get rested—just for one little hour."

"That was living then," he chanted, obliviously. "Work is good for folks. It keeps 'em healthy. You never heard of nervous prostration and—and grippe—and appendixes when I was a boy. But *here!* Hah! They're having diseases you never knew flesh was heir to. They ought to get out and work. O my Lord, I wish I was back plowing the ten-acre back lot!"

She flashed at him impetuously. "Work! You say you never heard of diseases and gripes and things when we were young? Good reason—they wasn't time to have a disease comfortably and give it a name. Women worked till they dropped in their tracks and went off in corners and died. And the men, too. Work! I never want to see a farm again, or a cow. When I was a girl, I hated it. I said if I ever married, I'd marry a man who'd take me to the city; but I didn't. I married one—of *you*. He was a good man, too, but I don't know as I wish him back." She sat back breathless in her defiance. "But, thank God, I saved my daughter from it—from the country!"

"Women ain't never satisfied," Mr. Hatch growled, impatiently.

"I don't see that that's any argument. *I'm satisfied now.*"

"Most women are fools," characterized Mr. Hatch, loftily.

"They're men's fools," snapped the little lady. "You leave 'em alone and they are all right."

The attack was growing too hot for Mr. Hatch to combat. He retreated shamelessly. "What part of the country did you come from, ma'am?" he asked, with great consideration.

"Ohio," she responded, briefly.

"Nice country. I've been there," said he.

"Horrid! I wasn't born there, I'm glad to say," his companion remarked,

slightly. "I was born in Shrewsbury."

"*Shrewsbury? New York?*" cried Mr. Hatch, excitedly.

"Yes."

"Why, why, I come from there—that's where I live—where I used to live," he finished, gloomily. "And you came from *there?*"

She leaned toward him, scanning his face earnestly. "What—what *is* your name?" she demanded, eagerly.

"Hatch, ma'am. Ever heard of it?"

Her cheeks were quite pink and her eyes twinkled with fun. She was a very pretty old lady at that moment.

"Yes, it seems to me I've heard the name—*somewhere*. Salem?—Don't you know me?—Hattie? Hattie Mills?"

He stared straight into her smiling eyes. "Well, my Lord!" he ejaculated, solemnly. "Why didn't I guess it before? Harriet Mills—Hattie! My Lord!"

"Salem Hatch!"

She took his outstretched hand.

"Well, Hattie?"

"Well, Salem?"

"I kind of thought that conversation of ours sounded familiar," he said, slowly, reminiscently.

She drooped her head. "You mean—"

He laughed gruffly. "Yes, that's just what I mean. Remember the night I drove you home from camp-meeting?"

She nodded gravely.

"We talked it all out that night. I was in—*love* with you then, Hattie. I was going to ask you to marry me right there, but—"

"I always wondered if you were," she laughed softly. "And 'twas so long ago. Think of knowing now that you—"

"'Twas that talk of yours about hating the country that—"

She smiled a little sadly. "I know. I said it because—oh, I meant it, Salem."

"While we're talking, Hattie, did you—ah—sort of—eh? For *me?*"

She blushed. "I guess I—did, to tell the truth. But my folks moved to Ohio, and—and—oh, I married like the rest—a farmer. And you married, too."

"Sarah Winters—you'll remember her?—a good girl, God rest her!"

Both sat busy with their own strange,

wandering thoughts. Presently Mr. Hatch straightened up with a laugh.

"And, after all, us two old birds turned up here in New York! Beats all! You, just the same, liking it, and me, kicking, same as ever." He patted her hand affectionately.

"Little Hattie Mills," he mused. "You were the prettiest of 'em all, Hattie."

"You were always fooling, Salem," she bridled.

"Honest, Hattie, you were."

They dropped childishly into the ancient gossip of their bygone day. The eyes of the two shone eagerly, and the years lay lightly on their snowy heads.

At last—"And you wouldn't want to go back again, Hattie?" he asked, wistfully.

She smiled tremulously and perhaps a little piteously. "No—no, Salem. Never, I'm afraid. I—I've got my heart's desire."

He shook his head soberly.

"My, how the time has gone! It's time for my maid to come," she said, consciously.

Mr. Hatch rose painfully. "I get so stiff on these benches," he explained. "There she is, up there, and there's that dam—excuse me, ma'am—that man of mine with her. What do you think of that?" He waved his cane violently.

"There they come," he said, morosely,

"the good-for-nothings. Following us around all the time as if we were babies."

"Maree's real handy," faltered the little lady; "but sometimes, Salem, honestly, I'm kind of 'fraid of her."

"Don't take any slack from her," encouraged the old man, stoutly. "Yes, you can take the rug, Mr. Bartlett. I'm ready," he muttered meekly in the next breath.

"I'll come along with you, Hattie." The two ambled happily together toward the entrance, the servants sedately in the rear.

"It's been a beautiful birthday party, Salem," she smiled.

"I'll be here to-morrow if it don't rain, Hattie," Mr. Hatch said, anxiously. "If you—"

She reddened consciously. "I—I'll come," she murmured.

"I'm real glad—" he essayed, as they emerged into the busy street.

"So am I, Salem. Good-by."

The old man trotted after her eagerly. "I forgot to ask your name now, Hattie. I—I—I s'pose I'd ought to know."

She fluttered to him. "Of course—and where I live, too." They lingered together again gratefully.

"Ain't they the two old jays?" conveyed Bartlett out of the corner of his mouth to Marie.

Comment on Current Books

Important New Books Among the more notable books of the last week or two may be named the first volume, superbly printed, of "Mediæval London: Historical and Social," in the great "Survey" planned by the late Sir Walter Besant (Macmillan); Professor Friedrich - Paulsen's "The German Universities" (Scribners); "Lincoln, Master of Men," by Alonzo Rothchild (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.); "Bird and Bough," by John Burroughs (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.); Thomas F. Millard's "The New Far East" (Scribners); and, in fiction, Agnes and Egerton Castle's charming romance, "If Youth but Knew" (Macmillan), Mr. Rex E. Beach's vigorous tale "The Spoilers," and Mr. Owen Wister's "Lady Baltimore," a book as different as possible from Mr. Wister's earlier stories, but of a singular interest.

Braj: The Vaishnava Holy Land Certain apostles of Hinduism have attracted a sympathetic hearing and some disciples in Western countries. The other side of the shield is exposed in this volume by the Rev. Dr. J. E. Scott, a missionary. The chief seat of the cult of Krishna, adored as the incarnation of Vishnu, the second member of the Hindu trinity, is the city of Mathura in northern India, the center of the region here styled the "holy land," the Sebastopol of a gross superstition. Here the Methodist Church in 1888 established a mission led by Dr. Scott, which now reckons a Christian community of ten thousand. As introductory to the story of this enterprise, the "holy land," its towns, its religious sects, their beliefs and practices, are described at length, and particularly the character of the reigning deity,

Krishna. His interest for us comes from the frequent analogies drawn between him and Christ. He is, indeed, the most joyous and human personage in the Hindu pantheon. But, as here described by indubitable testimony, he is the deity of rakes and lust. (Braj: The Vaishnava Holy Land. By Rev. J. E. Scott, Ph.D., S.T.D. Eaton & Mains, New York. \$1, net.)

The Château of Montplaisir

This is such a delightful bit of comedy that Miss Seawell should be proud of her ability to bring smiles to the generally downcast countenances of ordinary readers of fiction. Pure merriment, absurd combinations, delicious impertinence, sparkle throughout these pages. The atmosphere is that of French gayety, and the effect is most refreshing. A group of persons including an impecunious youth of good family, his unattainable lady-love, her frisky old aunt, an ambitious and rich soap-boiler, two or three "semi-royal" dukes and generals, and one or two eminently proper individuals, make merry together in the château of Montplaisir. (The Château of Montplaisir. By Molly Elliot Seawell. D. Appleton & Co., New York. \$1.25.)

Congregationalists "Who They Are, and What They Do," their origin, history, institutions, distinguished leaders, and other matters of common interest and frequent inquiry for information, are here stated in the compact and luminous form of question and answer by the Rev. Theodore P. Prudden, of West Newton, Massachusetts. He has made a comprehensive and convenient book of reference and instruction. (Congregationalists: Who They Are and What They Do. By Theodore P. Prudden. The Pilgrim Press, Boston. 40c.)

Cowardice Court George Barr McCutcheon has somewhat too heavy a hand for his slight material. Comedy requires a light, graceful touch that is but rarely found among writers of this sort of romance. The drunken men are too drunk, and the vixenish women are too malicious, and the gay girls are too merry for truly artistic effects. (Cowardice Court. By George Barr McCutcheon. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. \$1.25.)

The First County Park System

The first county to plan and carry out a comprehensive system of parks throughout its extent was Essex County in New Jersey. The work was begun ten years ago, and a considerable part of it is already completed. The credit for the first plan of the system and for much of the energy and initiative which resulted in

the launching of the enterprise is due to Mr. Frederick W. Kelsey, who in this volume has written the history of the movement. The discredit for the marring of the original plan by the seizure for traction purposes of streets necessary to its completeness and homogeneity rests with the Public Service Corporation and its tools in town and county governments. Mr. Kelsey describes with vigor and frankness the progress and the obstruction of the project during his vice-presidency of the Park Commission and afterwards. He makes valuable comments on the subject of park systems in general and wise suggestions to communities interested in securing breathing-spaces for their people. (The First County Park System. By Frederick W. Kelsey. The J. S. Ogilvie Publishing Company, New York. \$1.25.)

The Financier A crude story dealing with the great financial operations and international complications involved in the exploitation of a newly opened up section of Africa. (The Financier. By Harris Burland. G. W. Dillingham & Co., New York. \$1.50.)

Another Life of "Old Hickory" It is not a difficult matter to write a biography by compiling it from biographies already in existence, and, for good measure, throwing in generous citations from other writings touching on the subject in hand. But it is hardly to be expected that the resultant production will bear the stamp of originality, or otherwise disclose warrant for existence. And for this reason, if for no other, it is impossible to regard favorably "The True Andrew Jackson," written by the Rev. Cyrus Townsend Brady for the series which already includes "True" biographies of Washington, Franklin, Jefferson, Penn, Clay, and Lincoln. Mr. Brady is an indefatigable worker and a facile writer, but in the present instance he has certainly failed to equip himself for what is a most difficult task—the adequate and discriminating presentation of one of the strongest characters this country has ever produced. For both facts and conclusions he seems to rely chiefly on Parton, Buell, Sumner, Brown, and Colyar, excerpts from whose writings make up no small proportion of his book of over five hundred pages. Where he does display originality—as in the closing chapter on "Jackson's Place in Our History"—he is usually happy, which must only increase the regret that he has not shown more independence. His work is further open to objection as ill-proportioned, abounding in extreme statements, and uncritical—defects which quite outweigh the considerations that

APRIL COSMOPOLITAN

10c



Russia

THE TREASON OF THE SENATE

BY
DAVID GRAHAM PHILLIPS



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That's it exactly."*

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as he feels,
And a woman is as
old as she looks"—

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SO EFFICACIOUS as to almost bring the small boy into a
state of "surgical cleanliness," and keep him there.

Cosmopolitan Magazine

Vol. XL

APRIL, 1906

No. 6

Idols of the Russian Masses

BY

CHRISTIAN BRINTON

ONE winter evening, when the garrison of Port Arthur was still stubbornly holding its own against Nogi's invincible veterans and the big, sullen army under Kuro-pátkin was being slowly forced from the peninsula, a slender, seductive creature stepped before the footlights of a certain popular concert-hall in St. Petersburg and was about to begin her song. She was currently known as the *protégée* of a notorious grand duke and in her hair, about her throat, and on her fingers glistened a fortune in gems. The orchestra had, however, played but a few opening bars when a stalwart workman with shaggy head and flaming eyes suddenly sprang to his feet and shaking his fist at the singer cried in a voice burning with indignation, "Take off those jewels; they are not diamonds, they are drops of Russian blood!" The audience was electrified, and, quick to appreciate the stinging rebuke which the young artisan had administered to the criminal indifference and profligacy of the aristocracy, they promptly hissed the favorite off the stage.



MME. ALLA NASÍMOV

Throughout the horror and humiliation of the war in the Far East and the stirring and sanguinary events nearer home, the Russian public, like the Parisians of the early seventies, have continuously thronged the theaters and kindred places of amusement. The tragic uncertainty as to what each day might bring forth has been followed, toward evening, by a reaction wholly natural and human. Not only in St. Petersburg and Moscow, but in Riga, Kiev, Odessa and all the larger cities of the empire the fevered intensity and pathetic foreboding of the populace have found both a reflex and an outlet in the playhouse. It has been in the theater that the pulse of this great, convulsed and suffering nation could best be felt, that the temper of the masses could most accurately

be gauged. At the present moment many of the leading places of amusement are closed and theatrical interests are virtually paralyzed, but until the recent storm broke, conditions were more than ordinarily encouraging.

Numerous characteristic incidents have occurred, none perhaps more dramatic or significant than the one cited above, though each in turn has proved typical of some particular phase of popular feeling. To the authorities, one of the most troublesome features of the situation has been the wild demonstrations of enthusiasm aroused by the singing and reciting of revolutionary verses. These, of course, have been introduced as encores since the regular programme is always passed upon by the theatrical censor.

Of late, certain well-known performers have not hesitated to lampoon the imperial family under the thinnest disguises, the result being that rigid instructions have been issued to the police prohibiting all encores unless previously approved by the censor.

Some idea of the personal popularity enjoyed by the actress in Russia can best be understood when it is recalled that three of them were largely responsible for the successful breaking of the St. Petersburg postal strike in January last. They were Mme. Labúnskaya, of the ballet, Mme. Márkova, of the Imperial Opera, and Mme. Mironova, of Suvórin's Theater. Snugly wrapped in furs and driving about in smart sleighs, they spent several days delivering letters and parcels in all quarters of the capital.

In no country, indeed, are the favorites of the stage more ac-



ANTON CHÉKHOV AND COUNT TOLSTÓY

claimed and more beloved than in Russia. The audiences of Paris, Berlin or even Vienna seem stolid and apathetic beside those of the chief Slavic cities. Though a large and concentrated student body is partially responsible for this condition, the rank and file of playgoers are singularly impressionable and enthusiastic. Ovations such as take place among us only on the rarest occasions are of frequent occurrence in the theaters of Russia. Hence it is natural that the social and political, as well as the purely artistic influence of the theater, should be particularly important throughout the empire. Though officialism and bureaucracy have for years been paramount in tsardom, it is refreshing to realize that the stage in Russia is in the hands of no clique nor caste. Managers, actors and singers are alike recruited from every walk of life. A princess is the lessee and star of one of the leading theaters in St. Petersburg, an ex-manufacturer and merchant of Moscow is Russia's foremost producer and stage director.

While it is no secret to the world at large that Máxim Górký is to-day the most popular author and publicist in Russia, it may not be so generally known that the idol of Russian audiences is his most intimate friend, Shalyápin, the basso of the Imperial Opera in Moscow. Years ago, when Górký was an abused and half-starved baker's assistant in Kazán, the man who is now hailed as the prince of Russian singers and the Kean of Russian actors was sitting at a cobbler's bench in that same quaint, semi-Tatár town. Later on, and still unknown to each other, they



MÁXIM GÓRKÝ, AND HIS INTIMATE FRIEND SHALYÁPIN, BASSO OF THE IMPERIAL OPERA, MOSCOW

both drifted to Tiflis, where Górký was a railway hand, and the future operatic star was singing in the chorus of a second-rate theater. Barely two years later, when they had each become famous, their paths crossed again, and this time they met and became fast friends, both having known anguish and obscurity, both at last sharing universal applause and publicity.

Yet it must not be taken for granted that the personal vogue of an opera singer, however great, or the enthusiastic scenes which have been enacted in crowded concert-hall, are the most important achievements of the contemporary Russian stage. The real social significance of the theater in Russia is best exemplified and can best be studied in a series of remarkable plays produced, for the most part, during the

past half-dozen years in Moscow and performed with unprecedented success on every available stage in the empire. It is obvious to any student of Russian affairs that the drama is to-day relatively accomplishing what the novel did during the fifties and sixties. We have Górký's own words to the effect that fiction has largely ceased to be a vital form, and it only remains to add that the play is proving its logical successor.

Within the decade a new race of prophets

outlined. To-day it is no longer these issues, but the struggle for a constitution, the extension of suffrage, common humanity to the Jews, and the modification or even obliteration of autocracy that have burned themselves into popular consciousness. About certain of these themes have been written, with more or less explicit intent, dramas depicting in relentless accents existing social and political conditions.

The plays which have lately made so profound an impression on the Russian public, which have awakened Russians to a pathetic consciousness of their weakness and lack of will, or have aroused in them a species of heroic ardor, have in large part been written by Chékhov and by Górký. Other men such as Chírikov and Naíd-yenov are valiantly continuing the work, but it was the gentle, ironical painter of the "Intellectuals" and the indignant champion of the submerged who, more than any of their colleagues, realized the social function of the drama. It is with an acute sense of regret that one records the untimely death of the former and the interrupted activity of the latter.

Regarding, as we comfortably do, the theater as a place of diversion, as a convenient escape from business or from boredom, it is difficult for us to comprehend the vital influence on the Russian public of such productions as Chékhov's "Sea Gull,"

Górký's "At the Bottom," Naíd-yenov's "Vanyushín's Children" or Chírikov's "Chosen People." It should, however, be remembered that the average Russian takes art seriously. He preaches no such insipid cant as "art for art's sake." His best novels and his best plays are dedicated to a broader, deeper passion than the mere craving for æsthetic stimu-



M. MÓSKVIN, AS LUKKA, IN GÓRKÝ'S "AT THE BOTTOM"

has sprung up using the actor as their mouthpiece and the stage as their battleground. While the pages of Turgénev, Dostoévsky and Tolstóy will always palpitate with pity, will always evoke a haunting, troubled beauty, their specific task has been fulfilled; the serfs have been freed and, though the reconstruction was not consummated, it was at least fearlessly



M. BARÁNOV, ONE OF THE IDOLS OF THE CONTEMPORARY RUSSIAN STAGE

lus, and not until most of the country's wrongs are righted or her bleeding wounds are healed, will fiction or the drama settle complacently down to a trivial dilettanteism.

It is unnecessary to detail the plot of any of these pieces. For the most part they are transcriptions of that baffling struggle for light and freedom which forms the text of every page penned by Russia's cherished champions. The "Sea Gull" full of eager, soaring aims, wings her way into the gray mists of blighted hope and falls stunned upon the shore. Before the fitful rushlight of "At the Bottom" pass and re-pass the forlorn or insolent shadows of humanity's poor outcasts. "Vanyushín's Children," deprived of their birthright of parental tenderness and understanding, curse their father and leave him to moral isolation and suicide; while here at our feet the "Chosen People" fall helpless victims of a ferocious, unreasoning hatred.

You will doubtless maintain that all this is revolting, and is even steeped with needless horror, yet the picture is rarely painted in a single, unrelieved tone. Through

"Plain Folk" rings a manful song of triumph, and often an endearing pity and commiseration illumine the saddest heart or the shabbiest exterior. In essence these plays are a protest against actual conditions, a condemnation of that system which has so long blighted the best endeavor of brain or hand. While their social import is apparent it seldom becomes obtrusive, for over each effort hangs the menacing ban of the censor keeping propaganda rigorously in the background. Whatever the lesson taught, it must be couched in the broad language of life, not in the narrow terms of a theory or a thesis.

Not infrequently a play will slip under the nose of authority and on its production will create such a furore that it has to be immediately suppressed. Such was lately the case with Gorky's "Dáchniki," or "Cottagers." Privately performed in Moscow, it was afterwards given by Mme. Kommissarzhevskaya at the Dramatic Theater in St. Petersburg to the accompaniment of such violent demonstrations of approval that the authorities felt impelled to prohibit any further representations. It



PAUL ORLÉNEV, WHOSE COMPANY IS NOW PLAYING IN THIS COUNTRY



CONSTANTIN STANISLÁVSKY, RUSSIA'S GREATEST STAGE DIRECTOR AND PRODUCER

was relatively easy to forego "Dáchniki," which merely shows a swarm of thoughtless flies buzzing on the brink of destruction, but a further order forbidding the production of any subsequent play by Gorky on the Russian stage proved a far more serious matter. His latest dramatic effort, entitled "Children of the Sun," completed while he was in prison, was hence not produced until the recent manifesto according conditional freedom of speech and of the press became operative.

Not less remarkable than the current Russian drama is the manner of its interpretation. Utterly devoid of convention or artifice, sometimes scarcely more than a succession of profoundly realistic scenes transferred direct from life to the stage, these plays have proved a vital source of inspiration alike to actor and producer. The social upheaval which has in part been brought about by the Russian drama, has been accompanied by an almost equally significant artistic revolution. Hand in hand with the playwright has gone the player, both seeking truth with an almost sacred ardor, both striving to place before the public an unflinching lesson in sincerity, an irresistible appeal to sympathy.

While the ascendancy of the drama has

been due to the enthusiasm of a group of men, the consummate achievement of certain Russian actors is largely traceable to one individual. Something over a decade ago, the performances given by the leading amateur dramatic society of Moscow became the feature of each season. They were under the direction of a wealthy man of business who, though an admirable actor, proved to be an altogether exceptional stage manager. A practical man, as well as the possessor of progressive artistic ideals, it was not long before he decided to make professional use of his capacity in this direction. With certain of his former associates, and a few advanced pupils from the Philharmonic Conservatory, this manufacturer-manager founded the Moscow Artistic Theater. Though he began modestly enough the public was quick to recognize the originality of his methods and the high seriousness of his aims. The most ambitious students and some of the best-known actors in Russia were soon eager to play even small parts in his company, and the influence of his theater shortly reached to the farthest corners of the empire.

Constantin Stanislavsky looks, and is, the man of genius. Massive in stature, with a shaggy crown of gray hair and a short, dark mustache, he impresses you at

once with an absolute reverence for truth and an inherent scorn of sham or artifice. A five minutes' chat with him is sufficient to give you an idea of why he has been able to achieve such radical results, why he has managed within a few short years to revolutionize the interpretation and production of plays in Russia. His methods are the methods of human nature seen through the medium of a clear, discriminating mind. Though an inflexible realist, what he demands is not reality, but the illusion of reality; not life, but the closest, tensest, most faithful translation of life. One morning, when he was rehearsing a young woman in a rôle temperamentally suited to her, but for which she lacked the requisite ease and distinction of manner, he wheeled brusquely round and asked her where she lived.

"In the ———," she replied, naming one of the poorer streets of Moscow.

"How much do you pay for your rooms?"

"Sixty roubles a month," was her puzzled response.

"And how much do you spend a year on gowns?"

"About a thousand roubles."

"Very well; from to-morrow you will occupy an apartment in the Bielygorod (the smartest quarter of Moscow). You will have your carriage, your maid, manicure, *masseuse* and modiste, and in another three months I trust you may feel more at home in the part."

Though three months appears a short time in which to perfect a *femme du monde*, it seems a long while to spend rehearsing a play, yet with Stanislávsky an ordinary modern comedy with the simplest changes of scene is seldom produced under a hundred or more rehearsals. Every detail, even to the very words the characters exchange with each other *sotto voce* at the back of the stage, is scrupulously considered. In spite of this tremendous amount of preparation the final impression is invariably one of refreshing naturalness and spontaneity. Above all, the Stanislávsky actor speaks naturally, a thing rare, if not unknown, on the English stage. Any suspicion of affectation, rant or singsong is in fact utterly tabooed in the best theaters of Russia.

Although there is nothing approaching our definition of a star in Stanislávsky's constellation, and while each actor is re-

lentlessly required to sacrifice individual talent to ensemble effects, the principal players are all famous and all beloved by the public. Among the women, Mme. Olga Knipper, the widow of Chékhov, and an actress of penetrating tenderness and temperamental power, takes perhaps first rank. In "The Sea Gull," "Three Sisters" and "Uncle Ványa" by her husband and in Górký's "Plain Folk" and "At the Bottom," she interprets with singular



MME. OLGA KNIPPER

plasticity a widely different range of parts. Mme. Knipper possesses a vaguely haunting voice, and while not conventionally beautiful, exercises a far subtler and more enduring appeal. Sharing, at times, equal honor with Mme. Knipper are Mme. Lilina, the wife of Stanislávsky, a dramatic

ingénue of the richest promise, and Mme. Andréyva, Gorky's second wife, whose unquestioned scenic gifts will doubtless achieve for her a more secure place than she has thus far attained.

The discovery and development of latent ability being among Stanislávsky's strongest characteristics, it is not strange that there should be several remarkable instances of this faculty in the personnel of his company. Baránov, the unforgettable Teterév in the "Plain Folk," he took from a church choir, and out of handsome Veshnévsky, who had been an indifferent exponent of the young lover in the provinces, he made an inimitable character actor. Though both of these men stand high, Móskvin, particularly in such rôles as Lukka and the Tsar Féodor, would probably be considered their peer in method and in maturity of talent.

Apart from the Moscow Artistic Theater it cannot be maintained that the Russian stage offers any conspicuous or sustained instance of nationalism. The work accomplished by Mme. Yavórskaya (the Princess Bariátinsky), though brilliant and interesting, it too spasmodic and uneven to merit special attention. A beautiful, ambitious woman, the Princess Bariátinsky deserves the credit of having been the first Russian actress to win the plaudits of Paris, having taken her company there during the summer of 1902.

Genuine local interest has been aroused in the con-

temporary Russian stage through the success in our midst of Paul Orlénev, Mme. Nasimov and their remarkable St. Petersburg Dramatic Company. Both in their choice of plays and in the manner of interpretation this organization clearly represents the most advanced conception of the drama, their radical ideas having, in fact, been partially responsible for their coming to this country. Paul Orlénev is unquestionably one of the finest exponents of tense, concentrated, histrionic emotion who has ever visited our shores. Though his colleagues particularly commend his elaborate pathological portrait of the Tsar Féodor, he seems equally fulfilling as Oswald in "Ghosts," or as Raskólnikov

in "Crime and Punishment." So plastic is her personality and so supreme are her powers of identification, that it would be hazardous to say in what part Mme. Nasimov excels. Her accurate transition from the conscious coquetry and pathetic ardor of Zaza to the eerie poetry of Hilda is alone sufficient to prove her an actress of consummate versatility and charm.

It is a pleasure to note that something better and higher than a mere appreciation of their art has been accorded the efforts of these visiting players. And that something is, indeed, what they hoped to find when they were told by their countrymen to carry around the world the lesson taught so tragically in the "Chosen People"—the lesson of universal brotherhood and universal pity.



M. VESHNÉVSKY

THE TIMES MAGAZINE

FEBRUARY, 1907

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The Times Magazine

STRENUOUS JAPANESE POLITICS

EVER since the war with Russia there has been a tendency to make Japan and the Japanese singular and not understandable by the outside world. Yet the Japanese are human. There, as here, are parties, factions, cliques, and individuals, combining, disintegrating, pushing, pulling, plotting, and scheming. A new game of politics has been introduced from America and Europe since the Restoration. Graft and Privilege are real issues. Four months ago Henry George, Jr., went to Japan to study these things for THE TIMES MAGAZINE. The first of his articles, The Government Railroads of Japan, appears in the present number, while in March Mr. George takes up Strenuous Japanese Politics. Photographs collected by Mr. George will add to the interest of these papers.



HENRY GEORGE, JR.

PROFESSOR HUGO MUNSTERBERG



HUGO MUNSTERBERG

NO one magazine feature of recent months created so much general discussion as the article entitled "Untrue Confessions," in the January number, by Professor Munsterberg. In it the writer declared that Richard Ivins, of Chicago, who "confessed" that he killed Mrs. Frank C. Hollister, a woman he had never seen, and who was hanged, was innocent. In the March number Prof. Munsterberg continues the discussion of the psychology of memory. In an article entitled "On the Witness Stand," he tells of having himself, under oath, described supposed occurrences which he afterwards found to have been wholly different. Every day, he declares, in a thousand courts, at a thousand places all over the world, witnesses affirm by oath mixtures of truth and untruth, combinations of memory and illusion, of experience and wrong conclusions. The recent case of the charges made by a young man against Mrs. Trautman, in New York, seems to be another illustration in point. The part which the new special science, which deals with the reliability of memory, will play in court proceedings of the future is indicated. This is a most important article.

THE SOUTH AND ITS CHIEF PROBLEM

THIS article, by a writer who signs himself V. E. P. N., emphasizes the growing solidarity of the white race throughout the country, and urges that in view of this the problem of a section is that of the nation, and that therefore it is necessary for the leaders of Southern opinion to state in the



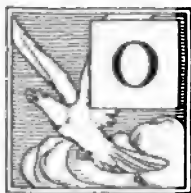
FREDERIC C. HOWE



GOVERNMENT RAILROADS IN JAPAN

By HENRY GEORGE, JR.

EDITOR'S NOTE:—*Japan's experiments in government since the war with Russia have been no less remarkable than were its military exploits. The nationalization of Japanese industries and of public utilities marks an epoch in social history. Mr. George has been in Japan for THE TIMES MAGAZINE, and the first of his articles is presented herewith. It shows that, obviously, the Japanese people have not perceived that the first purpose of a railroad is to furnish a vehicle for stock speculation. Mr. George's next article will treat of politics, which have some extremely interesting economic features.*



ON landing from the steamer at Yokohama, the visitor may desire at once to proceed to the capital. This can be done by boat, by jinrickisha, or by train.

The latter is the preferred way. It is eighteen miles distant, and by morning and afternoon expresses, is a twenty-seven-minute run.

This strip of railroad is not only the most important part of the government railroad system, but it is the oldest railroad in Japan, having been opened for traffic in 1872. The station is on the northwestern side of the city of Yokohama, with a large open concourse in front. The building is low, like all the buildings in that earthquake country.

The scene in front of the Yokohama station is picturesque in the extreme. A few minutes before a train starts, a uniformed railroad employee comes to the entrance of the station and rings a large brass hand-bell, after the custom in European railroad stations. Indeed, the British traveler will on every hand see much about the stations and the trains to remind him of home. As a matter of fact,

it is the British system, with modifications, which has been adopted there, even to the use of the terms "goods," "luggage," passenger "carriages," and "goods-wagons" (freight-cars).

A number of bright-faced, quiet, alert girls sell the tickets—at one window for first- and second-class passengers; at another, for third-class. In England they say, "Only dukes, fools, and Americans travel first-class." I do not know whether the Japanese have any similar characterization, but it is certain that the overwhelming travel is third-class. That class is the standard for passenger fares. The railroad law fixes the maximum third-class charge for any distance exceeding four miles at two sen (one cent of our money) a mile; and this is subject to reduction by the Railroad Bureau not only on the government roads, but as well on all private roads. Second-class fares are, speaking generally, twice third; and first-class are twice second.

The engines remind one of the Japanese hats in respect to variety, being of British, German, American, and Japanese make. The British type seems to be most nearly adaptable to their requirements. Not only are the British well-



SEIGIRO HIRAI
Director General of Imperial Japanese Railways

constructed, well-finished machines, but they are economical with fuel and seem more appropriate for the short, light runs. One of the staff officials, Mr. S. K. Hatah, the chief of the government locomotive division, told me that the chief fault with the German engines is a tendency to hot bearings.

The American engines, considered as machines, are not thought to be so well made as the English or German, although Americans themselves might dispute that judgment. But an undoubted fact seems to be that they are big coal-consumers, coal being cheap in the United States but dear in Japan, the government, at the end of 1906, paying thirteen and fourteen yen a ton—six dollars and fifty cents and seven dollars.

Japanese engines look small beside ours—for one reason, because the gauge of the roads is narrow (three feet, six inches).

The "carriages" also are little-big ones. They are like the English cars in most respects, with doors on the sides and seats crosswise, especially in the third

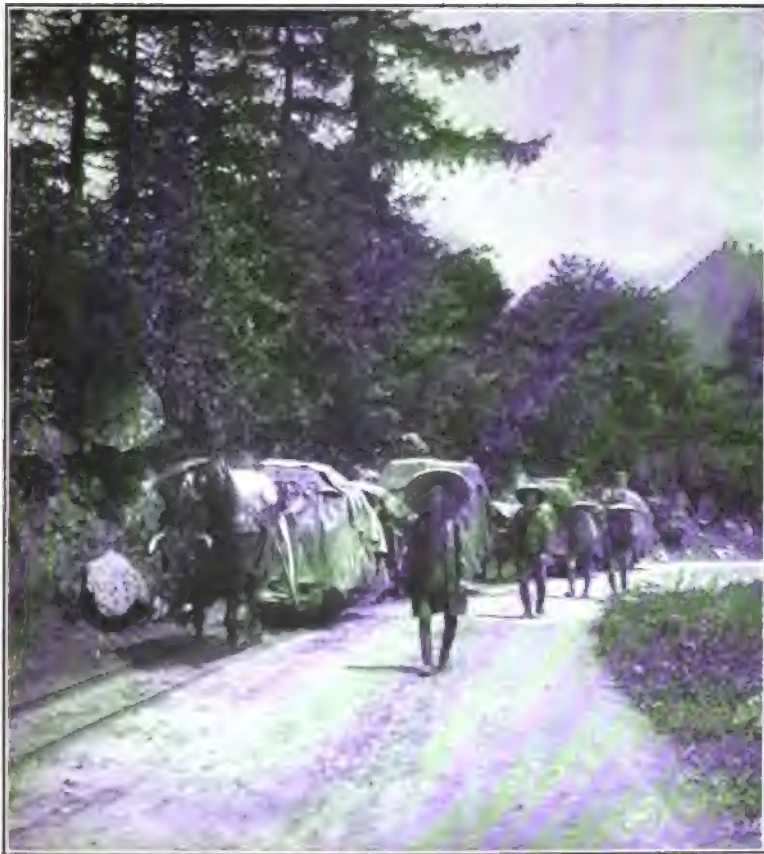
class. But in some of the second and most of the first there are lengthwise upholstered benches, and in not a few end, instead of side, doors, with vestibuled platforms. The average seating capacity of the carriages appears to be about half that of ours, while everything about them is reduced in dimensions and economical in furnishing.

The "goods-wagons," as they are described in English, look smaller to American eyes than either the locomotives or the passenger-cars. Their average capacity appears to be something above six and a half tons, while with us the average is perhaps above fifteen tons, and with the advent of pressed-steel trucks and frames, the average is going far above that, many of our coal-cars having a fifty-ton capacity. Yet, though small, these Japanese "goods-wagons" do admirably the work for which they are intended.

The Director General of the Imperial Railways, Seigiro Hirai, when I called on him at his office in the Shimbashi station in Tokio, expressed regret that the



S. K. HATAH
Chief of the Government Locomotive Division



From Stereograph, Copyright, 1905, by H. C. White Co.

NIKKO. OR BULLOCK TRAIN. A USUAL TYPE TEN YEARS AGO

gauge was not the American standard—four feet, eight and a half inches. “For,” said he, “while our narrow gauge of three feet, six inches, meets our present needs, it is likely to be insufficient in the future. In Manchuria and Korea we are building the standard gauge. But in the beginning here we had little money. There was much debate as to how to use that money best—whether to have a long line and narrow gauge, or a shorter line and the wider gauge. The desire to get at the earliest moment the maximum of line caused the decision to favor the narrow measure. But it would have been wiser to build more with an eye to the future. It would cost us a great deal to change our gauge now, and it will cost much more in the years to come.”

Mr. Hirai, like all the Japanese government officials, is most courteous in man-

ner, and direct, frank, and businesslike in speech. He speaks English admirably. He is an American by education, having graduated at the Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute at Troy, and served in the United States Engineering Corps on Mississippi River work.

To make clear the extent and success of extending the government railroads of Japan and absorbing the privately built ones, a few words as to the beginnings of the railroad in Japan may not be amiss. Up to 1868 there was no thought of a railroad in that country. The realm had been held tightly in the grasp of the military despotism of the Shogunate, and intercourse with the outside world, except to a trifling extent at one or two points, had been strictly prohibited. Even the going abroad of subjects was forbidden. But the aggressive merchant spirit from

without, and an awakened desire within to learn about the wonders of the civilization of the up-to-that-time-despised barbarian, together with a fear of Western military power, a few clashes with which quickly convinced the sword-and-bow-and-arrow-armed Samurai that they were over-matched, brought the overthrow of the Shogunate and the reestablishment of the Mikado in temporal power. With this revolution came a general desire to adopt Western civilization. A very prominent feature of that civilization was the railroad.

It was in 1869 that the preliminary steps toward the building of a railroad were taken. The executive branch of the government, then called the Department of Civil Affairs and of Finance, appointed railroad officials, and by 1872, after an incredible amount of labor, the first piece of railroad was opened—the eighteen-mile line between Yokohama and Tokio. The feat of swallowing and digesting Western civilization whole was the task the nation had set for itself. Its energy and its means were being spent in every direction at once, while its total revenues, quite sufficient to support the Shogunate and Daimyates in regal power and splendor, were scant indeed to meet the new needs after compensating these old rulers and the Samurais for the deprivation of their privileges. But with the spirit of determination that so recently showed itself in the sanguinary siege and ultimate taking of Port Arthur, the railroad project was clung to and the work pushed along, so that within a little over a decade about one hundred and fifty miles of road had been built and opened.

Comprehensive schemes were drawn up and plans laid out for a system to ramify the country. The commanding idea was that which originally governed in the United States—that a railroad was nothing more or less than a steam public highway, and that it should, like every other public highway, be owned and managed or operated by the public. It does not seem to have occurred to any one at the beginning that this was properly a private undertaking, and no step was made to build by private company until the beginning of 1881, when the prof-

itableness and power of such highways had been demonstrated by the government roads. The government realized that by granting charters to private companies, private energy and capital might be enlisted in building steel-rail highways and extending steam communication. This end was much to be desired. It was therefore decided to grant private charters, and even to permit private companies to build over the prescribed but not yet constructed government routes. But in doing this the government retained controlling power in the form of regulations which, with some additions, were afterward enacted into a general law. The principal features of this law, which the early regulations contained in essence, were as follows:

Railroad shares could not be acquired except by the payment of money. This was to prevent stock-watering, the issuance of promoters' stock, and the like.

Unless in virtue of a decision arrived at by a general meeting of shareholders and with the sanction of the government Minister concerned, no railroad could be chartered or hired, or its management entrusted to others. This was to prevent the shell-game management which has so often been witnessed in the United States—the now-you-have-it-and-now-you-haven't sort of thing.

Unless with the sanction of the government Minister concerned, and after not less than one-fourth of the share capital had been paid up, no railroad company could issue debenture bonds. Debenture bonds are based upon preferred dividends. They are the equivalent of preferred stock in our country. That provision was intended to prevent the managers of a private company from giving to themselves the kernel of the nut and to the rest of the shareholders the shell.

Mortgage bonds were expressly forbidden, and this feature of the law was not changed until 1905, when such privilege was permitted, but not without the sanction of the Minister concerned. Mortgage bonds to the amount of only 10,000,000 yen (\$5,000,000) have been issued under this provision.

The Minister concerned might order an alteration of tariff rate, when such al-



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SHINJIMA RAILWAY STATION, TOKYO, JAPAN

teration was judged necessary for the sake of public interest. How our railroad kings would rave against a condition like that, call it anarchistic, and denounce it as destructive of the very bulwarks of society!

The tariff rate of third-class passengers could not exceed two sen (one cent of our money) per mile. This might be increased to no more than four sen (two cents) for a distance not exceeding two miles. What would our railroad "managers," like Mr. Morgan or Mr. Belmont or Mr. Harriman, say to that? Words would probably fail them.

The government reserved the right of purchasing the line with all its appurtenances after full twenty-five years from the time of granting such a charter. According to much that we are reading and

hearing in the United States to-day against government ownership, this last provision ought to command attention. Our railroad princes would tell us, no doubt, that that one clause would deter if not kill all private railroad enterprise.

Yet neither that nor any of the other provisions had any such effect in Japan. They seemed only reasonable to a people not accustomed, as ours have been, to huge land grants, money bonuses, stock-watering, overmortgaging, and a practically unrestricted license to rob and destroy by extortionate charges and discrimination.

And the Nippon Railway Company was the first private corporation to construct a line. It obtained a charter to run forty-nine years, beginning November, 1881. Its route took the opposite direction to

that in which the government had up to then been building. It extended from Tokio north to Aomori. This road was to be built in five sections, and since railroad-building in Japan was even yet in a pioneer state, and as the government, moreover, intended ultimately to take all roads over into public lands, it was decided to guarantee eight per cent. dividends for the first fifteen years on each of the sections as built and opened. This caused the company to spend its earnings on improvements and call on the government to make up deficiencies in the eight per cent. dividend, but it only made the better road when it was taken over by the government last November (1906).

And before passing from this matter of private railroad charters, it should be remarked that this was the first and the longest-termed charter issued by the government to a private company. No charter issued since has exceeded twenty-five years' duration. Where, with such a charter and such other conditions, could there be a chance for even a little bit of a rake-off for our railroad princes? Obviously the Japanese people have not perceived that the first purpose of a railroad is to furnish a vehicle for speculation and a weapon for assaulting and robbing the public.

But the inducement was sufficient to attract private energy and capital into railroad-building, with a result that while the government roads increased in number and extent to an aggregate mileage last year of 1,461.38, the privately owned roads had become thirty-eight in number and with 3,268.26 mileage. That is to say, the private roads have, or rather had last year, a mileage nearly two and a half times as great as the government roads.

A fact that would probably be seized upon by those opposed to government ownership is that the average gross cost of construction (including rolling-stock) per mile was 104,075 yen (approximately \$52,037) on the government roads, but only 74,657 yen (\$37,328) on the private lines. This difference is explained by the fact that the government has built the most expensive sections, while the private companies obtained charters for the inexpensive ones. A glance at a railroad

map of Japan will show what appears to be a very unsystematic policy in laying out government roads—a piece here and a piece there, with private roads connecting the links. The government was willing to give to the private companies the choice stretches of its projected system—but always with the enumerated conditions attached to their charters, the main one of which was the right to take the private roads over into public hands as soon as public finances should permit.

A further point about this Japanese railroad business that recommends itself to the American people at this time is the comparison of public and private management. We hear it very frequently stated by the advocates of private operation in the United States that government management would prove inefficient and expensive. It has not proved so in Japan. On the contrary, if anything, the government service, considering it as a whole, takes the lead. I am persuaded that the private service is as good as it is mainly because the government service sets a high standard which the other must follow. It does no violence to the imagination to realize how much larger the rates on private roads would be but for this, or surely, but for the restraining laws and regulations of the government. The natural law of monopoly is to exact "all the traffic will bear," and the cries of "extortion" and "discrimination" would be heard all over Japan to-day, as they are heard with us, if the rates on the private lines there were permitted to go relatively as high and to fall as unequally as they notoriously do in our country.

But passing from this, it is interesting to follow the course pursued by the Japanese government in the resumption of the private roads. The government itself states its reason in "The Sixth Financial and Economic Annual" (1906) issued by the Department of Finance (Treasury Department). That publication says:

"But now, in view of the necessity for a definite post-bellum program and for the increase of national wealth and development of national resources, it has become of the utmost importance to introduce effective means of internal transportation and communication; and yet, in looking at

our railway system, we find that, in addition to the government lines, there are more than thirty private railways, and that even the principal trunk lines running from Hokkaido to Kyushu are under the control, some of the government and oth-

with the general progress of society. For these reasons, the government decided upon the state ownership of all railways which are used for general traffic, leaving out those of merely local importance, and proposed to purchase the lines belonging



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SALUTING AN OUTGOING TRAIN AT TOKIO

ers of various private companies, so that the traffic on them lacks order and uniformity. The consequence is that they offer no facilities for direct traffic over long distances, thereby raising the cost of transportation and causing delay therein. In short, they hardly appear to keep pace

to thirty-two private companies in this country within a period extending from 1906 to 1911, and the Seoul-Fusan Railway [Korean] in 1906. And the Railway Nationalization Bill and the Seoul-Fusan Railway Bill, which embodied these plans, were presented to the Imperial Diet

in its twenty-second session. The two bills passed both houses, the latter in its original form and the former also almost unchanged, with the exception of an amendment made in the House of Peers by which the number of companies to be brought out was reduced to seventeen and the period of purchase extended."

These laws were passed in March of 1906. The seventeen private roads in Japan selected by the Peers and agreed to by the House of Representatives were trunk lines and were judged to be quite sufficient for the government to plan at this time to take over. They are approximately 3,000 miles in extent, half of which were to be transferred to the government in 1906 and the remainder within ten years from the passage of the Nationalization Bill.

The terms of purchase were to be as follows: "An amount equal to twenty times the sum obtained by multiplying the cost of construction at the date of purchase by the average ratio of the profit to the cost of construction during the six business terms of the company from the second half year of 1902 to the first half year of 1905."

The sum estimated to be necessary to buy the seventeen roads on this basis is 421,000,000 yen, or in round numbers \$210,500,000. This will be paid in five per cent. bonds, which will be paid off out of the earnings of the roads themselves, which it is computed will require thirty-two years' time. The annual profit

of the lines after the complete redemption of the loan is estimated at over 53,000,000 yen, or \$26,500,000.

The transfer of the Nippon Railway from private to public hands occurred on the 1st of November last. This line is 860 miles long. It is the most important of the private roads. The price paid was twenty times eleven per cent. of the cost of construction. This amounted to about 113,000,000 yen (\$56,500,000) against something more than 51,000,000 yen, what the road cost. For each 50-yen share the government paid 125 yen in

bonds at par, worth on the market at the time about 106. As many shares changed hands during the twenty-five years since the construction of the road was commenced, only a portion of the shareholders would reap the difference between 50 and 106.

Picture our railroad princes and promoters being asked to sell their roads to the United



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JINRICKISHAS DRAWN UP IN FRONT OF A RAILROAD STATION

States government or to the state governments on any such basis! What! first allow the government to lower rates from what the companies can extort down to something like what the service is actually worth, and then sell at a sum computed at twenty times the proportion the reduced earnings would bear to the actual cost of building the roads? Heaven forbid! Not to speak of the stock with its ocean of water, what would become of all the bonds sold in excess of the needs of construction? And what about all the waste, bribery, and graft?



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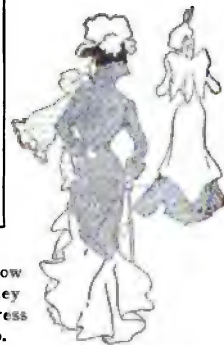
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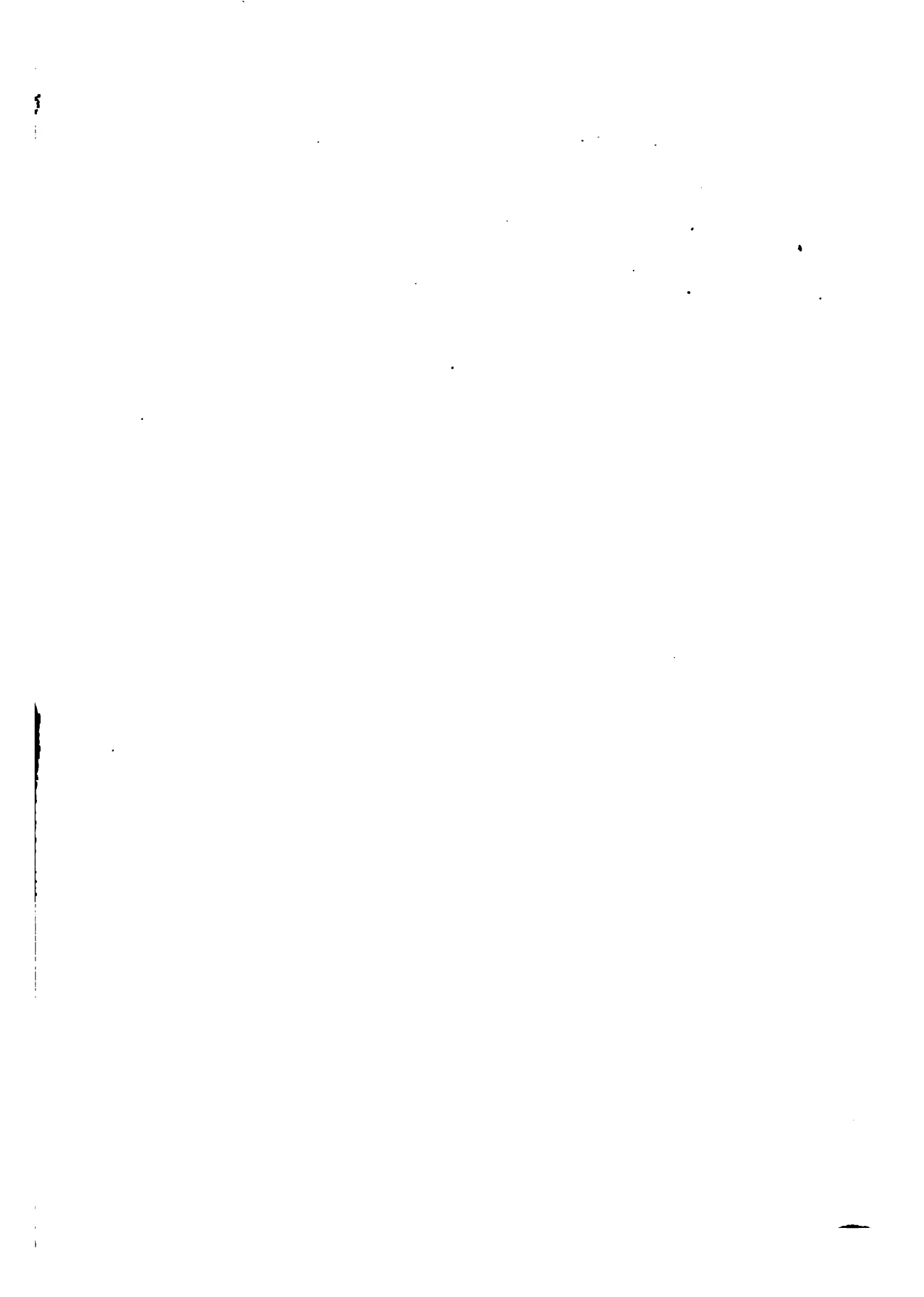
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